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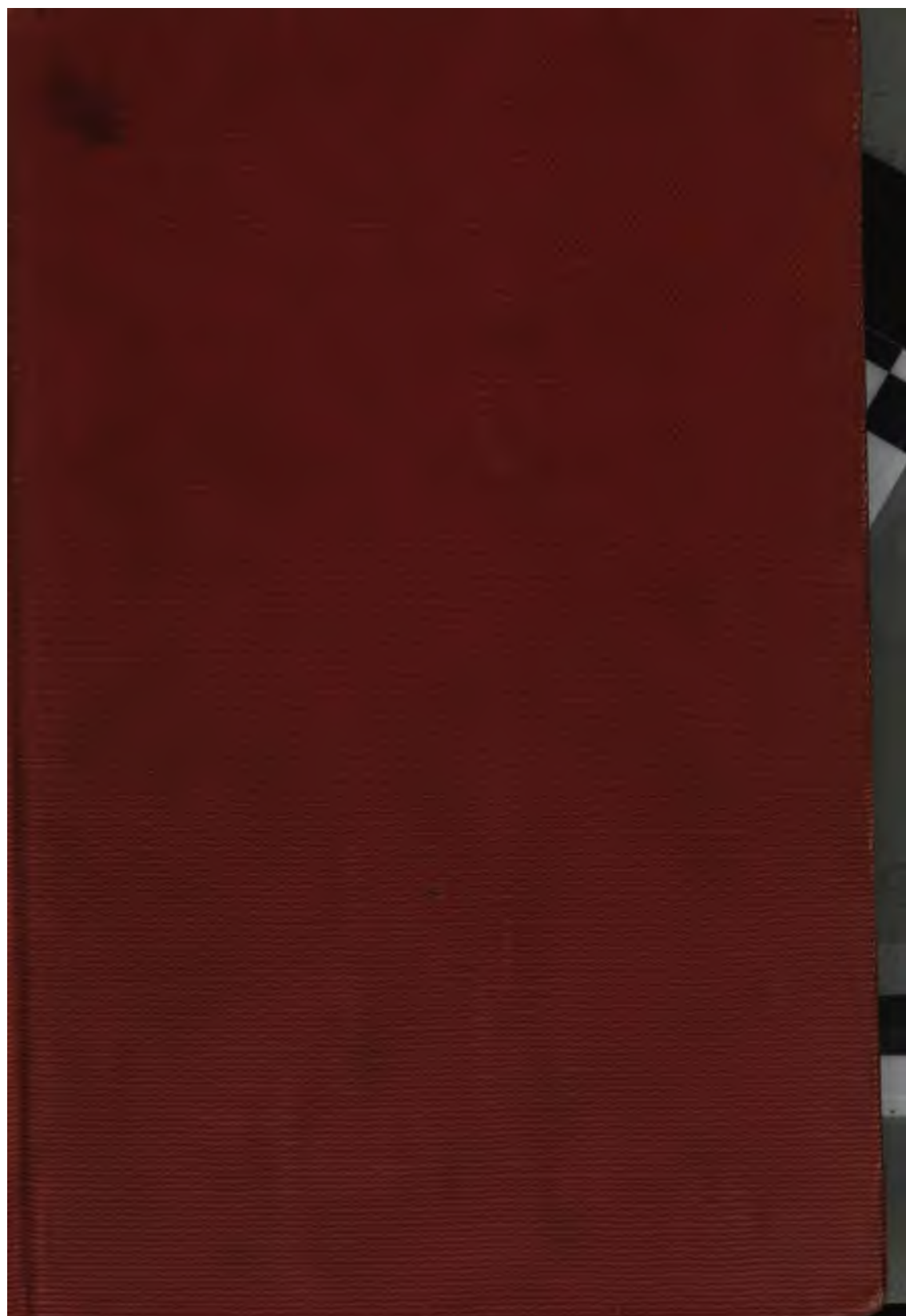
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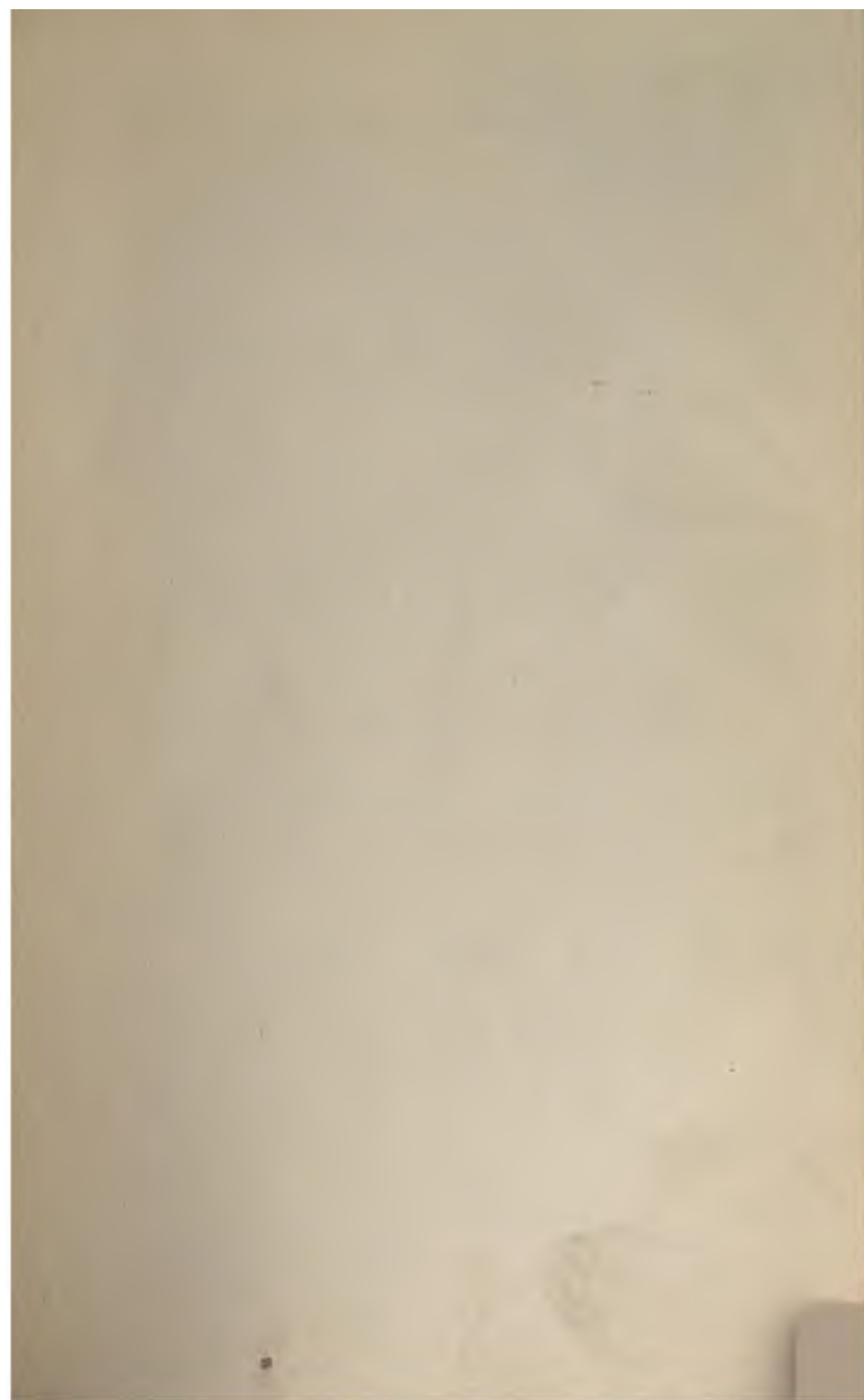
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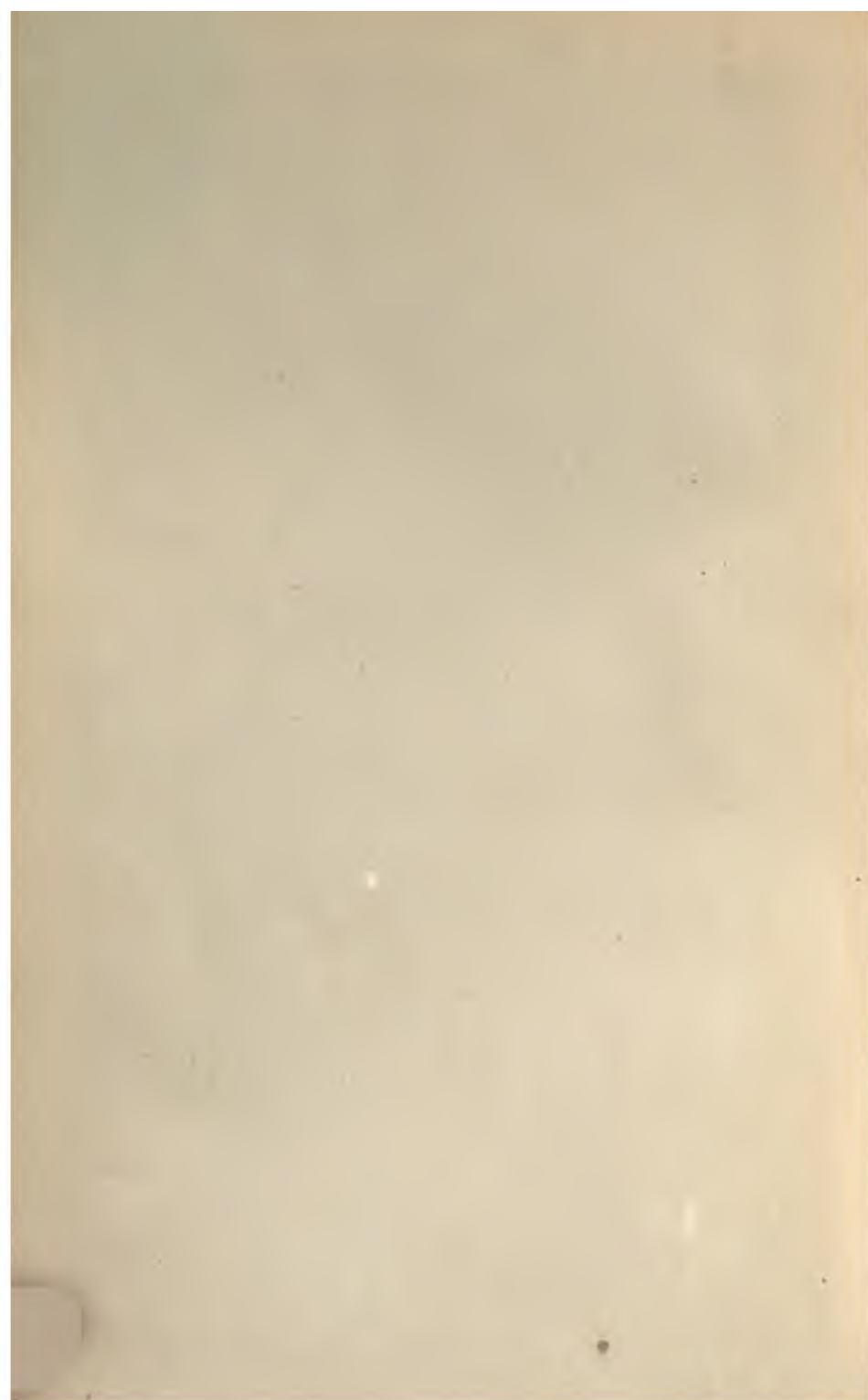
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PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
English Goethe Society.
No. VII.

TRANSACTIONS,
1891—92.

Edited by EUGENE OSWALD, M.A., Ph.D.,
Secretary to the Society.

. . . Jedem eine Gabe,
Dem Früchte, Jenem Blumen. . .
Schiller.

Lasst uns doch vielseitig sein.
Goethe.

ST. MARTIN'S LECTURE

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AIMS OF THE SOCIETY.

THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY was founded on February 26th, 1886, for the purpose of promoting the study of Goethe's work and thought; and in 1891 its scope was extended, so that, while always keeping Goethe as the central figure, the attention of the members might also be directed to other fields of German literature, art and science. The Society pursues its aims by means of meetings, discussions, the publication of transactions, and in any other mode which may from time to time seem advisable to the governing body.

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"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"

"Light, more light!" O dying utterance
Of the greatest German Sage.
Ah, how many souls have echoed
That same cry in every age.

"Light, more light!" O mighty Spirit,
Didst thou find, like lesser men,
That light comes to mortal vision
But in flashes, now and then?

"Light, more light!" O dying Poet,
Thou whose mental eye didst scan
Regions in thought's boundless realms,
Unexplored till then by man,

Didst thou find the light so feeble
In that solemn hour of strife?
Was the sense of darkness deepest
In that latest hour of life?

Ah, alas for mortal vision
If the light was faint for him,
Master mind of modern ages,
Then for us it must be dim!

Or, perchance, was it prophetic
Of the dawn of clearer light
Which, we trust, will one day gladden
This our darkened human sight?

C. M. AIKMAN.

GOETHE'S EARLIEST CRITICS IN ENGLAND.*

By R. G. ALFORD.

MR. WEISS, in a paper read to the Society a short time ago on Goethe as Naturalist,† pointed out how in the history of natural science there has been a constant oscillation between observation, analysis, specialization on the one hand, and reflection, synthesis, philosophic thought on the other,‡ and he quoted the following lines from *Faust* §:—

*Wer will was Lebendig's erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben;
Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider! nur das geistige Band.*

To learn and describe nature we begin
By driving forth the Spirit that's within;
But when the detail can be fully conned,
Alas! we miss the Spiritual bond.

Goethe criticism appears to be subject to conditions very similar to those Mr. Weiss describes. It began with an age of theory and synthesis, when critics were bent upon finding a clue to understanding the man as a whole, upon setting up theories of his life and character. In England all the genius of Carlyle helped to swing the pendulum in this direction. We all know his theory of Goethe as the high thinker veiling a deep prophetic sorrow in smiles, of Goethe, the poet, creator of an ideal out of the real world, of Goethe's work as the outward symbol of an inward struggle as he passed from wild despair in youth to melodious reverence in his old age. But as Goethe

* Read at the General Meeting of the Society, at the Royal Society of British Artists, Oct. 20th, 1891.

† Publications of the English Goethe Society: No. V., pp. 43—66.

‡ Mr. Weiss's remark receives curious confirmation from a sentence of Goethe's recently discovered in the *Weimar Archiv*: "Durch die Pendelschläge wird die Zeit, durch die Wechselbewegung von Idee zur Erfahrung, die sittliche und die wissenschaftliche Welt regiert."—*Jahrbuch* xii., p. 195.

§ v. 1582—85.

literature increased and multiplied after the poet's death it began to be seen that the theories, one and all, would not hold, and that it was no longer the time indeed to theorise upon him at all. So the pendulum swung steadily and inevitably in the opposite direction of analysis and specialization, patient enquiry into the facts of his life and special studies in his works.

What I have to say to-night is confined to that first period of criticism. I propose to go back to a date nearly half a century before Carlyle to watch the first beginnings of the study of Goethe in England, and perhaps we shall find they are of rather more importance than is generally supposed. After that we shall see, as far as time allows, how Carlyle, by his energy and enthusiasm, succeeded (in the face of considerable opposition) in forcing respect and attention to be paid to his master.

In the year 1780 a translation of *Werther* first introduced Goethe to the notice of Englishmen. I take the following from the preface: "About two years since the English translator met with it (*Werther*), and being struck with the uncommon genius and originality of the thoughts and the energy with which they are expressed translated some of the letters from the French, and led on by the beauty of the work the whole was insensibly finished." "The work," it says, is "by the masterly hand of Mr. Goethe and is, perhaps, little more than the relation of a fact which happened within his knowledge." Of Goethe himself it gives this much information; that he is "Doctor of Civil Law and author of some dramatic pieces which are much esteemed." The translation of *Werther* became popular and passed through several editions.

Next appeared, in 1792, a translation of the *Geschwister* in *Dramatic Pieces from the German* with the title translated *The Sister*, and following that in 1793 a translation of *Iphigenia*, by William Taylor, of Norwich. Taylor, whose name stands foremost in the ranks of English students of Goethe before Carlyle, had visited Weimar in 1782, in his youth, furnished with a letter of introduction to Goethe. This letter was delivered, it appears, so that it is not improbable that Taylor met Goethe, although a meeting is not anywhere mentioned. A copy of his translation of *Iphigenia* was sent to

the poet, but, perhaps through an oversight, did not receive the acknowledgment that Goethe usually accorded to his translators. We know that Goethe received the book from a casual mention he has made of it.

Taylor about this time became connected with the *Monthly Review*, a literary magazine of considerable note in its day, and we should probably be right in attributing to him many of the articles on German literature which appeared in its pages for the next twenty years. As late as 1810 there is an article on *Faust* which was certainly written by him. The *Monthly Review* for May, 1793, contains an article which speaks very favourably of the play *Iphigenia* and of Taylor's translation of it. The critic is of opinion indeed that Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris* is superior to that of Euripides, but thinks that he is an imitator of Sophocles rather than Euripides, and that perhaps among all the moderns no one has more successfully imitated the former poet. Little general notice, however, appears to have been taken of the translation.

The same year, 1793, Matthew Gregory Lewis, known best as the author of *The Monk*, and the friend of Scott and Byron, went to Germany to finish his education, and in the course of his travels visited Weimar. Soon after his arrival he writes home that he "has been introduced to M. de Goethe, "the celebrated author of *Werther*, so that you must not be "surprised if I shoot myself one of these fine mornings." We are told that to Lewis his introduction to Goethe was a source of no small interest and pleasure but he has left little record of it. It was through him, probably, that Scott became acquainted with *Götz*: at any rate he negotiated for the publication of Scott's translation. Many years after this we find him translating *Faust* to Byron.

The visits of Taylor and Lewis to Weimar indicate that considerable curiosity was abroad with regard to the author of *The Sorrows of Werther*. There is a story told by Goethe which illustrates this further. An Englishman once rushed up to him in an inn and seized his hand, and when asked what was the matter, said he only wanted to shake hands with the author of *Werther*.

Five years after Taylor's *Iphigenia* appeared, in the year 1798, came translations of *Stella* and *Clavigo*. *Stella* was translated by one Benjamin Thompson, a dramatist of the day, who prides himself on having made his translation direct from the German. He says in his preface, "Many beautiful but eccentric poems of the German have lately become fashionable in this country. It has been thought advisable to translate the play from the original author rather than the French, as in passing through that elegant language it might have lost more in nature and simplicity than it would have gained by art." We may suppose that it was a common opinion of the day that German required to be filtered through French to make it fit for polite ears. He goes on, "The story (of *Stella*) is not an invention but a well-attested fact, and it has been said that the whole of the fable, like that of *Werther*, was founded upon a more recent event in private life." It would be interesting to learn who attested this well-attested fact.

The translations of *Stella* and *Clavigo* were noticed in the *Monthly Review* in the same year (1798). The most interesting passage in the article is that containing the following amazing reference to *Wilhelm Meister*. "He (Goethe) has also composed a comic novel entitled *The Apprenticeship of a Master*, which gives the history of a young poet who attaches himself to a company of players, and becomes by means of the experiments which he thus makes on the public mind and human manners, a superlative dramatic artist." But a few months afterwards, in December 1798, there appeared in the same periodical a review of *Wilhelm Meister* that showed a great improvement upon this extraordinary criticism. The novel is highly recommended, it is contrasted with *Werther*, and long extracts are given in English. The article well deserves notice as the first serious attempt in this country to estimate a work of Goethe's. It concludes as follows: "We have here little flow of sentiment and scarcely any swell of passion. All is light, airy and comic (the reviewer tries to be consistent), but not ludicrous. In the latter part indeed the writer's imagination has taken a bolder scope but

"without deep pathos. Our account, if we do justice to the "author, will afford satisfaction to the reader." The fact that the work is reviewed within two or three years of its appearance in Germany, shows a creditable endeavour on the part of the reviewer, whether Taylor or another, to keep himself informed concerning recent works published in that country.

During the next year, 1799, appeared two translations of *Götz von Berlichingen*. One of these, of course, is that of Scott, who, as mentioned above, probably had his attention drawn to the play by Monk Lewis. Scott's preface only contains a commonplace reference to Goethe as "the elegant author of the *Sorrows of Werther*" but one cannot doubt that he looked up to Goethe at that time as one of the chief stars in his literary firmament. Writing in 1827, he says: "Who could have told me 30 years ago I should correspond and be on something like "an equal footing with the author of *Götz*."

The other translation which has been undeservedly forgotten is by a Miss Rose Laurence, published at Liverpool. It appears to be merely a coincidence that these two translations should appear almost simultaneously.

A review of *Götz* follows in the *Monthly Review*, which, among other things, tells its readers (who were probably rather astonished at the news), that "the fame of our immortal "Shakespeare is scarcely greater among us at this moment than "that of Schiller and Goethe," while a singular ignorance of Goethe's standing at Weimar is shewn by alluding to him as "Professor Goethe." The following criticism which occurs in the review, is not very far wide of the mark: "If we were inclined "to hazard a bold conjecture we might suggest the probability "that some of the defects of our neighbours originate in their "admiration of Richardson. The same passion for unlimited "detail, the same interminable flow of dialogue." Richardson, as we know, had a great vogue in Germany and influenced some of the best minds, Goethe's among others.

In the same year (1799) Thomas Holcroft, the playwright, visited Germany, made the acquaintance of Klopstock in Hamburg, and interested himself in German literature. He published, two years later, a translation of *Hermann*

und *Dorothea*, which he prefaced by a short biography of Goethe from a German source and a criticism from Schlegel. He sent a copy of his translation to Goethe and received a note of acknowledgment. The translation was reviewed in the *British Critic* (December, 1801). The following extract will be sufficient to show the tone of the article: "Few persons are now ignorant of the name and character of Goethe, or are uninformed that he is infected with those principles of which we have consistently and constantly avowed our abhorrence, and which his writings have circulated to the serious and important injury of social order." "Nevertheless," adds the writer, "we are not reluctant to acknowledge his claims to great abilities." If it is in the *Monthly Review* that we are to look for the forerunners of Carlyle, it is to the *British Critic* we must turn to find those of de Quincey and Jeffrey.

With translations of no less than seven of Goethe's works lying before them, some of them very fairly done, it might be supposed that the interest of English readers would have been thoroughly aroused. But a period of apathy ensues that lasts at least ten years, during which, as far as I can ascertain, no new translations appeared and no criticisms. Yet Coleridge and Southey were in the zenith of their powers, and Coleridge, at any rate, was not a stranger to Goethe, and came very near to translating *Faust*. He tells us in the *Table Talk* that he was pressed to translate it, but "I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English, and so far certainly lend my countenance to language, much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous." From Mr. Murray's recently published correspondence it appears that he silenced these scruples and agreed to make a translation of *Faust* for £100, but for one reason or another the translation was never made. The references that Coleridge makes to Goethe would hardly fill a page. He thinks Goethe inferior, as a dramatic writer, to Schiller, and that he did much to spoil Schiller's steadiness of mind by his theories. He admires chiefly Goethe's ballads and lighter lyrics. In one passage in the *Table Talk* which is rather interesting, he places Goethe by the side of Wordsworth. "Although Wordsworth and Goethe" he

says, "are not much alike, yet they have both this peculiarity of utter non-sympathy with the subjects of their poetry. They are always, both of them, spectators *ab extra*, feeling *for*, but never *with* their characters." But this criticism, it must be noted, belongs to the year 1833. Southey appears, in his correspondence with Taylor, to have shown at one time a mild interest in German literature, but it came to little or nothing. "It is only Klopstock that I long to read," he says in a letter of 1799, "and Bodmer's *Noah* on account of the subject," and a little later we find him plodding his way with a dictionary through Bodmer's *Noah* "on account of the subject."

It was left for Taylor to re-open in the *Monthly Review* with a criticism of *Faust* in 1810. One cannot but regret that a man who, as he had shown in his review of *Meister*, was gifted with discernment for new and strange works of genius, should have been utterly blind to the value and importance of *Faust*. Profanity and obscenity are all that Taylor can discover in it, and he asks, "Who can refrain from grief on receiving such impure trash from the Goethe who in *Iphigenia* and *Tasso* has approached nearest of all the moderns to becoming the real Sophocles." Such criticism from a man of Taylor's ability seems inexcusable. Even the *Edinburgh Review* did better than this, and in a passing criticism on *Faust* three years later (October, 1813), it admitted "the terrible energy of that most odious of the works of genius, in which the whole power of imagination is employed to dispel the charms which poetry bestows on human life." So, though some no doubt knew better, *Faust*, as far as published criticism goes, was labelled an odious work of genius and put on the shelf; and all that the English reader could get of the play for many years was a translation of a translation of certain passages in Madame de Staël's *Germany*.

A review of the *Wahlverwandschaften* in 1812 in the *Monthly Review* finds it superior to *Meister* but inferior to *Werther*. "A novel by the author of *Werther*," we are told, "cannot make its appearance without drawing attention and awakening curiosity." It is clear enough that so far *Werther*, alone of Goethe's works, had acquired

popularity in England. *Iphigenia*, *Götz*, and the rest of the translations appear to have been completely forgotten. A far better review of the *Wahlverwandtschaften* appeared at the same time in America, in the *American Review* which shows that Goethe's works were already making their way there. It notices Goethe's masterly power of description, and defines them in a sentence which can hardly be improved upon. "Goethe does not exactly tell you what happened, you see it occur." American critics of Goethe are outside our subject, but we may notice in passing, that not only now but for some years following, they show themselves far more discerning and less prejudiced than the English.

At about this time Madame de Staël's *Germany* appeared, and aroused considerable interest in England. To her work the English owed their first portrait of Goethe as a man. This was supplemented a few years later by Goethe's portrait of himself in the Autobiography, and it was then, in 1816, that the *Edinburgh Review* made its first real attack on Goethe's growing fame. The article was long remembered; *Blackwood's Magazine* referred in 1818 to "the disgrace which the *Edinburgh Review* incurred in the estimation of all scholars in Europe by its attack." Again the *Westminster Review*, in 1824, refers to it as follows: "It was an entertaining article, and displayed a great deal of that talent which an honourable mind rejoices not to possess. All who sat down with a conviction that German literature and philosophy are unworthy the attention of a man of taste and wisdom, hugged themselves in their self-complacency." It appears further that the article was translated and published in Germany, with one sentence of contemptuous comment: "das heisst in England recensiren:" "that is what they call criticism in England." A few short extracts will suffice to show the tone of the article.

"With the single exception of Schiller the Germans have
"no writers of chaste or elegant prose."

"It is a singular fact that Goethe, whose mind is really
"capable of appreciating the sublime and beautiful,
"should at the same time labour under a complete
"inability of avoiding the ridiculous and disgusting."

"Goethe is seldom *very* tame as long as he can keep himself in action."

"Goethe descants on trifles because he is so full of his own importance."

In conclusion there is this generous admission: "Although the work is disfigured by the most puerile vanity and affectation, it is not by any means unentertaining."

During the next year the *Edinburgh Review* found another opportunity on the appearance of Goethe's *Italiänische Reise*. "The volume," it tells us, "will be judged by most readers to be almost as doting as the preceding ones, without being equally entertaining." Probably the reviewer did not intend to say anything complimentary when he added, "the reader will always see him (Goethe) as large as life and as natural as life, and without a bit of incognito about him."

In the year 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* made its first appearance, and always ready to oppose the *Edinburgh Review*, lost little time in running counter to it on the subject of Goethe. It numbered among its chief contributors two men who had certainly some acquaintance with German literature—J. G. Lockhart, afterwards the son-in-law and the biographer of Scott, and John Wilson. Lockhart had lately returned from Germany, where he had seen Goethe, and he had just made the acquaintance of Scott. He tells us how one morning Scott saw *Faust* lying on his table and carried it off. When they met at breakfast a couple of hours later, his friend was full of the poem, but he found fault with the Prologue in Heaven. Lockhart quotes him as saying "Consummate artist as he was, Goethe was a German, and nobody but a German would have provoked a comparison with the Book of Job, the grandest poem that ever was written." The article which now appeared (November, 1818) in *Blackwood's* was probably the work of either Lockhart or Wilson. It tells us that "for many centuries Europe has witnessed no living reputation acquired by literature alone which could sustain the slightest comparison with that enjoyed by Goethe." It then attacks the *Edinburgh Review* for its recent reviews. Of criticism there is little, but the article evinces a considerable acquaintance with Goethe's

works. What the writer admires chiefly is what he calls an "impetuous fire which shines in *Werther*, *Egmont*, *Götz*, and "*Faustus* (*sic*)."

In the next year (1819) we read in the same magazine that Goethe "has tried everything from pure imitation of the "highest Greek tragedy in his *Iphigenia* down to the almost "prosaic delineation of domestic manners in *Stella* and *Clavigo*," but "he has done nothing that can compare with *Faust*." These articles in *Blackwood* are the first which take anything like a general survey of Goethe's dramas, and the first which recognise the importance of *Faust*.

The next few years, while they bring two new translations, one of *Faust* and one of the autobiography, appear to be quite barren of criticism, but they were important years nevertheless, for Carlyle was reading his way into German literature, and in the year 1823 we find him already deep in Goethe and proposing to translate *Wilhelm Meister*. He writes letters to Jane Welsh, and tries to get her to share his enthusiasm, tells her that Goethe is "the only living model of a "great writer", "a man of true culture and universal genius," "one who has the skill to temper enthusiasm with judgment;" and he announces that "it is one of my finest day dreams to see "him ere I die." It is needless to enquire how Carlyle's attention came to be fastened on German literature; enough had appeared in magazines and reviews to arouse his curiosity, and he was acquainted I think already with John Wilson at Edinburgh, who was able, very likely, to give him useful hints in prosecuting his studies. To Carlyle *Wilhelm Meister* seemed in many ways a paradise of wisdom and beauty, and so he wrote of it in his *Essays* for many years. Yet he has told us that after the first reading he laid the book down with very mixed feelings, and it is not difficult to understand how much of it he must have felt repugnant to him. This mixture of feelings is expressed forcibly enough in the letters to Jane Welsh. Writing in 1823, he tells her "There are touches of "the highest, most ethereal genius in it, but diluted with "floods of insipidity which even *I* would not have written for "worlds;" and a year later, after his translation had appeared—

"Goethe is the greatest genius who has lived for a century, and the greatest ass who has lived for three. There is poetry in the book, and prose, prose for ever. When I read of players and their sorry pasteboard apparatus for beautifying and enlivening the moral world, I render it into grammatical English with a feeling mild and charitable as that of a starving hyæna." Those who accused Carlyle of idolizing Goethe would have been surprised at some of his *obiter dicta*. Deeply as Carlyle revered Goethe—or rather because he revered him so deeply—he could find no satisfaction with much of what he wrote.

To shew that this undercurrent of dissatisfaction continued with him, I may quote from a letter he wrote to his brother in 1828, four or five years later: "To a certainty you must come round by Weimar as you return and see this world's wonder, and tell us on your sincerity what manner of man he is, for daily he grows more inexplicable to me. One letter is written like an oracle, the next shall be too redolent of twaddle. Is he greater than man, or in his old days growing less than many men? The former to me is unexampled, the latter incredible. Go, see and tell us truly."

A rather spiteful review of Carlyle's translation of *Meister*, which appeared in the *London Magazine* (August, 1824), came from the pen of De Quincey. The reviewer takes much trouble to point out a number of what he calls Scotticisms in the translation, hints that Carlyle is a literary novice and only a recent student of German, and, provoked by the admiring preface, makes a foolish attack upon Goethe's name and fame generally. I do not think any writer, before or since, has ventured to use such an expression in speaking of Goethe as "an old vagabond," the description here applied to him in his old age. Is this "old vagabond," he asks, "to be the third part of the world, one of the triumvirate of eternity?" For the last seven years or so, we are told here, "a feeble but persevering attempt has been made by the *prôneurs* of Goethe in this country to raise what the newspapers call a sensation in his behalf, as yet however without effect. The mere dulness of the works which were

"translated and analysed, triumphantly repelled the contagion before it could spread, the superstition had withered before it could strike root." What persevering attempt this refers to, I cannot find out. The violence of the article was noticed by Wilson, himself by no means the most moderate of critics. He writes in *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (*Blackwood's*, June, 1824):—

O'Doherty:

"Well, the Germanic faction is getting on. Have you seen the last *London Magazine*. How bitter they are on the poor *Wilhelm Meister*."

North:

"What are they saying?"

O'Doherty:

"Oh, abusing the Germans up hill and down dale!"

North:

"Well, I should have thought my friend Opium would have kept them from this particular piece of nonsense."

Carlyle contents himself with calling De Quincey's production "a very vulgar and brutish review." When De Quincey, who had become acquainted with Carlyle, reprinted the essay in his collected works in 1859, just before his death, he omitted the first part of it containing the more violent expressions as regards Goethe, and the personal allusions to Carlyle.

Jeffrey, following the *London Magazine* in the *Edinburgh Review*, reviews *Wilhelm Meister* in a similar but rather less violent strain. He writes: "We must say at once that we cannot enter into the spirit of this German idolatry." After quoting a passage he adds: "It is by writing such sheer nonsense as this, that men in that country acquire the reputation of great genius. Can we be wrong in maintaining after this that there are diversities of natural taste that can never be reconciled and scarcely ever accounted for"; but concludes, "We would be understood as holding it out (*i.e.*, *Wilhelm Meister*) as an object of wonder rather than of contempt."

We are at the year 1826. Lockhart had now taken over the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, and a review of a translation of *Faust* by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, and a translation of fragments of the same play by Shelley, appears in the number for June, 1826, which most probably was

written by him. "The great poet," we read, "who has contributed more, perhaps, than any other person to the continental fame of Shakespeare, and latterly to that of Byron, has been ill requited among us, although the admiration of many eminent individuals may have sufficiently consoled him for vulgar neglect and even for the petulancies of small wits. . . . Thirty years have elapsed since Sir Walter Scott commenced his career by a translation of Goethe's earliest drama, *Götz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand*. That spirited essay appears to have attracted little notice at the moment, and has never been reprinted; while in the intervening years bald and feeble versions of *Werther*, *Hermann und Dorothea*, and some minor dramas have been doing much injury to the author's fame in this country."

Thus the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* had all now found something to say about Goethe, done something to pave the way for Carlyle, who was rapidly coming to the front among English admirers of the great German. He had entered into correspondence with Goethe by forwarding his translation to Weimar. Writing to Goethe on April 15, 1827, he speaks hopefully of the prospect of his works becoming known here. "Hitherto," he writes, "it has not been injustice, but ignorance that has blinded us in this matter. At all events, a different state of things seems approaching." Then, after referring to the sale of his translation, "All this warrants me to believe that your name and doctrines will, ere long, be English as well as German." Carlyle made the acquaintance of Jeffrey, and appeared this year (1827) in the *Edinburgh Review* with his essay on the *State of German Literature*. He characterizes the prose of Goethe as like that of Milton, but Milton writing with the culture of the time, combining French clearness with old English depth; and his poetry as the poetry of our own generation, an ideal world, and yet the world we live in. The last article in the *Edinburgh Review* only two years before, be it remembered, thought that Goethe's reputation had been acquired by writing sheer nonsense.

An article which follows in *Blackwood's Magazine* remarks the

change of front in the *Edinburgh Review*. It says: "Some of the kindred spirits in Germany, such as Goethe and Schiller, who had long been the objects of the most inconsistent and contradictory editor's real or affected contempt, came to be spoken of in terms of unmeasured admiration." The writer refers to the "eloquent eulogist, who in the reign of Anne would have been thought insane, and something extraordinary in that of Elizabeth." So the change was justly attributed to Carlyle.

Carlyle followed this up by a general article on Goethe in the *Foreign Review* (1828): "Vague rumours of the man," he says, "have been for more than half a century humming through our ears," but "by one means or another, many of us have come to understand that considerably the most distinguished poet and thinker of his age is called Goethe, and lives at Weimar, and must to all appearance be an extremely surprising character."

Not long after, in the year 1830, appeared Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, the first attempt to present English readers with a general survey of German literature. As regards Goethe, Taylor had been silent now for nearly twenty years, and his critical powers had not improved in the interval. The work brings no new criticism of any value. *Wilhelm Meister* Taylor thinks now a tedious, planless novel. We have an echo of the article in the *Monthly Review* of 32 years before, where *Meister* was spoken of as a comic novel in this sentence: "The comic force of Goethe has survived its pristine popularity." He reprints his *Iphigenia* in this work, and brings in some other odds and ends of translations.

Considering the part Taylor played in making Goethe known for about twenty years from 1790, it is with regret that one must re-echo Carlyle's dictum on the work: "For a man of such intellectual vigour, who has studied his subject so long, we should not have expected such a failure."

By this time German literature had become a kind of cult with Carlyle as leader. What his projects may have been with regard to its extension it is difficult to say now, but that he had some scheme in his mind for extending the study

of foreign, and no doubt more especially German, literature, appears from a letter written by him to Goethe on 10th June, 1831. He is speaking of a little present that is being prepared for Goethe on his next birthday by a little poetical Tugendbund of Philo-Germans. "Of this little Philo-German combination" he writes, "and what it now specially proposes, and whether "there is likelihood that it may grow into a more lasting union "for more complex purposes I hope to speak hereafter (he never "does). The mere fact that such an attempt was possible among "us would have seemed strange some years ago, and gives one of "the many proofs that what you have named world-literature is "perhaps already not so distant. It may be we too in London "shall have a society for foreign literature."

The little present was a signet seal inscribed with the words *Ohne Hast, Ohne Rast*, accompanied by an address from fifteen English friends who, as they express it, or rather, perhaps, as Carlyle expresses it, "feeling towards the poet Goethe as the "spiritually taught towards their spiritual teacher, are desirous to "express that sentiment openly and in common." The fifteen English friends are the following: Carlyle and his brother John, W. Fraser, editor of the *Foreign Review*, D. Maguire, Heraud, the editor of *Frazer's Magazine*, G. Moir, advocate at Edinburgh and a friend of the Carlyles, Churchill (who had translated parts of *Wallenstein*), Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, Scott, Lockhart, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, who had translated *Faust*, Southey, Wordsworth, Procter and John Wilson. Whether the fifteen were intended to be represented as friends of Goethe's or as friends of one another is not quite clear. Scott and Carlyle had corresponded with Goethe; only Lockhart, I believe, had seen him. One imagines that the feelings of Southey and Wordsworth as the "spiritually taught "towards their spiritual teacher," may have been comparatively transient. Wilson showed himself a curious friend, as we shall see directly. Of those that remain Lord Francis Leveson-Gower had translated *Faust*; the others, as far as I know, "never told their love" before or afterwards. On the other hand, it is certain there was nothing like a general bond of friendship between the fifteen. The expression "fifteen English

"friends" must therefore be taken in some rather general sense.

Wilson's jeering reference to the affair in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1832, is surprising enough considering he was himself one of the subscribers. It appears to be due to a certain jealousy of or dislike for Carlyle.

This is the passage in the *Noctes* :—

Tickler :

"But, oh sir, the impudent stupidity of some of the subscribers to that signet seal!"

North :

"Hopeless of achieving mediocrity in any of the humbler walks of their native literature, the creatures expect to acquire character by acquaintance with the drivel of German dotage, and going at once to the fountain head gabble about Goethe, 'The Master.' Yes, and I beseech you, Hal, look at the flunkies."

Young Gentleman :

"In the soul of every British man, delight in his own country's genius ought to be paramount, nor can I comprehend how idolatry of Goethe could from any enlightened mind banish worship of Shakespeare. . . . Carlisle (*sic*) always writes as if 'twere impossible to be ignorant of Goethe and to know nature. In that sphere alone will his mind deign to move."

And so on. Carlyle has somewhere described *Blackwood's* as a "dog's meat tart of a magazine," whatever that is, but I cannot find the date of his remark to show whether it was before or after this article.

Goethe has referred to the present sent him and the address in a letter to Zelter, which shows a mild surprise at learning that he was regarded with such enthusiasm.

Goethe was dead before Wilson's article appeared. Had he lived a little longer he would have very likely met Scott, who was projecting a visit to Weimar, and possibly Carlyle, who often thought of going there, and so our only literary man of the first rank to whom Goethe was known personally is Thackeray. Thackeray's Goethe criticism is contained in half-a-dozen words, but they hit the mark: "The good Schiller and the great Goethe." Perhaps there are not many criticisms or contrasts so good in so few words.

Carlyle wrote some fine pages on the death of Goethe, a sort of prose funeral ode, and in the same year his essay on Goethe's

Works, the best, I think, of all his writings on Goethe, and the last. The thought that Goethe was now no more; perhaps the thought, too, that he himself was moving into other paths away from the spiritual companionship of his teacher, called forth a solemn harmony not always to be met with in Carlyle. "*Colite talem virum*," he says, towards the close of his essay; "learn of him, imitate, emulate him!" as if he were leaving Goethe to others now, and he concludes, "Of Goethe, with a feeling such as can be due to no other man, we now take farewell. *Vixit, vivit.*"

And Goethe lives. Carlyle's view of him was not final and sufficient, and indeed he never thought it could be. Many must have had to confess, like Mrs. Austin, that their friend Mr. Carlyle had arrived at more confident conclusions than they could come to; and the Goethe literature now beginning to pour from the press in Germany threw new light upon Goethe's life in every aspect of it, to confuse them further. The little poetical *Tugendbund* Carlyle spoke of probably soon ceased to exist, but (not to mention an excellent biographer) critics, students, translators, lovers of Goethe have never been wanting in this country, and probably never will be. I hope we shall do our share in keeping up the tradition. What I have tried to show to-night is that the tradition dates further back than Carlyle; it is already a century old.

We are now in a period of analysis and minute study, overwhelmed with notes and introductions, critical apparatus and exegesis, and one is rather inclined to say:

"When the detail can be fully coned,
Alas! we miss the Spiritual bond."

In this forest of Goethe literature we may nevertheless endeavour to see the wood, in spite of the trees, but when Carlyle says "imitate him, emulate him," we must think of what Goethe says of himself, that for those who come after he is

Nicht zum Nachahmen, aber zum Nachstreben.

GOETHE'S OPTIMISM.*

By R. G. ALFORD.

GOETHE'S character has been the theme of endless discussion, without any satisfactory result. As a rule we learn more about the character of the critic than of Goethe whom he is criticising. For instance, when Carlyle tells us in a letter to Emerson of about 1840, one of his last utterances on the subject, that Goethe was a sorrowing prophet, can we doubt that he is rather looking at a reflection of himself than making a true estimate. Others will tell you Goethe is a cold egotist. Some think he was always saying to himself—

"Warte nur, balde

Ruhest du auch,"

—and wishing he were in his grave; while others again hold the opinion that he took such frank pleasure in the things of this life that he ought to be called a heathen. "Der grosse Heide" is Heine's favourite epithet for him. Then there are those whose writings would lead one to suppose it was impossible for Goethe to have any character at all—he was so much a part of nature. You might as well speak of the character of a tree. I am only going to draw your attention for a few minutes to what I conceive to be a very important side of Goethe's character, whatever his character as a whole may be. It is what Matthew Arnold has called his "persistent optimism," and justly praised him for. For optimism cannot be called common with great writers, great poets especially, and when found it deserves attention, if only on account of the rarity. I have selected a few good examples, as I consider them, chiefly from his familiar letters and diaries; but anyone could make an equally good selection for himself, perhaps an hundred such.

Look at him then first on his arrival at Strasburg at the age of 20. He is at this time considerably under the influence of his pious friend Fräulein von Klettenberg. He is writing to a poor student friend in Leipzig, sending him some money. "I am altered, much altered, for that I thank my Saviour.

* Read at the South-West London Branch Meeting, at Twickenham, on February 23rd, 1892.

That I am not what I ought to be, I am thankful for that too." One wonders rather what is coming next. He goes on, "Luther says: I am more concerned about my works than about my sins. And when one is young, one is not complete in any way." Or take this from a letter written a few months later to the same lady. He is in weak bodily health, not yet completely recovered from the serious illness that prostrated him two years before, yet he is finding profit even in this; "my body," he writes, "is just sound enough to sustain a moderate and necessary amount of work, and to remind me in season that I am not a giant either in body or soul."

We pass over a few years. This is a reflection he makes at the close of 1774, while going through his correspondence during the year. "When a man has rolled the moral snowball of his own personality (*seines Ichs*) a year further he is at any rate something to the good." A sentence like that seems of the very essence of Goethe. Here is another of the same period—equally characteristic. "It is good that one should do all that one can do in order to have the honour of a better acquaintance with oneself." He experienced an intense longing for peace of mind such as he gave voice to in the *Wanderer's Nachtlied*, but he never allowed longings of this or indeed of any sort to hinder him from keeping his eye fixed on the practical and hopeful side of the matter. "If we cannot become calmer," he says, "we can at all events become stronger in unrest." I must give the German here as I cannot find any adequate English: "Sollen wir nicht beruhigter, doch stärker in der Unruhe werden." There was always a practical by the side of the poetical Goethe—controlling and helpful.

A little later on we find him at Weimar amid entirely new surroundings. Here he had much to try him, so much indeed that he was more than once disposed to surrender the advantages he had obtained by his new position and escape back to Frankfort. He was favoured by the prince and the Herzogin Amalia, but he was regarded with intense disfavour by the old court officials, and the routine of official work was something quite new, and in a great measure irksome to him. His legal work at Frankfort,

he tells us, was mostly done for him by his father. Let us see the spirit in which he accepts his position, and to do this we will turn to his diaries. Bacon says that "a man's character is best seen in privateness, for then there is no affectation, or in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts, or in a new case, for there custom leaveth him." What Goethe was like in a passion it would be rather difficult to show, but we can use the two other tests and see Goethe in privateness, and in a new case, and we can do this by simply turning to the diaries he began to keep at Weimar. They reveal him to us in complete privateness. They were hurriedly, even carelessly, written, and their contents were jotted down we may suppose at the close of busy days, and were never meant to see the light.

He speaks of having "a more definite feeling of limitation, and so" this is the Goethean touch of "true expansiveness." Here are some variations on this theme. "The man who wishes to be universal makes nothing of himself. Limitation is as necessary to the artist as to anyone who wishes to fashion anything worthy of note. Begin at home, and then extend your sphere, if you can, over the whole world." "We water a garden, as we cannot get any rain for the fields." "Nothing is great but the true, and the smallest true thing is great." Somebody, he says, gave him a good idea. It was this. "The affairs of life have no detail; every man makes detail for himself out of them." Again, "The best thing is the deep stillness in which I live as regards the world, and win day by day what the world with fire and sword could not take away from me." He makes a point of treating men in their way, not in his way; but he does this, he says, elsewhere, "without swerving a hair's breadth from his nature, which inwardly sustains and makes him happy." When business oppresses him—and it does constantly—he finds good in it in this way. "The pressure of business has a beautiful effect on the soul; when it is released it has a freer play and enjoys life. Nothing is more wretched to behold than a man who feels comfortable without having any work to do;" and he seeks to conquer what he calls "the distaste for acquiring dexterity in one's

"craft, and for bestowing upon it the full time it demands." In this way his daily work becomes more and more dear to him, "*wird mir immer theurer.*" He feels a desire "to raise the pyramid of his existence as high as possible on its given basis;" but here a doubt occurs to him as to whether it will be granted him to complete his career. "At any rate," he adds, with the cheerful turn he hardly ever fails to give to his reflections, "people may say the idea of it was boldly conceived."

Nor is it only of his own improvement that Goethe thinks. "He wears himself away for others," we are told; but when he looks at the results achieved in the general welfare of the Dukedom he is not as hopeful as when he watches his own progress. For Saxe-Weimar was hampered with feudal customs innumerable, and reforms came slowly. "Alas," he says, "that man can do so much for himself and so little for others." Yet, whatever were his anxieties for the State, even when, as we hear, "Cares are attacking him like hungry lions," he almost invariably finds his own future bright. Always calmly mastering the conflicting circumstances in which he finds himself, always seeing his pathway through the impossible, it is through such steps that Goethe comes to be described as "the most helpful thinker of our time."

Before passing on, I will quote a short poem of six lines which belongs to this period of Goethe's life, and is very characteristic of it:—

*Schaff' das Tagwerk meiner Hände
Hohes Glück dass ich's vollende.
Lass, oh lass mich nicht ermatten,
Nein, es sind nicht leere Träume:
Jetzt nur Stangen, diese Bäume
Geben einst noch Frucht und Schatten.*

Hands, be ever at your daily task;
To finish it, that is the joy I ask;
Oh that I may not weary on the way,
No, for sure 'tis not an idle dream,
These trees new planted, though mere sticks they seem,
Shall yield me fruit and give me shade some day.

Goethe in the Autobiography refers with approval to the saying, that "What one wishes in youth one abundantly acquires

in age," as if it had come true in his case, and we remember the words of the dedication to *Faust*:—

Was verschwand wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.

His wishes being in a great measure realised to him, his optimism in his later manhood has not quite the same earnest, hopeful look into the future as in his earlier years, for his unlimited endeavour, to use his expression, had found its own limits. He had found after long searching that he was an artist only as an author and not as a painter or sculptor—that the medium of his art was the German language.

The change had come about chiefly through his stay in Italy. It is the seed time of his life until he goes to Italy; after that he reaps the harvest. Before he went he might well have said with Horace (who has several points of resemblance to Goethe):—

Condo et compono quae mox depromere possum.

Of *Egmont*, *Iphigenie*, *Tasso*, of the greater *Faust* and *Meister* he could only say at that time *condo et compono*. *Egmont* and *Tasso* were unfinished. *Iphigenie* remained in prose. *Faust* was a fragment, about one half or a little more of *Meister's Lehrjahre* was written. One by one he now completes them, and draws them forth from his stores.

So the forward looking hopefulness has transformed itself in a measure into a happiness in the present, or if we rather hesitate to use the word happiness of one who had looked as deeply into life as Goethe, we may say into the pleasure in, and gratitude for a well-balanced existence, which finds such curious expression in those lines from the *West-Oestliche Divan*.

*Im Athemziehn sind zweierlei Gnaden,
Die Luft einziehen, sich ihrer entladen,
Drum danke Gott wenn er dich presst
Und dank' ihm wenn er dich wieder entlässt.*

Each breath that we draw doth two blessings convey,
To breathe in the air and to breathe it away;
Then thanks be to God when he thus doth constrain thee
And for the release that ensues, thanks again be.

Expressions of discontent with himself are extremely rare with Goethe, but they are to be found here and there, and

I will give one by way of contrast to what has gone before. I said that he had found the true medium of his art was the German language. This is a passage from the Venetian epigrams, where he not only declares his previous artistic endeavours to have been useless, but sees himself condemned to the use of a barbarous speech.

*Vieles hab' ich versucht, gezeichnet, in Kupfer gestochen,
Oel gemalt, in Thon hab' ich auch manches gedrückt;
Unbeständig jedoch und nichts gelernt noch geleistet,
Nur ein einzig Talent bracht' ich der Meisterschaft nah,
Deutsch zu schreiben. Und so verderb' ich, unglücklicher Dichter,
In dem schlechtesten Stoff leider nun Leben und Kunst.*

I have attempted much, have drawn, have graven on copper,
Painted in oils, in clay modelled out many a form;
Wavering, naught did I learn, and naught did I ever accomplish,
Only in this I became almost a master, in this:
Writing German. Hence comes it that I, an unfortunate poet,
Wretched material use, spoil both my life and my art.

I will conclude with a few examples of Goethe's optimism in his later and latest years; persistent, deliberate optimism we may now well call it. The following is an extract from the *Wanderjahre* published in 1828 when he was 79 years of age. I choose it because it links itself to the quotation already given from the *West-Oestlicher Divan*, affording us a deeper insight along the same lines of thought.

"Thinking and doing, doing and thinking, that is the sum of
"all wisdom, known by all, practised by all, not rightly under-
"stood by any. Both must be in perpetual motion, forth and
"back again like breathing out and breathing in, like question
"and answer, one should not exist without the other. He who
"makes it a law. . . to test his doing by his thinking, and his
"thinking by his doing, that man cannot err, or if he can err
"he will soon find himself back on the right road again."

Another extract from the *Wanderjahre*: "How can a man face
"the Infinite, except by gathering up in his innermost deepest
"self all the spiritual forces that are being drawn away on this
"side and on that, except by asking himself 'Can'st thou even
"think one thought in the midst of this order of creation that
"ever lives and moves, without a glorious activity circling about
"the centre of thy being? Even if it were difficult for thee to

“find this centre of thy nature, thou would'st know it by this,
 “that a benevolent, a beneficial effect, proceeds from it and
 “gives witness of it.” Thus did Goethe express his belief
 that goodness was of the essence of man's nature.

Optimism of a lighter kind finds frequent, indeed constant,
 expression in the lighter poems of the last ten or twenty years
 of his life. We may take one or two instances of it, and so
 conclude.

Sprichwörtlich (1824):

*Geniesse was der Schmerz dir hinterliess
 Ist Noth vorüber sind die Nöthe süß.
 Enjoy what pain has left behind,
 Bygone distresses are sweet to the mind.*

Epigrammatisch (1829):

*Angedenken an das Gute
 Hält uns immer frisch bei Muthe,
 Angedenken an das Schöne
 Ist das Heil der Erdensöhne,
 Angedenken an die Liebe
 Glücklich wenn's lebendig bliebe,
 Angedenken an das Eine
 Bleibt das Beste was ich meine.*

Thinking upon what is good
 Cheers us on with strength renewed;
 Thinking upon what is fair
 Is the cure for human care;
 Thinking upon love's estate
 Is happy for the fortunate;
 Thinking on their unity,*
 That's the best of all to me.

*Willst du dir ein hübsch Leben zimmern
 Musst du um's Vergangne nicht bekümmern;
 Das Wenigste muss dich verdriessen
 Musst stets die Gegenwart genießen,
 Besonders keinen Menschen hassen
 Und die Zukunft Gott überlassen.*

To fashion your life, set these things fast;
 You must not be troubled at the past.
 Let very few worries your peace annoy;
 The present you must ever enjoy.
 To all men keep a loving mind;
 And leave to God what is behind.

* This line is no doubt open to other interpretations than the one I have given.

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE STUDY OF *FAUST*.*

BY W. S. COUPLAND, D.Sc., M.A.

THE object of the present paper is to give some account of the progress made of late towards a better understanding of the most frequently cited, but least appreciated at its value or comprehended, of Goethe's greater art-creations.

A few years ago I ventured to offer a connected reading of the wonderful *Faust*-drama,† after a preliminary study of a number of able commentators and critics. It not being within my plan to be ranked in either of these classes of investigators, the book was purposely incomplete in two respects. There was no attempt to elucidate the text in detail, or to appraise the curious and, at the time, much discussed critical labours of Wilhelm Scherer, culminating in the hypothesis of an original prose *Faust*. As the matter-of-fact treasury of such expositors as Heinrich Düntzer had been already, and was likely to be in future, extensively drawn upon by professed instructors in the German language and literature, I preferred to leave the annotator in possession of his own domain; and a kind of instinct preserved me from troubling my readers with the ingenious but very speculative disquisitions of Professor Scherer. Mr. Lyster, one of the founders of our Society, has, however, reviewed all Scherer's arguments likely to be of interest to the British public in the "Papers and Reports of Proceedings" for 1886, his own opinion of their validity being no less unfavourable, though more courteously expressed, than that of Prof. Creizenach, in an article, entitled "Wilhelm Scherer über die Entstehungsgeschichte von Goethe's *Faust*. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des literarischen Humbugs" (*Grenzboten*, 1887, p. 624).

The last six or seven years have been pre-eminently fruitful

* Read before the General Meeting of the Society, at the Royal Society of British Artists, on January 22nd, 1892.

† *The Spirit of Goethe's Faust*. London: George Bell & Sons, 1885.

as regards contributions and aids to a more accurate knowledge of the achievements of Goethe.

It was in 1885, the 15th of April, that Walther Wolfgang, the poet's sole surviving descendant, who had inherited the Weimar house, with its wealth of inedited documents and other memorials, passed away, bequeathing the family archives to the Grand Duchess Sophie von Sachsen and the world; and on the 21st of June of the same year the *Goethe Gesellschaft* was called into existence to assume the responsibility of publishing such of the literary remains as seemed likely to further the study of the author's works, as well as generally to encourage all research connected with his name and fame. The chief undertaking of the *Gesellschaft* hitherto has been the commencement of a new complete edition of Goethe's works, which will probably not fall far short of a hundred volumes, to be rounded off in due time by a new biography, to surpass all predecessors in respect of accuracy and fulness of detail. Of the *Werke* about thirty volumes have now appeared, three of which are devoted to *Faust*; namely, one issued in 1887, containing the first part with various readings and paralipomena; another, published in 1888, containing the text of the second part, followed by a supplementary volume with various readings, editorial notes, and paralipomena. Before further reference to these memorials there is, however, an important story to be told.

In the spring of 1887, Major von Göchhausen announced to the Grand Duchess Sophie von Sachsen that he was the possessor of a collection of papers, which had originally been the property of his great-aunt Luise von Göchhausen, Maid of Honour to the Duchess Anna Amalia. Erich Schmidt, the then director of the Goethe-Archiv, was deputed to examine the papers, and had the wonderful fortune to discover a manuscript, in the hand-writing of the well-known court lady, of a portion of the first part of Goethe's *Faust*. This important manuscript was a few months later entrusted to the hands of the printer, and published under the title "*Goethe's Faust, in ursprünglicher Gestalt nach der Göchhausenschen Abschrift; herausgegeben von Erich Schmidt.*"

Students of the external history of the *Faust* poem do not need to be reminded that the first part was published in its present form in 1808, but that a fragment thereof had been given to the world eighteen years previously. Now the fragment of 1790 differs from the complete version by the omission of the dedication, prelude, prologue, and various scenes, amounting altogether to more than half of the whole part; the MS. of Frl. von Göchhausen, however, not only differs quantitatively from the publication of 1808, but often varies verbally and very considerably from the fragment of 1790. Thus the scene between Mephistopheles and the Student (and which follows immediately the conversation between Faust and Wagner in the study), contains a good deal of matter subsequently rejected. The first interviews between Faust and Mephistopheles are entirely wanting, and the scene in Auerbach's cellar is for the most part in prose. The tricks, however, as in the old legend, played in that jovial resort are performed by Faust, not by Mephistopheles. Immediately after comes a hitherto unknown scene of four lines. We are further told explicitly, what is left in doubt in the subsequent version, that the service in the cathedral has reference to Margaret's mother, the scene being headed "Dom. Exequien der Mutter Gretgen." Present "Gretgen, alle Verwandte." Curiously enough, however, while the 1790 fragment ends with this scene we have (and here placed *after*, not before it) Valentine's speech before Gretchen's house, the first fourteen lines of the colloquy between Faust and Mephistopheles ensuing, *followed by the termination* of the scene now headed "Wood and Cave," beginning "Was ist die Himmelsfreud in ihren Armen?" but no duel, &c. Then, as in the completed poem, the powerful scene between Faust and Mephistopheles, commencing "Im Elend! Verzweifelnd!" &c., the night ride in open field, and lastly the prison scene, entirely in prose, but after the final sentence of Mephistopheles "Sie ist gerichtet!" no counter-exclamation, "von oben," "Ist gerettet!"

No particulars accompany Frl. von Göchhausen's transcript as to the circumstances of its execution—the time when it was made, the manner in which the lady came into temporary possession of the original. We may well accept Erich Schmidt's

conjecture that Frl. von Göchhausen was one of a select circle to whom Goethe had read the scenes, that the lady begged the loan of his manuscript, and either with or without permission made a copy for her own use. We may further believe that this occurred during the author's earlier Weimar residence, at any rate between 1775 and 1786, when he set out on his journey to Italy. We may, perhaps, go further still, and believe that we have in this fragment all of *Faust* that had been composed before its author's settlement in Weimar, an accurate transcript of the work that Goethe brought with him to the ducal capital.*

It may be *verbatim et literatim* the equivalent of the original referred to in the classical passage of the Diary of the Italian Journey, dated Rome, March 1st, 1788. "It was a rich week, which in memory appears to me like a month. First was the plan made for *Faust*, and I hope this operation has been successfully performed. Of course, it is quite another thing to write out the piece now or fifteen years ago; I think, there will be no real loss, particularly as I believe I have now found the thread again. Also as far as the tone of the whole is concerned, I am consoled; I have already executed a new scene, and if I smoke the paper, I think nobody will detect it among the old ones. As owing to the long rest and retirement I have been brought back to the level of my proper existence, it is remarkable how much I resemble myself, and how little my inner man has suffered through the years and events. The old manuscript sets me sometimes musing when I look upon it. It is the very first, even the chief scenes were written down straight away without rough draft; now it is so yellow with age, so confused (the sheets were never stitched), so worn and frayed at the edges, that it looks in truth like the fragment of an ancient codex. So that as I then transported myself into an earlier world by pondering and divining, I must now transplant myself back again into my own olden time."

* "Then (we talked) about the first beginnings of '*Faust*.' '*Faust*' sprang up at the same time with '*Werther*.' I brought it with me in 1775 to Weimar."—"Eckermann's *Conversations of Goethe*," February 10th, 1829. (Oxford's Translation.)

Here some one may ask "Why trouble about these details concerning the genesis and stages of production of a work of art? Fragments have long been superseded, and when the picture hangs before us in all its finished beauty, is it not rather disturbing to the beholder than otherwise to glance aside at the incomplete sketch?" In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred that is perfectly true, but not in the instance of Goethe's *Faust*, for *Faust* happens to be "ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln," and the most effective key to this well-sealed book is the story of its growth and fashioning.

That which has made *Faust* the favourite of the nations is not the tragedy of a Gretchen, not the splendour of isolated scenes, but the presentation of the problem of human destiny in a framework of marvellous breadth and beauty. The world no longer believes in the magic of tradition, but it believes in *Faust's* magic. It retains a very feeble faith in a personal devil, but Mephistopheles is almost a creation of flesh and blood to it. Goethe was not a philosopher in the academical sense. He satirizes keenly the scholastic logic and metaphysics through the mask of Mephistopheles, and he had small regard for system-building. Nevertheless, in the proper sense of the term, Goethe was through and through philosopher; and the secret of the spell exerted by the *Faust* drama is that it so powerfully stimulates the philosophic instinct in man, while the individual imagines he is merely the witness of a moving spectacle. As, however, Goethe was no system-builder, as his philosophy of the world and life was the gradual emergence into consciousness of ideas which actual experience awakened in him, there could be no settled plan of the great work at the first, nor indeed at any time. As he pithily wrote in a stanza found in the Goethe-house, and at one time doubtless intended for a last word:—

"Den besten Köpfen sey das Stück empfohlen
Wir möchtens gerne wiederholen
Allein der Beyfall giebt allein Gewicht,
Vielleicht dass sich was bessres freylich fände—
Des Menschen Leben ist ein ähnliches Gedicht
Es hat wohl seinen Anfang und sein Ende.
Allein ein Ganzes ist es nicht."*

* *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, Vol. IX., 1888, p. 5.

The drama of *Faust* is no "whole"—was not conceived by a lightning-flash of intuition, was written piecemeal and in all defiance of chronological order, only bit by bit coherence and connection were arrived at; and yet the result unquestionably was a work of art of the highest order.

Fresh from his futile University studies he dashed off the opening scenes of *Faust*—described the panting of a noble nature for a realm of pure truth and beauty, invoked the real powers that lay concealed behind the play of circumstance, laid bare the emptiness of the pursuit of the mere second-hand acquirer in the person of the professor's Famulus, and held up to scorn the teaching of the accredited haunts of wisdom. These were the first two scenes of the *Urfaust*. But the pact with the Demon was of later origin; the grand wager between God and Man's Tempter, propounded in the Prologue, later still. And what was to be the end of it all he knew at first as little as his early readers. Remember what Schiller said in his letter of June 26, 1797:—"Faust I have now again read, and I am quite dazed when I think of its development. This is, however, very natural, for it is an affair of intuition, and so long as this is not possessed a subject however rich in material must put the understanding in perplexity."*

These considerations lead me naturally on to the new Weimar edition of *Faust*. The special value of this new edition resides in the hitherto inedited Author's notes, having reference to both Parts.

Among the paralipomena to Part I. there is a remarkable set of jottings, which are said to have been found on a torn quarto page and very hurriedly written. They are evidently thoughts with a view to the plan of the work, and are as follows: "Ideal endeavour after action on and feeling into (*Einfühlen*) the whole of nature. Appearance of the spirit as genius of the world and action (*Welt und Thaten genius*). Strife between form and formless; preference of the formless content to empty form. Content brings form with it; form is never without content. These contradictions, instead of uniting them

* Schiller did not live to peruse even the First Part in its completed form.

to make more disparate. Clear cold scientific striving of Wagner, obscure warm scientific striving of pupil. Nature of life-action, personal life-enjoyment externally seen in the confusedness of passion of Part I. Pleasure of objective activity, and enjoyment with consciousness of beauty of Second Part. Inward enjoyment of creation. Epilogue in chaos on the way to hell."

We have no clue to the precise time when these ideas were jotted down, but I think you will agree with me that they are sufficiently remarkable.

I would particularly call the attention of those critics who ignore the philosophical character of the drama to the metaphysical pith of the scheme. Content or matter and form are just the technical terms of all metaphysics. But "the wisdom of Goethe" peeps out in this, that he prefers crude matter to bare form, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*, out of pure form no world is to be conjured, but given content or matter and the form cannot but be given therewith. (Think of the dialogue anent the mysterious mothers in Part II.) We are, moreover, let into the very secret of Goethe's conception of his work. The spirit who is to be invoked is the spirit of life and action. There is a threefold enjoyment of vital activity, a *naïve* outward enjoyment, then an enjoyment of beauty with growing consciousness, but higher still an inward enjoyment through creative effort. As a curiosity, lastly, one may note the "Epilogue in chaos on the way to Hell." At the date of these jottings was Hell then (not Heaven) to be the bourn?

The schemes now printed in the Paralipomena to the second part are of historical interest if they do not contribute much to the understanding of that unique production. We get through them a glimpse of the way in which in the author's mind the five abruptly separated acts were linked together. In the long period of incubation many changes of purpose of varying degrees of importance no doubt occurred. But I do not think we have evidence of any radical change of design. Some oddities were abandoned in the second act. When it is decided in Wagner's laboratory to undertake the excursion to Greece Wagner himself elects to be one of the party, and puts the glass phial containing the just fabricated Homunculus in his breast-pocket

of the right side, and an empty phial in the left, if peradventure he may pick up the ingredients in his wanderings for compounding a Homuncula. All four then sail away on the magic cloak, and on arrival Homunculus escaping from his glass immediately grubs on the soil to assist Wagner's experimental projects, but the result is left undescribed.

The gulf now existing between the classical Walpurgis Night and the Third or Helena Act was to have been bridged over by a scene in Hades. Goethe at one time intended that Faust should be conducted by Manto, the daughter of Aesculapius, to the throne of Persephone. The way was to have been described, the sudden wrapping of Faust's face to avoid the spectacle of the Medusa-head as it surged towards them up the narrow way, the moving speech of Manto (not of Faust as represented by Eckermann) to the Queen of the Shades, the argued precedent of Achilles, released for a time to life in the isle of Leuke, the melting to tears of the queen, the reference of the question to the three stern judges, and their decision of permission for Helen to return to the earth, on the condition that like Achilles she should be confined to one spot, namely Sparta. In the oldest sketch the fruit of the union of Faust and Helen, Euphorion, crosses a forbidden brook, and loses his life by the stroke of a consecrated sword; whereupon the mother wringing her hands in despair, a magic ring (which ensured her corporeity) slips from her finger, and both mother and son fade away.

I pass now to speak of certain notable attempts at a better understanding of the poem that have been made in recent years. After Goethe's own statements in letters, conversations, and the paralipomena found among his papers now printed, the work of Kuno Fischer* I take to be the most useful for a student desiring to trace the growth of the conception of the Faust-poem in the author's mind. Written in a clear style, only too rare in the literary products of the Fatherland, and with admirable selection of material, it leaves only one thing to regret, that it was completed before the publication of the so-called *Urfaust*. This, however, does not imply serious regret,

* "Goethe's *Faust* nach seiner Entstehung, Idee und Composition." Zweite und bearbeitete und vermehrte Ausgabe. Stuttgart, 1887.

as for the wasted labour of the lamented Scherer. On two points, however, I find myself unable to yield to the judgment of Fischer—in regard to the conclusions drawn from supposed inconsistencies of the First Part concerning Mephistopheles, and as to the statement that the unity of *Faust* is only the unity of the Author's personality.

To the former point I shall presently allude, the latter I confess myself at once at a loss to understand. If the statement means, as the words suggest, that Faust's development and career is merely a dramatic presentation of the life-experience of the individual man Goethe, I think this view far too narrow for the facts in their entirety. It is perfectly true that Goethe wrote through his own experience, but what creative master at any time has not done that? Did not Shakespeare do the same? Did not Dante? Did not all the great literary artists who have moved the world? But if the statement means, that to one who was ignorant of the author's career and spiritual development the poem would possess no coherence, but would wear the appearance of a series of unconnected incidents, to that I must strongly demur. It may have been the delusion of age when Goethe wrote to Wilhelm von Humboldt, five days before his death: "It is now over sixty years since the conception of *Faust* arose in my youthful mind, clear from the very first," still there is evidence by no means weak (the correspondence with Schiller is sufficient) that he was "in seinem dunkeln Drange des rechten Weges wohl bewusst."

There is one theme of *Faust*, and that is, as I have elsewhere expressed it, the Trial and Triumph of Man.* The beads may be many-shaped, many-coloured, but there is one continuous thread on which they are strung. This is not to assert, however, that, in the language of the schools of transcendental thought, *Faust* is fitly described as the expression of an *Idee*; that Goethe first grasped an abstraction and then sought to find a sensuous frame for it; that his starting-point was a naked soul, to which he fitted, more or less artistically, a body. Such an error is committed by a writer who has taken the trouble to write two

* *Spirit of Goethe's Faust*, p. 344.

large octavo volumes, about one thousand pages in all, to show that Goethe's *Faust* is a poetised psychology and metaphysic. I allude to a work bearing the singular title, *Sphinx locuta est. Goethe's Faust und die Resultate einer rationellen Methode der Forschung, von Ferdinand August Louvier. Berlin, 1887.*

Of all the curiosities of literature, I suspect this is the most curious. In the opinion of Herr Louvier, *Faust* is a deliberately planned allegory, the main purpose being to expound and glorify the apostle of pure reason, Immanuel Kant. That the great artist was a supreme riddler, this illuminated writer thinks clear from the confession of the poet himself. In Act 4 of Part II. Mephistopheles introduces three typical ruffians to strike confusion into the heart of the Emperor's enemies, and having introduced them, remarks in an aside to the spectators :

Es liebt sich jetzt ein jedes Kind
Den Harnisch und den Ritterkragen;
Und, allegorisch wie die Lumpen sind,
Sie werden nur um desto mehr behagen.

Again, in the Carnival Masquerade the Knabe Wagenlenker exclaims :

" Herold, auf, nach deiner Weise,
Ehe wir von euch entfliehen,
Uns zu schildern, uns zu nennen !
Denn wir sind Allegorien,
Und so solltest du uns kennen."

Surely the conclusion to be drawn from these frank utterances is not that Goethe's *Faust* is a vast allegory, but that allegorical figures are so rare that the author has to call the reader's attention to the exceptional phenomenon when it occurs. Yes, but then we have Schiller's word for it (which Goethe did not repel)—"This much only I remark here, that *Faust* (the piece I mean) with all its poetical concreteness, cannot entirely keep clear of a symbolical treatment, as also doubtless is your own idea." * True, but there are symbols and symbols. The kind of occult wisdom that pervades *Faust* may be gathered from the lines of the Chorus Mysticus :—

" Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss,"

A very different sort of symbolism to the dressing up of nude

* Letter of Schiller to Goethe, 23rd June, 1797.

abstractions in hats and cloaks. A man must be at once devoid of the artistic sense and ignorant of the first principles of pedagogics, who could imagine that a great artist and teacher like Goethe would of set purpose through a long life-time cudgel his brains to invent an elaborate picture-language, to mask a set of truths that would be infinitely more impressive if presented in all their nakedness. If it were possible with five years' study (the amount of time Herr Louvier tells us he has been engaged in deciphering the hieroglyphic) to extract all the significance of the tragedy of *Faust*, the one work which fascinates the attention of ever wider and wider spheres of readers might soon be left to cumber the shelves of a mouldering library.

You perhaps may wish to know what revelation is contained in this bulky treatise. Unfortunately I am not permitted to be a medium of information, for there is a prefaced note to this effect: "The reproducer of the work, or of the several solutions contained therein will be criminally prosecuted"! I can only assure you that there is not a single dark spot in the whole tragedy, from first to last line, that is not made plain as the sun at noon-day; that no one need be longer in any doubt who *Faust* was or what *Margaret* was meant to be, not only what sublime idea is presented as the Lord in Heaven, *Mephistopheles*, and the *Mater Gloriosa*, what every brute, man, woman, or child, from the spritely *Meerkater* to *Pater Ecstaticus* signifies, but also what lesson each single incident or action is intended to convey; so that now the slowest intelligence may make a chart of the wisdom of Goethe, and walk out of his study convinced that henceforth there is nothing more to be known in heaven and on earth, be certainly

"Gescheiter als alle die Laffen,
Doktoren, Magister, Schreiber und Pfaffen."

Though, if he be not too illuminated, he might hear a few more words of wisdom which his preceptor, who understands parables so well, may interpret for him.

"Statt der lebendigen Natur,
Da Gott die Menschen schuf hinein,
Umgiebt in Rauch und Moder nur
Dich Thiergeripp und Todtenbein."

There are, however, problems in *Faust*, problems which block the way to a proper understanding of the work, not only in parts, but as a whole. The chief of these is, in my judgment, the nature and function of Mephistopheles. The question is involved with that concerning the place in the drama of the *Geist der Erde* who appears to Faust in the opening scene. Recent discussions of the subject will be found in the book of Kuno Fischer already referred to, in a paper read before the Manchester Goethe Society, November 23rd, 1887, by the Rev. F. F. Cornish, entitled *The Erdgeist in the Faust Fragment*, printed in the fourth volume of our Transactions, in remarks of Franz Kern, contained in the second edition of the lectures of Fr. Kreyssig, edited by him in 1890, and in a special brochure published by Professor Curto of Turin, entitled *Die Figur des Mephisto im Goetheschen Faust*.

The main problem is this. Mephistopheles in the drama undeniably "plays many parts"—was Goethe's conception of the player a single one throughout, or did he for reasons unexplained change or enlarge his idea of the character?

I think there are few readers who will not admit that they find it extremely difficult to combine the various aspects of Mephistopheles as he appears in Heaven, in the scenes leading up to the Compact, in the first act of the Second Part, in the Helena Section, and again towards the close of the Tragedy. If it be one and the same person throughout not only does he appear under different masks, but he flatly contradicts himself, either verbally or in his ministrations to Faust. To suppose an author to be unaware of glaring inconsistencies, is to suppose that he never looks back upon his unfinished productions when he resumes their composition. Can we imagine that Goethe, who was constantly touching up and adding to his creations, was less keen-sighted than his outside critics? that he had so little regard for the total effect and harmony of a poem, on which he knew his permanent reputation would depend, as to leave such gross blots on his work?

The case can only be met, I think, by one of the two following explanations. Either, in consequence of the spasmodic character of his composition of *Faust*, leaving it for

years and then resuming it in a moment of poetic inspiration, perhaps in a wholly new mood of mind, either (I say), he presented Mephistopheles according to the mental mood then predominant, but, on coming to weld the scenes together, found the sacrifice perhaps of some of his finest poetry or his growing design too severe, and so deliberately left the inconsistencies standing, or the inconsistencies themselves are superficial, and may be solved by an apprehension sufficiently penetrating. The latest critic, Prof. Dr. Curto, so far as I know, is the only one who has had the courage to adopt the second alternative.

The key to the tragedy is given in the prologue in Heaven. Mephistopheles (not characterized further) appears before the Lord, surrounded by the Heavenly Hosts.

Der Herr (loquitur).

Kennst du den Faust?

Mephistopheles.

Den Doktor?

Der Herr.

Meinen Knecht!

Mephistopheles.

Fürwahr er dient euch auf besondere Weise.
Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise.
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,
Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst:
Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne,
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,
Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.

Der Herr.

Wenn er mir jetzt auch nur verworren dient
So werd' ich ihn bald in die Klarheit führen.

Mephistopheles.

Was wettet ihr? Den sollt ihr noch verlieren,
Wenn ihr mir die Erlaubniß gebt,
Ihn meine Strasse sacht zu führen!

Der Herr.

So lang' er auf der Erde lebt
So lange sei dir's nicht verboten;
Es irrt der Mensch so lang' er strebt.

Mephistopheles.

Da dank' ich euch; denn mit den Todten
 Hab' ich mich niemals gern befangen.
 Am meisten lieb' ich mir die vollen frischen Wangen,
 Für einen Leichnam bin ich nicht zu Haus;
 Mir geht es wie der Katze mit der Maus.

* * * * *

Staub soll er fressen, und mit Lust.

Der Herr.

* * * * *

Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann all zu leicht erschlaffen,
 Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh,
 Drum geb' ich gern ihm den Gesellen zu,
 Der reizt und wirkt und muss, als Teufel, schaffen.

* * * * *

Mephistopheles.

Von Zeit zu Zeit seh' ich den Alten gern
 Und hüte mich, mit ihm zu brechen.
 Es ist gar hübsch von einem grossen Herrn,
 So menschlich mit dem Teufel selbst zu sprechen.

Already in the proem of the poem we see the ambiguous character of Mephistopheles. The Lord in his last speech treats him as one of a class of harmless, denying spirits:

"Ich habe deines Gleichen nie gehasst.
 Von allen Geistern die verneinen,
 Ist mir der Schalk am wenigsten zur Last."

He styles him Man's stimulating associate, given to preserve him from sinking into absolute lethargy. Yet Mephistopheles speaks as if he were the only devil:

"Es ist gar hübsch von einem grossen Herrn
 So menschlich mit dem Teufel selbst zu sprechen."

But whether one of a class of unhated, denying spirits, or the very Devil, his concern is only with Man in the flesh. Only so long as he is on the earth is the spirit permitted to trouble him, with which permission Mephistopheles is perfectly content.

"Am meisten lieb' ich mir die vollen, frischen Wangen,
 Für einen Leichnam bin ich nicht zu Haus,
 Mir geht es wie der Katze mit der Maus."

Pass on now to the terrestrial trial. Mephistopheles effects his entrance into Faust's dwelling in the body of a black dog. The dog has accompanied him into his room, and presently

assumes gigantic proportions. Faust, suspecting *diablerie*, endeavours by exorcism to unmask the spirit; tries ineffectually the formula known as Solomon's Key, which operates on elemental sprites—Salamander, Undine, Sylph, Incubus, but on making the sign of the sacred cross, the poodle's kernel is revealed: a fiend accordingly inimical to the divine Saviour, of whom Supreme Holiness could hardly have said—

“Ich habe deines Gleichen nie gehasst.”

And when we come on to the pact, it is not the torture of the living man that is the Evil One's delight, not the agony of a cat and mouse—that is only means to an end—the end itself is the service of the disembodied man, when the death-pang is past.

Mephistopheles.

“Ich will mich *hier* zu deinem Dienst verbinden,
Auf deinen Wink nicht rasten und nicht ruhn;
Wenn wir uns *driüben* wiederfinden,
So sollst du mir das Gleiche thun.”

A conception that is adhered to at the last, when Mephistopheles summons his army of imps to catch the escaping soul. Further, as Kuno Fischer points out, there is a curious contradiction between the terms of the compact and Mephistopheles' cherished purpose to make Faust pass a sort of Tantalus' existence:

“Den schlepp' ich durch das wilde Leben,
Durch flache Unbedeutenheit,
Er soll mir zappeln, starren, kleben,
Und seiner Unersättlichkeit
Soll Speis 'und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen schweben;
Er wird Erquickung sich umsonst erflehn.”

There is a sort of see-saw of contradictoriness. The Lord permits the *verneinende Geist* to harry men (Faust included), because otherwise they would inevitably seek “die unbedingte Ruh.” But that is the very thing that Faust of all abhors.

“Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen,
So sei es gleich um mich gethan!”

And the wager of Faust and Mephistopheles turns on the point that the moment of satisfaction, which Mephistopheles announces

his intention to do all he can to avert, is to be the moment at which Mephistopheles would come into possession of Faust's soul. Verily it seems as if Mephistopheles is not only a *verneinender*, but a *selbst-verneinender Geist*.

We have not yet come to the end of the difficulties. In his first interview with Faust Mephistopheles looms in greater proportions than either in the Prologue or elsewhere.

Not only is he not merely a useful sort of prodder of sloth-loving man, not merely a malicious fiend who strives to undermine man's moral essence, he is also the lord of the destructive forces of nature!

"Ich bin ein Theil des Theils, der Anfang Alles war,
Ein Theil der Finsterniss, die sich das Licht gear.

* * * * *

Was sich dem Nichts entgegensetzt,
Das Etwas, diese plumpe Welt,
So viel als ich schon unternommen,
Ich wusste nicht ihr beizukommen,
Mit Wellen, Stürmen, Schütteln, Brand."

He is engaged in this destructive work, because, as being the Child of Darkness, it is his aim to destroy all body, for if there were no body there were no visible light. And if here there is not a need for an *Œdipus* (of another stamp than Herr Louvier however), I don't know where there is such.

Our difficulties are not over. Turn to that fine monologue of the scene headed *Wood and Cave*, inserted in the complete part, as published 1808, between the first meeting with Margaret and Gretchen at the spinning wheel.

Erhabner Geist, du gabst mir, gabst mir Alles,
Warum ich bat. Du hast mir nicht umsonst
Dein Angesicht im Feuer zugewendet,
Gabst mir die herrliche Natur zum Königreich,
Kraft, sie zu fühlen, zu geniessen.

And Faust goes on to describe the phases of Nature which had been revealed to him, and which had deeply stirred his soul. But—

"O, dass dem Menschen nichts Vollkommnes wird,
Empfind' ich nun. Du gabst zu dieser Wonne,
Die mich den Göttern nah und näher bringt,
Mir den Gefährten, den ich schon nicht mehr
Entbehren kann."

Mephistopheles is "der Gefährte," but who is "der Erhabne Geist," and how and when has he given the dubious comrade? It is universally assumed (and I confess I myself formerly chimed in*), that he is "der Geist der Erde." If so, then Mephistopheles can be no denizen of the pit of darkness. The emissary of the Earth Spirit may be a privileged being as compared with a short-lived mortal, but could hardly have the hosts of the infernal at his beck and call, still less be at home in celestial regions. But the only statement that appears to fix the "Erhabner Geist" as the Earth Spirit are the words

"Du hast mir nicht umsonst
Dein Angesicht im Feuer zugewendet."

"Well," ask all the commentators, "what can be referred to but the apparition of the opening scene, where 'Es zuckt eine röthliche Flamme, der Geist erscheint in der Flamme'?" While himself taking for granted that this is the reference, G. von Loeper in his useful notes observes, "God appeared to Moses in the fiery bush, and it was an axiom of mystical theology that God dwells in pure light."† I see nothing to forbid our interpreting the words in the general sense and imagining that Goethe here had not his Earth-Spirit in mind, but the Hebraic narrative of the appearance of deity in the burning bush. This sacred legend of the fiery bush has been over and over again drawn upon for metaphorical ends in regard to the communion of God and Man. Kuno Fischer, however, having only the Erdgeist in mind, insisting upon this and other difficulties, some of which have been already discussed, urges a theory of total change of plan in Goethe's programme of the drama, and conception of Mephistopheles. According to him Mephistopheles in the original conception was no Prince of Hell but a sort of cobold, sent by the Earth-Spirit to assist Faust in gratifying his desires; that then, between the publication of the fragment of 1790 and the completed first part of 1808, Goethe altogether changed his plan, worked out the

* *Op. cit.*, p. 140.

† *Faust mit Einleitung und erklärenden Anmerkungen. Zweite Bearbeitung. Erster Theil*, 1879, p. 140, note.

scene of the compact, and prefaced the whole with the prologue in Heaven after the model of the book of Job.

This theory falls to the ground, however, like certain other ingenious fabrics, with the discovery of the Göchhausen MS. The Mephistopheles of that old document is very much like the Satanic Being so familiar through the later poem. The counsellor of the Scholar sufficiently resembles the mocking fiend of mediæval superstition.

" Mephistopheles (für sich).

Bin des Professor Tons nun satt,
Will wieder einmal den Teufel spielen.....

Student.

Ich muss euch noch mein Stammbuch überreichen,
Gönn eure Gunst mir dieses Zeichen.

Mephistopheles.

Sehr wohl (er schreibt und giebt's).

Student (liest).

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum,
(Machts ehrbietig zu und empfiehlt sich.)

Mephistopheles.

Folg nur dem alten Spruch von meiner Muhme, der Schlange,
Dir wird gewiss einmal bei deiner Gottähnlichkeit bange.

And then the little significant scene, subsequently suppressed, which shows we have something other than an elemental spirit.

(Land Strase.)

Ein Kreuz am Weege, rechts auf dem Hügel ein altes Schloss, in der
Ferne ein Bauerhüttchen.)

Faust.

Was giebts Mephisto, hast du Eil?
Was schlägst vorm Kreuz die Augen nieder?

Mephistopheles.

Ich weiss es wohl es ist ein Vorurtheil
Allein genung mir ist's einmal zuwieder."

But are the seeming difficulties then reconcilable? Prof. H. Curto in a clever little pamphlet is daring enough to maintain that they are. And his solvent is Goethe's fundamental philosophy. Goethe, he says (and I agree with him), was a Pantheist. He was Pantheist by native tendency; and

Pantheist by settled conviction from the day he closed Spinoza's *Ethica*.

“Freudig war vor vielen Jahren
Eifrig so der Geist bestrebt
Zu erforschen, zu erfahren,
Wie Natur im Schaffen lebt,
Und es ist das ewig Eine,
Das sich vielfach offenbart.”*

God and Nature were not severed in his conception. In the poem entitled *Bei Betrachtung von Schiller's Schädel*, he even uses the compound, Gott-Natur.

“Was kann der Mensch im Leben mehr gewinnen
Als dass sich Gott-Natur ihm offenbare.”

But no thorough-going Pantheist, no Spinozist, could stop short with the identity of Power and Manifested Energy—God and the Moral World must also be unified, and the dualism Good and Evil be overcome.

Now call to mind how Mephistopheles characterizes himself.

“Ein Theil von jener Kraft
Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute schafft.”

Faust.

Was ist mit diesem Räthselwort gemeint?

Mephistopheles.

Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint!

* * * * *

So ist denn Alles, was ihr Sünde,
Zerstörung, kurz das Böse nennt
Mein eigentliches Element.

How are the physico-ethical antinomies to be resolved? According to the pantheistic metaphysician, the Spinozist, by the *Machtspruch* declaring evil illusory when looked at from a universal standpoint. But Goethe was more than metaphysician, he was naturalist, and his solvent was the now familiar conception of evolutionary process.

The ground-thought of the poem, as a whole, of the personality of Mephistopheles in particular is to be found (Curto asserts) in the notion of Evolution, for illustration of which Goethe was always on the look out. Curto sees in every phase of the poem that one theme dominant—in the history of Faust,

* *Gott und Welt*: Parabase.

of course, in the growing-out of the *naïve* personal affection into the love of the objectively beautiful, in the classical Walpurgis Night, in the progress to realization of Homunculus. And for the moral aspect he declares, "the necessity of evil must be granted by every one who accepts the evolution theory. Evil is a necessary stage of transition if humanity is to attain to perfection." He also says, "dissolution in and of itself appears to man ever as something evil, but in the harmony of the universe it is good."

To bring matters to a point then,—from this exalted sphere of consideration how does our great tragedy and its moving spirit appear? From the naturalistic standpoint is it of importance whether it be *der Herr im Himmel*, or *der Geist der Erde*, who hears Faust's prayer? And shifting to the moral world, have we the courage to extract the significance of Mephisto's self-confession, "A part of that power who always wills the bad and always works the good"? The inference lies close; if evil be the development of good, or good the development of evil, these twain must be one; and as we are sometimes in perplexity which is the voice of Faust and which of Mephistopheles, so which is God or which is Devil is occasionally dubious. "God and Mephistopheles," says our expositor frankly, "are only two different personifications of 'das ewig Eine.'"

My own judgment is—either irreconcilable inconsistency in Goethe's treatment, or the solvent of Herr Curto. But this solvent is so thorough it has the suspicious look of being a *tour de force*. I don't think Goethe, any more than the illustrious Darwin, had consciously thought out his philosophy to the end. Both perhaps were too much masters of their own craft for that. The man of science had, with all his daring in his own province, the shrinking of the naturalist from putting final questions; and the poet, to whom the concrete is finality, instinctively feared to relax his grasp of reality lest he should be lost in the abyss of empty form. To each his own domain,—but there is still Isis behind the veil.

GOETHE AS MINISTER OF STATE *

By ELLA HAGEMANN.

It is natural that the image which is handed down to posterity of illustrious personages should be that which they presented to the world when they left it. Those favourites of the Gods, who die early, having achieved fame *can* only live in the memory of mankind with the halo of glory to which youth lends enhancement and charm. Those to whom a long and full life has been given rarely have the advantage of living in our minds as young, strong, or in their prime, but are impressed on our imagination as they were in their late and declining years.

Frederick II. of Prussia will always be "Old Fritz," and the mention of him at once conjures up the vision of the old worn features under the three cornered hat, the bent form leaning on the stick. The first German Emperor of the house of Hohenzollern will for ever live in the memory of his people as the victory-crowned warrior, the acclaimed regenerator of the German nation. All the long years of patient toil and drill, of devotion to the dry details of military organisation, of unpopularity, which occupied the by far greater part of his life, are not thought of, don't affect in the slightest the popular estimate of him.

It is the same with Goethe; the reputation he had during the closing years of his life still sways the ordinary public opinion about him, and it is by remembering *this*, that one is able at least to comprehend, how so many errors respecting his character have taken hold of the uncritical public mind. In this country the lover of Goethe has often to listen to, and to read assertions with regard to him, which must rouse deep indignation. The drift of these assertions generally is to accuse him of selfishness and heartlessness, worshipping *one* idol: self-culture; to intimate that his whole career was directed by a well-calculated egotism, that human griefs touched him but transiently, that losses of personal friends he quickly dismissed

* Read before the North London Branch on March 21st, and before the General Meeting on October 31st, 1892.

from his mind as disturbing the quiet harmony of his existence that, in fact, like Olympian Jove he sat *above* humanity *seeing* life but not *feeling* it. There is no denial on the part of the detractors that he was a restlessly active worker, that his works are a mine of wealth from which many generations may be enriched; they don't grudge him the praise of being an artist, an authority in literature, a classical modern example of universal intellectual culture, but they deny to him the highest title to greatness: that, of having had a noble and loving heart, which beat responsively to the joys and sorrows of the humblest human being. If this were true no doubt his hostile critics would have right on their side, in saying that all his genius cannot atone for his self-centred egotism which made self-culture the sole object in life.

It will be evident to all who are acquainted with this popular misapprehension of Goethe's character, that we must seek the explanation in the demeanour and habits of "old" Goethe after the Napoleonic wars, when he *felt* alone, and pursued a lonely road out of touch with the enthusiasm and the leading ideals of the time; when he dreaded violent emotions which threw him also out of harmony with himself. It cannot be denied that there are well authenticated stories which lend colour to many of the disparaging statements. For instance, the well-known way in which he interrupted the conversation when the news of Karl August's death was broken to him. Another told by a young artist who had been much in the company of Goethe's son August, just before the latter's death in Italy. The young artist was invited to visit Goethe, and was much surprised at the father's reluctance to hear anything about his son, and his only talking of Rome. At the end of the interview, Goethe asked the young man to leave his diary and sketches, from which, when they were returned, a sketch of August v. Goethe was found to be missing. The stiffness and haughtiness of demeanour of which many self-satisfied and presumptuous young literary men could tell a tale, no doubt helped on the legend that he was extremely stuck up to ordinary mortals, but most obsequious to princes. His frigid manner was well calculated, and is explained by occasional remarks like the following:—"Ever since cats have

"been deluded into believing, that lions belong to their genus, "every honest tom-cat presumes to shake paws with lions and "panthers, and places himself on a footing of brotherly equality "with these, whilst God has once for all made them distinctly "different animals."

But whatever may have been the idiosyncracies of his later years, his outward coldness and reserve, the point is: it is unfair and undesirable—however natural it may be—to let the man as he was in his *old* age entirely overshadow the man in his youth and in his prime. It does not altogether meet the case if friends point to his writings in order to disprove egotism, heartlessness, aristocratic indifference, and haughtiness. There are examples in the history of literary men of finely expressed sentiments and noble principles laid down, whilst the conduct of the writers was in flagrant contradiction to their theories. It is conduct *alone* which weighs in these matters, and which proves or disproves accusations of this kind. A modern English writer truly says, "Conduct is three-fourths of life," and consciously or unconsciously the great bulk of mankind share this opinion. It is extremely natural that in thinking and speaking of Goethe, a very prince in the world of letters, what he wrote, and taught, and thought, should be investigated, discussed, explained and enlarged upon, together with the circumstances and incidents of his life, to the exclusion of his practical and more commonplace activity as a servant of the state, and as a citizen of the little duchy, the name of which he has made illustrious for all times. It is in following his devotion to dry details of the public service, his incessant labour and efforts, during ten years of the prime of his manhood, for the development and just administration of the resources of the small principality whose chief minister he had become; his solicitude, and sometime despair, about the Duke's conduct as a prince and father of his people; in short, when we see him in *action* that we understand the mettle the man was made of, that we understand the truth of Jung Stilling's words:—"Goethe's "heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which "all knew."

It is indeed strange, with the current impression of the stiff

"Herr Geheimrat" of the later days in our minds, to hear how the simple people—who knew him only as servant of the State and came into business contact with him—loved him. This struck Herder very forcibly when he first came to Weimar, and Herder himself like Wieland before him, so fell under the charm of his generous human personality that Schiller, in writing of Goethe, says: "He is by many, besides Herder, named with a species of devotion and is still more loved as a man than admired as an author." Schiller, later on, in speaking of his own feelings respecting Goethe, writes: "It is not the greatness of his intellect which binds me to him. If he were not as a man more admirable than any I have ever known, I should only marvel at his genius from a distance. But I can truly say that in the six years I have lived with him, I have never for one moment been deceived in his character. He has high truthfulness and integrity, and is thoroughly in earnest for the right and the good."

When a young man, in spite of his literary occupation and artistic predilections, Goethe had given attention to the condition of the people and to theories for the improvement and amelioration of their condition. The book "*Patriotische Phantasien*," by Möser, a very eminent political writer, and in some respects an advanced Liberal for those times, had occupied his attention. He expressed his admiration for Möser of whom he said, that he started from practical life, and that his talent again bore fruit for every day life through his works. The very first conversation young Goethe ever had with Karl August turned on Möser's "*Patriotische Phantasien*." Goethe's remarks on the book and his evident interest in the subjects treated, first gave Karl August the idea that this young man might be the right person to help him in the government of his country. We know that Karl August found he had not been mistaken, and that only a little more than six months after his arrival in Weimar, Goethe was absolutely at the head of affairs in the little Duchy as President of the Chamber, Head of the Departments for War, the Finances and Mines.

The care of the finances naturally made him consider how to

develop best the resources of the country. The means of communication, roads, waterworks, and the better administration of the Crown lands occupied his attention. He had the clearest conviction that sound finance is the basis of all good Government, and laid as much stress on order and economy in finance, as do trained statesmen of to-day. When we consider the wisdom of this young and inexperienced statesman, we understand Herder who wanted to have him admired more as a business man than as an author. He who said of himself, that, in the smallest village or on a desert isle, he would have been restlessly active, now was nobly eager to realise his ideals by practical activity. He was indeed conscious of his heavy responsibilities, but at the same time also conscious of possessing power, ability, and devotion for the task. He began with confidence. He wanted to see every thing with his own eyes; he had no admiration for officialism and a great suspicion of all red tape. His idea was: *not* at the green table through theories, but through living contact with the people can any real good be done. The mines of Ilmenau which had not been worked for years were re-opened through Goethe's untiring efforts. In accordance with his principles, he was constantly there himself to look after things and stayed for days together. Not only was he delighted to be with the people, to share their homely ways, which were consonant with his own simple tastes, but we find him in the confidence of intimacy expressing his sympathy with the people in the heartiest way. So he wrote from Ilmenau to Frau v. Stein: "How strong my love has returned upon me for these lower classes, which one calls the lower, but which in God's eyes are assuredly the highest. Here you meet all the virtues combined—contentedness, moderation, truth, straightforwardness, joy in the slightest good, harmlessness, patience, constancy, . . . but I won't lose myself in "Panegyrics."

One of the most important and also the most delicate and difficult duties, which he soon found his activity as minister involved, was that of educating the Duke. In this direction his influence was not as successful as very likely in his first enthusiasm he had hoped. Frequent notes of discouragement

and disappointment are heard on this point. He writes: "The delusion has quite forsaken me, which I once cherished, that the beautiful seeds which are maturing in my life and that of my friends could be planted in this soil, and that heavenly jewels could be inserted in the earthly crown of princes." It was especially the lavishness and recklessness of the Duke's expenses which wrings the most touching complaints from the heart of his minister. Goethe saw with his own eyes how the people worked, how little they had for their labours, and he also saw how the treasures coming through the people were recklessly spent. He writes: "I run my eyes from the lowest ranks of life, through all, up to the very highest, and I behold the labourer wrestling with the soil, which gives the needful, which might yield him a competence if with the sweat of his brow he only worked for himself. You know when the aphides have sucked from the rose twigs until they have grown quite fat and green, the ants come and suck the juice again from their bodies, so it goes on and on, and we have now got so far that at the top of the scale they consume in one day more than can be produced in one at the other end."

And on another occasion he wrote: "The world is narrow, and not every spot of earth bears every tree, mankind suffers, and one is ashamed to see oneself so favoured above so many thousands. We hear constantly how poor the country is, and that it is daily becoming poorer, but partly we think this is not true, and partly dismiss it from our minds when once we see the truth with open eyes, see the irremediableness, and how matters are bungled and botched."

If we realise his position: on the one hand his high ideal of the duties which the rulers owe to their subjects—his intense and large-hearted sympathy with the hard and humble toilers on the other, and at the same time his belief that to a certain extent his ideals were capable of realisation, but prevented by the Duke's tastes and habits, which filled him with sorrow and sometimes indignation—we may indeed wonder that he carried on for the space of ten whole years, in the early prime of his manhood, what he himself called "Danaid's work."

Of his zeal and singleness of aim at the helm of the State there are many contemporary utterances. Merck writes: "All are content with him, because he serves many and injures no one. Who can withstand the disinterestedness of this man?" and another time: "He is indeed '*l'honnête homme à la cour*,' but he suffers terribly in body and soul for the burdens which for our good he has taken on himself. It sometimes pains me to the heart to see how good a face he puts on, while sorrow, like an inward worm, is silently gnawing him." To Frau von Stein he himself writes: "I sometimes feel as if my knees must give way, so heavy is the cross which I have to bear almost alone; only on the other hand there is my light-heartedness and the conviction that faith and patience will conquer all obstacles." And on another occasion "Misery becomes as prosaic and familiar to me as my own hearth, but nevertheless I do not let go my idea, and will wrestle with the unknown angel even should I halt upon my thigh. No man knows what I do, and with how many foes I fight to bring forth a little."

That during this absorbing State activity his poetical works could not progress very quickly seems only natural. Even if he had time, he had not leisure of mind. He writes: "*Iphigenie* will not advance one step. It lies under a curse. The King of Tauris must speak as if no stocking weaver in Apolda felt the pangs of hunger."

We may lament over the poet who was subjugated thus to the statesman, and many think, perhaps rightly, that the work he *might* have done would have been more fruitful for good to his country than the work he attempted, and which, according to his own words, brought forth so little fruit. Our hearts, however, cannot fail to be stirred with admiration, and our human sympathies must be drawn out towards the man Goethe, who felt so keenly his inability to satisfy those elementary and natural wants common to all humanity. His literary work would only have been appreciated by the few, while his sympathetic exertions touched the hearts of the most humble and impressed the most lowly intelligence.

It is interesting to note how his practical and energetic

nature turned to things that could scarcely be said to come within his department. Thus he was the cause of a thorough re-organisation of firemen. Fires were not only numerous but were rendered terrible by the want of any systematic service to subdue them. Already in Frankfort he had rushed into a crowd and astonished the bewildered people by his rapid and peremptory disposition of their efforts into a system. In Apolda and Ettersburg he had lent aid till his eyebrows were singed and his feet were burnt. It is idle to speculate how he would have developed in his activity as statesman, if he had not found himself thwarted in his best efforts, and had been led to see the absolute fruitlessness of his untiring endeavours for the welfare of the duchy. In looking back we may bless the circumstances which led him to his true vocation, but his public activity, which seems so short an episode in his long life, and which some persons think so regrettable, will to many minds form one of the most glorious pages in that long and illustrious career. Through the exceptional circumstances of Goethe's life we are enabled at this time, from letters of his own and from contemporary reliable evidence, not only to know of his public activity, but also to form an estimate of the motives and aims which actuated him in his public work. As it is by the mainspring of our actions, and not by our success or non-success, that we can alone be rightly judged, Goethe's activity as a statesman gives us the best clue to him as a man, and ought for ever to shield him against the aspersions of coldness of heart and selfishness so frequently cast at him.

His Italian journey became the suitable occasion for resigning permanently the burdensome offices and for no longer labouring in vain at "the fine edifice," as he writes himself, "which might be raised and enlarged and, alas! has no foundation." He retained, however, to the end the management of the Science and Art Department. The theatre which came under the latter head he gave up earlier, after Karl August had insisted upon bringing a performing poodle on those sacred boards where *Wallenstein* and *Iphigenie* had been performed. One of the permanent officials and a sub-ordinate of Goethe's, who had served 40 years under him, wrote after Goethe's death a short

account of the ways and habits of his chief. We find many characteristics which are not surprising to the student of Goethe. He always practised great reserve and secrecy in the conduct of affairs, so as to avoid public gossip of official things, and to reserve for himself the possibility of changing or redressing mistakes. He was very slow in his work, which depended for its progress much upon how he felt. At an opportune moment things might be despatched and decided with great alacrity, but that happy moment failing, he was very slow in deciding. Having once arrived at a determination, no prayer, no representation, no complaint, or threat to appeal to a higher court could shake him. In cases where higher appeals were resorted to, they offended him very much and he always defended himself with great energy. When a question of what he considered right was involved he never could be turned; in a business instruction to his son he says: "Never despair if you know the right, but always have faith in its ultimate realization." He was very persevering in withstanding prolonged urgings. "I can hold out longer in listening," he used to say, "than they in asking." If he granted, he granted readily, and his denials were always given in a suave and polite form, only occasionally he found it necessary to assume that dignified demeanour which impressed and awed.

Although keeping very closely to the established, he consciously or unconsciously, worked all his life long at its improvement by giving it a new direction more adapted to life and common sense. A trait, several times emphasised in these reminiscences of his old sub-ordinate, is the high integrity and generosity in pecuniary matters, and his carefulness of finances when the public money was concerned. His position connected him with the University of Jena. He had often to be there on business, but always defrayed the expenses of his journeys and stay there. The clerical work of his department he had done by his own secretaries, a thing which would be considered most unusual in the present day.

There are some rather amusing instances of his autocracy as minister, which can scarcely surprise us in a man who had grown up in the 18th Century, where in Germany, Frederic the Great

had set a classical example of "enlightened despotism;" patriarchal Government seemed to the little German princes and their people the divine order of things. In Jena there arose at one time the necessity of enlarging the premises of the University Library. An adjacent building was very handy, only a wall had to be knocked in to form easily, without cost, the desired enlargement. The lawful owners of the adjacent building raised difficulties and the negotiations threatened to become lengthy, when the Herr Geheimrat, true to his idea that deeds are more valuable than words, had the walls demolished quietly by some trusty workmen, the books moved into the place, thus meeting the recalcitrant negotiators by a "fait accompli."

A much greater annoyance, also autocratically overcome, awaited him, when according to the new constitution, introduced into Weimar after the wars of Liberation, the ministers had to render account of their stewardship to the delegates of the people. Goethe was required to lay a statement of the income and expenditure of his department before the diet. He was furious and thought the demand nothing short of insolence. When the necessity of it under the new condition of things was made plain to him, he sent in his statement, short and concise: "Income so much, Expenditure so much, Balance so much, "Goethe." It was now the turn of the delegates to be furious and to feel insulted. Nothing would move him to condescend to more details, as he and he alone understood the administration of his department, and no one could judge better than he, how it could be managed efficiently and economically. Owing to the timely intervention and womanly tact of the Duchess Luise, the deputies waived their constitutional right, for which I am afraid Goethe had no appreciation, but rather contempt. Here we meet not only the want of sympathy, but also the complete lack of comprehension for the political aspirations of the time. The ideas of Humanity, Liberty, Nationality, for which men fought and died were to him abstractions; his concrete and affectionate nature was attracted to men, not to theories. He said "there always have been only men and there always will "be only men"—and his indifference to political matters, to

history, to many great questions that affect humanity seems to arise from the constitution of his mind. He hated phrases, uncertainties, generalities, he liked thoroughly to understand the quantities he was dealing with. Every politician and sociologist knows how impossible it is to range politics and sociology amongst the exact sciences, and how wide a door is left open to all dilettanti and quacks, to the ignorant and the self-seeking, and how phrases, catch words and hollow theories often flourish here, and work mischief. Goethe called mathematics the first of all sciences, "in which all is certainty and "truth," and metaphysics came in for a good deal of adverse criticism.

It would entirely transgress the limits of a short paper if his attitude and sayings with regard to the French Revolution were to be touched upon. Napoleon, the Wars of Liberation, the national aspirations of Germany, the demands of the people for a constitution, and Goethe's relation to all this might well form subject-matter for another paper. A very serious indictment could doubtlessly be drawn up, but whatever can be said against him on this score should be laid to the charge of his head, *not* of his heart. In reading the many utterances of Goethe of these times, so sad to his patriotic admirers, we never find indifference or hostility when his sympathies are directly appealed to by individuals. So he says after the battle of Jena: "When I hear people talk of what they have suffered personally I feel sympathy, but when they lament 'over the whole' that is said to be lost, I lose patience for no one ever saw Germany a whole." One outburst after Jena is truly refreshing: "What do they want, these French? Are they human beings? What has the Duke done that is not praise-worthy or honourable? Since when is it a crime to be faithful to companions in arms who have had reverses? I shall go with my Duke when they send him away, and children will point at me and say, that is old Goethe who did not want to part from his master."

When quiet was restored and Germany had settled to a period of reaction, and no loud enthusiasm and patriotic aspirations were heard any more, Goethe in the solitude of his

growing years pondered over all these things, and we find him in his later writings recording the convictions, only more fully and radically, which we found he formed during his activity as Minister of State. Among these were: Condemnation of all privileges which filch from the toilers on the soil the fruits of their labour; advocacy of the abolishing of all feudal institutions, and the gradual development of ordered freedom and equal rights; of the lightening of the burdens borne by the working classes. We find in the second part of *Wilhelm Meister* the sketch of a Socialistic Utopia before which that of Bellamy almost may be said to pale. In this ideal community there are no differences of rank, the only rights and title of nobility attainable are through work. The land is under the administration of a body of persons responsible to the community. A central authority is instituted for the purpose of helping and advising the workers, so that every body's energy and talents may have the freest and fullest play. Government is restricted to the guardianship of law and order; to taking charge of persons injurious to the commonwealth, and to teaching them better ways. Courts of justice are not stationary, but judges proceed from place to place, and they decide only the most serious cases; legal restrictions are as few as possible. There is no capital city; no standing army, only civic guards. Private property is not abolished in this Utopia, but is considered to incite its possessor to liberality and unselfishness. Goethe says: "Man ought to keep firm hold of every kind of possession, only by possessing can he become a centre for benefiting the community. He must be an egotist in order not to become one; he must hold together in order to be able to give away. What is the good of bestowing all your money on the needy? It is by far more praiseworthy to feel yourself as the trustee of your wealth. This is the true sense of the words: 'Property and common wealth.'"—(*Besitz und Gemeingut.*)

There is doubtless some truth in the saying of one writer that Goethe was, of all Germans of his time, the most truly democratic. In fact, if he lived to-day he would very likely be counted among the Social democrats, and some of his writings might attract the disapproval of the Public Prosecutor, as

tending to incite to the overthrow of present social institutions. But there is one difference, and a very notable one, between the Socialist Goethe and the prominent Social democratic leaders of the Germany of to-day, and that is: in the emphasis which Goethe lays on the cultivating of the moral, intellectual, and æsthetic side of man, instead of exclusively on the material and economic one.

In reading not merely what he himself wrote in this last period, but also the record of his utterance to others, we are driven to the conclusion that the hostility he showed, in those years of public agitation, to the political and national aspirations, and which it is so painful to recall, was only partly based on real opposition to the things themselves. It arose rather from his dislike to the manner and method in which they were advocated, from his own peculiar position, and his past experiences as Minister of State. A young and ardent politician, Luden, to whom Goethe had shown himself kind and sympathetic, was going to edit a journal advocating the popular cause after the passing of the constitution in Weimar. He came to Goethe with the intention of asking for a contribution from his pen, or at any rate for his approval and countenance. The conversation which he had prior to expressing his wish made Luden relinquish altogether the idea of making the request. Before leaving, however, he told Goethe what he had intended. Goethe thanked him for saving him the ungracious act of a refusal, and said: "You will have against you the nobles and all the great
" of the world, for you are going to advocate the rights of the
" cottages against the palaces, the cause of the weak against the
" arm of the strong. It is very difficult to deal with the great
" ones of the world, for against their weapons you are powerless.
" You must not believe that I have been indifferent to the great
" popular ideas of liberty, nationality, fatherland. These are
" innate and a part of our being; nobody can divest himself of
" them. I also feel warmly for Germany. I have often ex-
" perience bitter grief in thinking of the German people, so
" estimable individually, so miserable as a whole. A comparison
" of the Germans with other nations excites such painful feelings
" that I have tried to rise above them. In science and art I

"have found the wings to carry me upwards, but I keep a firm hold of my faith in Germany's future. The Germans have yet a great destiny to fulfil, but the time no man can appoint or bring about. In the meantime, it remains to us individually, to each according to his gifts, his tastes, and his position to increase and strengthen the culture of the people to spread on all sides so as to permeate the whole, affecting the low and the high, especially the high, so that the spirit may not suffer but remain bright and serene, that the heart may not despond and fail but remain strong and capable of every great deed when the day of glory dawns."

We Germans, at the end of this century, may say without presumption that the day of glory, foretold by our great seer, *has* dawned, and he had no small share in bringing it about. But surely it has only *dawned*. He must have read his Goethe very imperfectly who considers the outward political union of Germany the fulfilment of that great destiny which Goethe claimed to be in store for her. He would not consider the turning of the land into one vast camp and the drilling, not only of the body, but of the mind of every man, into a mechanical uniformity, where the expression of every independent opinion is stifled, as being the realization of that culture for which he worked all his life "*ohne Hast und ohne Rast*."

It is only when we shall have understood, together with other nations, that national greatness does not consist in insane rivalry as to who is the foremost in the arts of destruction—when a narrow Chauvinism will have given way to a frank, generous, mutual recognition of the peculiar gifts and advantages of each nation by the others—when all artificial restrictions to the free interchange of ideas or of the bounties of nature will have been abolished—when the claims of the weak and oppressed will find an ear as readily as those of the great and the strong, that we shall have justified the faith which Goethe had in his nation, and that we shall have shown ourselves worthy of the great poet, the wise statesman, the true philanthropist who *could* not hate, and who had a clear apprehension of the truth, that the universal brotherhood of man is not a phrase but may become a reality.

TRANSLATIONS FROM GOETHE.*

BY MRS. K. FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

MY GODDESS.

Which of the Immortals
 Shall claim the highest prize?
 I contend with no one,
 But I will give it
 To the ever changing,
 Ever new,
 Strangest daughter of Jove;
 To his favourite child,
 Fair Phantasy.

For he allows her
 All those caprices
 Which he himself only
 Is wont to enjoy;
 And he regards
 With paternal pleasure
 His darling's antics.

Whether, rose-crowned,
 With wand of lilies,
 She trip it o'er flowery meads,
 Reigning o'er birds of summer,
 And sipping light dew
 From buds and blossoms
 With honey lips;

Or, whether she rave,
 With streaming hair,
 And gloomy-eyed,
 On the wings of the wind,
 O'er mountain summits;
 Appearing to mortals
 Rainbow-hued,

* Read at the General Meeting of the Goethe Society, on May 25th, 1892,
 at the Rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Now like morn and evening,
Anon like trembling moonbeams,
But ever varying :

Let us sing praises
All to the Father,
Our great ancient Father,
To Him, who has given
This fair and unfading
Companion as wife.

For to us only
Hath he espoused her
In bonds celestial,
And hath enjoined her,
As faithful consort,
Ne'er to take flight
In joy or in sorrow.

For all the other
Groveling races
Of our fruitful mother,
The teeming Earth,
Grove on darkly
In the blind enjoyment
Of the present moment,
And the troubled burden
Of their narrow life,
Bent low by the yoke
Of Necessity.

But to us grants He
His brightest daughter,
His dearest spoiled child ;
Rejoice, oh, Mankind !
Meet her lovingly,
E'en as a Beloved ;
Render her honour
Due to a Wife.

And, look you, take heed
That old grandmother Wisdom
Do not offend
My shy sensitive child !

But I know, too, her elder,
Sedater sister,
My quiet companion and friend :
Oh, may she only
With my life leave me,
The noble Encourager,
Comforter : Hope !

SONG OF THE PARCÆ.

(FROM GOETHE'S *Iphigenie*.)

-
- “ Let mortals fear humbly
 The Gods up on high !
 They hold their dread power
 In hands sempiternal,
 And ever they use it
 As pleases to them.
- “ Let him fear them doubly
 Whom e'er they exalted !
 On clouds and on quicksands
 Stand tables and benches
 Prepared, all of gold.
- “ If strife e'er arises,
 The guests are hurled headlong,
 Reviled and dishonoured,
 To abysses nocturnal,
 And there await vainly,
 In darkness fast-fettered,
 A righteous fair sentence.
- “ But they remain ever
 At banquets eternal,
 At spread golden tables.
 They stride the abysses
 From mountain to mountain ;—
 From bottomless chasms
 The hot breath of Titans,
 Deep smothered and stifled,
 Steams into their nostrils,
 Like sweet-smelling incense,
 A pleasant light vapour !

“The gods will turn often
Their joy-bringing glances
From whole generations ;
Nor care to remember
The ancestor's features,
Once loved, and still pleading
In eloquent silence,
In those of his grandson.”

Thus sang the dread Sisters :—
In banishment gloomy
And cavern nocturnal
The Exile doth hear them,
And listeth their singing ;
He thinks of his children
And shakes his hoar head.

GOETHE'S ROMAN ELEGIES.

TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

I.

Speak to me, oh ye stones ! grow vocal, ye palaces lofty !
 Grant but a word, ye streets ! Genius, art not aroused ?
 Yes, all thy sacred walls encircle, oh Rome, the eternal,
 Breathes of a soul ; but to me all is so silent as yet.
 Who will whisper to me, what casement will open to show me
 Some day the being whose smile cheers, while it sets me on fire ?
 Gleams none yet have I of the road, where ever and ever,
 Going to her and from her, time beyond price will be spent.
 Churches and palaces still, pilasters and ruins I pore on,
 Turning my journeying thus sagely to richest account.
 This, though, soon will be over, and then will be only one temple,
 Amor's own temple, to lure me his true votary in.
 Thou art a world, oh Rome ; but, certes, the world without love would
 Not be the world, and even Rome's self would not be Rome.

II.

Honour whomso you will ; now I am at length independent !
 You fair ladies, you fine gentlemen of the *beau monde*,
 Ask after uncles and cousins, musty old aunts and relations,
 Then let wearisome cards follow this twaddlesome talk !
 Farewell also, you others, in circles both lordly and little,
 Who well-nigh to despair oft-time have driven poor me.
 Iterate every opinion, political, aimless, that madly
 All over Europe pursues wanderers, go where they will.
 So did the song of " Malbrook " pursue the travelling Briton
 To Livorno from Paris, then from Livorno to Rome,
 Thence to Naples ; and if by ship he crossed over to Smyrna,
 " Malbrook " encountered him there—" Malbrook," song of the
 port.
 And until now just so was I doomed, wherever I wandered,
 People to hear crying out, railing at kings and their ways.
 Not very readily now will you track me in the retreat that
 Amor has lent me, the prince ; royal protector is he.
 Here with his wings he o'ershadows and shields me ; my darling, she
 dreads not—

Roman she to the core—wrath of the furious Gaul.
 Never cares she to enquire for gossip or news, but intently
 Looks to the wants of the man she has bound to herself as her own.
 All her delight is in him, the frank, the vigorous stranger,
 Who of mountains and snow tells her, and houses of wood ;
 She of the ardours partakes which she in his bosom has kindled,
 Joys that he stints not his gold, like the close hunxes of Rome.
 Now is her table better appointed, fine dresses she lacks not,
 Lacks not a carriage when she would to the opera go.
 Mother and daughter rejoice in their guest from the north, and
 Rome's daughter
 Is both body and soul by the barbarian ruled.

III.

Blush not, my love, at the thought, thou yielded'st so soon to my
 passion,
 Trust me, I think it no shame, think it no vileness in thee !
 Shafts from the quiver of Amor have manifold consequence. Some
 scratch,
 And the heart sickens for years with the insidious bane.
 Others drawn home to the head, full-plumed, and cruelly pointed,
 Pierce to the marrow, and straight kindle the blood into flame.
 In the heroical age, when goddess and god were the lovers,
 Scarce did they look, but they longed, longing they rushed to enjoy.
 Think'st thou Love's goddess hung back when deep in the forests of
 Ida
 She, with a thrill of delight, first her Anchises beheld ?
 Coyly had Luna delayed to fondle the beautiful sleeper,
 Soon had Aurora in spite wakened the boy from his dream.
 In the thronged festival Hero's eyes met Leander's, and, straightway
 Burning with passion, he plunged into the ocean by night.
 Rhea Silvia, the royal maid, going down to the Tiber,
 Bearing her pitcher, is there ravished and won by the god.
 Thus unto Mars were begotten sons ; thereafter the she-wolf
 Suckles the twin boys, and Rome Mistress is styled of the World.

IV.

We true lovers are pious, revere every power demonic,
 Gods and goddesses all fain would we have on our side.

And in this we resemble you, ye conquering Romans !
 Ye to the gods of all lands offer a place in your homes,
 Be they swarthy and stern, by Egyptian block'd from old basalt,
 Or from the marble by Greek chisel'd, alluring and white.
 Yet the immortals it irks not, if we to one of their number
 Offer with special acclaim incense of costliest kind.
 Yes, we acknowledge you all, but natheless our prayers, our daily
 Service to one we adore is in particular vow'd.
 Smilingly, zealously, glad, we celebrate festivals secret,
 And the initiate all silence fitly beseems.
 Sooner by deeds of foul shame should we ourselves on our goings
 Draw the Erinnyes down, sooner we'd dare to endure
 Zeus's unmerciful judgment, the wheel or the stone ever rolling,
 Than from a service so sweet our devotion withdraw.
 OPPORTUNITY is that goddess's name ; learn to know her !
 Often to you she appears, ever in different guise,
 Daughter of Proteus she might be, of Thetis begotten, whose cunning
 By its manifold shifts heroes a-many beguiled.
 So beguiles now their child the inexperienced, the bashful,
 Drowsy-head dullards she mocks, swiftly the wakeful eludes.
 Gladly to him that is bold and ready herself she surrenders,
 Yielding he finds her and kind, sportive and tender withal.
 Once she appeared to me also, a nut-brown maiden, with tresses
 Darkly in masses profuse clustering over her brows.
 Round her small delicate throat short wavy ringlets were coiling,
 Bound by no ribbon her hair crisp from its parting upcurl'd.
 Her did I not mistake ; as past me she hurried I seized her,
 And my caress and my kiss swiftly she gave me again.
 Oh, how enraptured I was ! But hush, that time is gone by now,
 And I am wholly enmeshed, Roman love-tresses, by you.

V.

Joy ! how on classical soil I feel the poetic afflatus,
 Clearer and sweeter to me speaketh the long-ago world.
 Here the wisdom I con, turn over the works of the ancients,
 With never-wearying hand, daily with deeper delight.
 Night-long, however, for me finds Amor quite other employment :
 But what in learning I lose, twofold in rapture I gain.
 Do I not learn ? Oh yes, as I scan the beautiful bosom's
 Curves, as I lead my hand down o'er the ivory limbs ?

Dawns on me then what marble can do ; I think, I compare, I
 See with an eye that feels, feel with a hand that sees.
 So, some hours of the day though she that I love from me steals, she
 Gives to me hours of the night, makes me the richest amends.
 Not all in kisses 'tis spent, with rational talk it is seasoned ;
 When into slumber she sinks, there much musing I lie.
 Oft as I lay in her circling arms my verse has been moulded,
 And the hexameters' beat lightly have I on her back
 Counted with fingering hand ; she breathes in daintiest slumber,
 And a glow from her breath warms my very heart's core.
 Amor the while trims the lamp, and thinks of the far-away time when
 Similar services he for his Triumvirs performed.

VI.

" Canst thou, unkind as thou art, with words so bitter distress me ?
 Men when they love among you, have they such merciless
 tongues ?
 When folks call me ill names, perforce I must bear it ; and am I
 Not some little to blame ? Still, ah ! only with thee !
 These very garments I wear are proof to my envious neighbour,
 That the widow no more weeps for the husband she lost.
 Hast thou not heedlessly oft-time come to me in the moonlight,
 Grey, in a dark frock coat, hair cut closely behind ?
 Hast thou not even in jest as a priest come many times masking ?
 Then 'twas a prelate that came ! Good ! That prelate art thou.
 In this priest-ridden Rome, believe me or not, yet I swear it,
 Never has prelate or priest in my embraces rejoiced.
 Ah ! I was poor, I was young, and well the profligates knew me,
 Falconieri has leer'd many times full in my face ;
 And a pimp of Albani's with billets importunate woo'd me,
 Now to Ostia, now to the Four Fountains to come.
 But the one who came not was the girl. In my heart so I ever
 Held red stockings in hate, violet stockings as well.
 For, said father, ' You girls in the end are deceived and thrown over !'
 Though my mother, no doubt, took a more lenient view.
 Well ! So am I, too, deceived in the end and thrown over. Your
 rage is
 Merely a sham, a pretext ; leave me, that's what you mean.
 Go ! Of women you men are not worthy ! Our children, we bear them
 Under our hearts, even so bear we our constancy too.

But you men, you for all your strength and the fire of your passion,
 E'en while caressing us close work off the love that you feign!"
 Thus spoke my darling, caught up the child from his chair, and with
 kisses

Pressed him tight to her heart, tears welling up in her eyes.
 And how I sat there ashamed, that the tattle of mischievous gossips
 Ever had power to besmirch this dear creature to me.
 Dully the fire for the moment burns and smoulders, if water,
 Suddenly over it dash'd, muffle and stifle the glow;
 But full quickly it clears, throws off the smothering vapours,
 Fresher and brighter anew shoots up in luminous flame.

VII.

Oh! how lightsome I feel in Rome, as the drear time I think on,
 Back in the north, when the days over me hung like a pall!
 Gloomy the sky, on my brain it pressed like lead, and the world lay
 Dark without colour or form round souls weary and sad;
 And I, groping to find for my unsatisfied spirit
 Some way out of the gloom, into mute reverie sank.
 Now my forehead around, in the sheen of an ether pellucid,
 Phæbus, God Phæbus, evokes colours and figures divine;
 Gemmed with stars is the night, it rings with mirth and with music,
 Brighter to me is the moon, ay, than the northern day.
 Unto me mortal what rapture! Dream I? Oh Jupiter Father,
 Does thy ambrosial house welcome me in as a guest?
 Kneeling, I stretch out my hands to thy knees in devout supplication,
 Crying, take me, oh, take, Jupiter Xenius, home!
 How I found my way hither, tell can I not; it was Hebe
 Stayed the wanderer's steps, brought him here to thy halls.
 Was thy behest that she should bring thee a hero up hither?
 Made the fair child a mistake? Pardon! Let mine be the gain!
 She, too, thy daughter, Fortuna! She, as beseemeth a maiden,
 Scatters the costliest gifts, swayed by the veriest whim.
 Art thou the god that gives welcome? From thy Olympus, then,
 thrust not
 Back to his native earth him that hath hitherward strayed!
 "Poet, where wouldst mount to?" Pardon! A second Olympus
 Is the Capitoline Mount, towering skyward to thee.
 Here, Jove, let me remain, let Hermes later on lead me,
 Passing by Cestius' tomb, gently to Orcus adown!

VIII.

When, sweetheart, as a child you tell me, men saw no beauty
In you, yea, that you were held by your mother in scorn,
Till, growing older, you quietly blossom'd and bloom'd, I believe you :
Fain do I picture you, sweet, as an exceptional child.
Poor both in colour and form the blossom may be of the grape vine,
Yet does the berry, grown ripe, gladden both mortals and gods.

IX.

Autumn-like clearly the flame of the cosy rustical hearth burns,
Crackles and flashes, how brisk ! hissing up from the birch-scrub.
More than ever this evening it glads me, for long ere the faggots
Into cinders are charr'd, under the ashes are quench'd,
Cometh my own dear girl. Then high flame birch-scrub and billet,
And the night all aglow turns to bright festal for us.
Stirring betimes in the morning she leaves love's couch, and adroitly
Out of the ashes awakes flames bright as ever once more.
For to her love-luring wiles the power god Amor has added,
Joy to rekindle, that scarce down into ashes has sunk.

X.

Alexander and Cæsar, Heinrich and Friedrich, the great ones,
Gladly of all their renown half would make over to me,
Could I for only one night this couch to them singly surrender.
But, poor souls, in the gripe tightly of Orcus they're held.
Thou that art living rejoice in that love-warm'd nest, then, ere ever
Lethe thy flying feet swamp with its dolorous stream.

XI.

Some few leaves, oh ye graces, the poet lays on your stainless
Altar, and by their side buds of the delicate rose ;
And in his heart he is glad. The artist delights in his workshop,
If, as around him he looks, like a Pantheon it seems.
Jupiter droops his god-like forehead, and Juno lifts hers up ;
Phœbus steps proudly out, shaking his clustering locks.
Down looks Minerva austere, and Hermes, the lightsome and airy,
Flashes a side-long glance, roguish yet tender as well.
But towards Bacchus the winsome, the dreamer, Cythera upraises
Eyes of delicious desire, even in the marble that swim.
Him she were fain to enfold in her arms, and she seems to be asking,
Ought not my glorious son here beside us to stand ?

XII.

Hear'st thou, my love, the blithe shouts that from the Flaminian way
come ?

Reapers, 'tis they, on the road back to their far-away homes.
All the work of the harvest have they for the Roman completed,

Who for Ceres the wreath scorneth himself to entwine.
Festivals now there are none to the bountiful goddess devoted,

Who, 'stead of acorns, gave golden ear'd wheat for our food.
Cheerily then let us keep the festival here and in quiet !

Lovers twain in themselves are a worshipping throng.
Hast thou at any time heard of that solemnity mystic,

Which from Eleusis betimes followed the conqueror here ?
Greeks were its founders, and none but Greeks were evermore
shouting,

Even Rome's walls within, "Come to the hallowing night !"
Far off retired the profane ; all a-tremble the neophyte waited,

In his garment of white, symbol of purity, robed ;
Then through circling groups was he led of figures phantasmal,

Wondrous and weird ; he felt like one bemazed in a dream ;
Serpents crawl'd all around, and maidens went by in procession,

Bearing coffers with ears wreathed of the golden grain ;
Droning low chants the priests wore an air of profound meditation,

Impatient and sorely dismay'd waited the learner for light !
Not till after manifold trials and tests was there shown him

What in the figures was veil'd he in the fane had beheld.
What was the mystery, what, but that Demeter, the Mighty,

Once on a hero had smiled, and to his level come down,
When to Iasion, the lusty king of the Cretans

All her frame's hidden sweets up the immortal one gave ?
Blest beyond measure was Crete ; the nuptial couch of the goddess
Swell'd up with sheaves, and seed-corn thick on the furrows was
shed.

But the whole world beside was famish'd, for love-stricken Ceres,
Lost in its raptures, forgot her vocation benign.

When the initiate learn'd the tale, he was struck with amazement ;
Signals his sweetheart—that signal dost thou understand ?

Yonder nook by the bushy myrtle o'ershaded is holy ;
What blesses us brings no peril or pain to mankind.

XIII.

Tricky is Amor and sly ; who trusts him is sure to be cheated.

Me the hypocrite sought. "Trust to me only this once ;
Fairly with thee will I deal, thy life and its outcome poetic,

Gratefully this do I own, have to my worship been vow'd.
Mark ! even hither to Rome have I follow'd thy steps, for I fain
would

Do in the foreigner's land something to give thee delight.
Travellers all make moan, they get very vile entertainment ;

But whom Amor commends, royally treated are they.
Thou with amazement the ruins of antique buildings regardest,
And in contemplative mood roamest this time-hallowed ground.
Deeper still is thine awe for what the great sculptors have left us :

Sculptors unique, whom I, while they were working, was near.
These so beautiful forms myself I moulded—no boast this !—

Thou thyself shalt confess what I have spoken is true.
Now thou serv'st me more languidly, where are the figures of beauty,
Where fled the exquisite hues, lit up thy visions of yore ?
Wouldst re-essay, friend, the sculptor's art ? The school of the
Greeks is

Open still as of old ; years have not closed up the door.
I, the instructor, am evermore young, and the young I love dearly ;
Thee, sage-old, I love not. Mother, thou know'st what I mean.
When these happy ones lived, the antique was new, as this time is.
Live thou happy, and so make that old time live in thee.
Something to love—where mayest thou get it ? To thee I must give it,
And that loftier style love, and love only, can teach."

Thus spake the Sophist, and who may gainsay him ? Unhappily I am
Prone to follow where'er that overruler commands.
Cheat that he is, he is true to his promise ; gives something to sing of,
Ah ! but he robs me of time, vigour, and reason as well.

Looks, interlacing of hands, and kisses and words of endearment,
Phrases that thrill to the heart, are by two lovers exchanged.
Whispers wax eloquent, broken sighs become utterance charming,
Grammar who recks when a hymn so dithyrambic resounds ?
True, oh Aurora, of old, as a friend to my muses I knew thee !
Amor the wanton, has he thee, too, Aurora, beguiled ?

His confederate now thou seemest, and me at his altar
Wak'st for a festival day morning by morning anew.
Tresses I find overflowing my bosom ; the dear little head there

Rests, indenting the arm, round the fair throat that is twined.
 Ah, what a joyous awaking, ye hours of repose, have ye tended,
 Minding me well of the bliss, cradled us softly to sleep!
 Now in her slumber she stirs, and turning away, in the pillow
 Buries her head, yet her hand locked into mine she leaves.
 Still are we knit by a heartfelt love, by a genuine longing,
 Sensuous passions alone for alteration would yearn.
 One slight squeeze of the hand, and her heavenly eyes I behold them
 Open again! Oh no! Break not in thus on my dream.
 Keep still closed! You intoxicate, drive me distracted, you rob me
 All too soon of the still joy that in gazing I feel.
 How superb the contours! The limbs how gloriously moulded!
 Slept Ariadne so fair? Theseus, and yet thou couldst fly?
 One kiss, but one on these lips! Fly, Theseus, fly, if thou'rt able!
 Look in her eyes, she awakes! Now thou art hers evermore.

XIV.

"Boy, set light to the lamp!" "It is still broad day! 'Twould be
 burning
 Oil and wick, sir, in vain. Why should the shutters be closed?
 Though by the houses 'tis hid, the sun is still over the mountains.
 Not for a good half-hour will the vespers be rung."
 "Go, you young rascal, obey! The girl of my heart, she is coming!
 Lamp, console me the while, herald, dear herald of night!"

XV.

Cæsar I ne'er would have followed, not I, to far away Britain;
 Into the tavern with ease Florus had lured me away!
 For the mists of the dreary north I hate more intensely
 Than that assiduous folk, fleas and gnats of the south;
 And from to-day forth to me you're dearer than ever, ye wineshops,
 Osterie that well by the Romans are called;
 For you show'd me to-day my love by her uncle attended,
 Whom she so often, dear child, for my enjoyment beguiles.
 Here our table stood, some jovial Germans around it;
 Over against me a place close by her mother she chose.
 Then she kept shifting her seat, and did it so skilfully, that I
 Saw of her profile the half, saw all her beautiful throat.
 Louder she spoke, than here Rome's girls are wont to, she pledged
 round,

Turning, she gave me a look, missed her glass as she poured;
Over the table the wine spread, and she with her delicate finger
Circles drew in the wet over the bare wooden board.
So my name with her own she entwined; I followed the finger
Watching each movement, and she noted me closely the while.
Swiftly she drew "five" at last in the numeral sign of the Romans,
And before it a stroke. Quickly, as soon as I saw it,
Circles through circles she wound, to extinguish the letters and
ciphers;

But that delectable "four," stamped on my vision remained.
Then I continued to sit, biting my lips—they were burning—
Half from amusement and joy, half from impatient desire.
Still so long till the night! These four hours still to be waiting!
Sun, thou art high in the heaven, and on thy Rome lookest down.
Greater nought hast thou seen, nought wilt thou see that is greater,
As by Horace, thy priest, was in fine frenzy proclaimed.
Ah, but hinder me not to-day, and earlier turn thy

Looks from the hills that are seven, and with a ready good will.
Cut for a bard's sake short the hours of a glory transcendant,
Whereon the painter's eye rests with a rapturous joy;
Look all aglow, but look swiftly on yonder lofty façades, on
Domes and columns, and last, look where the obelisks tower!
Hurry then down to the sea, more soon to behold on the morrow
What has for centuries given thee an enjoyment divine;
Stretches of slow-growing banks, all swampy with reeds and with rushes,
Upland slopes overgrown darkly with thickets and trees.
Few huts appeared there at first, then all at once thou beheld'st them
Swarming with throngs of a bold prosperous freebooting race.
Up to this spot they transported all sorts of things from all peoples,
Scarce was the rest of the globe worthy to fix thy regard.
Saw'st thou a world rise here, then saw'st thou a world here in ruins,
Then from the ruins a world greater rise up anew.
That this world for a while I may gaze on by thee illumined,
May by the Parcae my thread sagely and slowly be spun!
But now speed on the hour to me so sweetly betokened!
Bliss! do I hear her now? No! But the third hour I hear.
Thus, you dear Muses, again have you the interval weary
For me beguiled, that kept me from my darling apart.
Farewell! Away now I hasten, and fear not that I shall offend you.
Proud though you be, yet you give ever to Amor the place.

XVI.

"Wherefore, my darling, to-day didst thou not come to the vineyard?
 True to my promise up there lonesome I waited for thee."
 "Dear, I went up: but as luck would have it, there was your uncle
 Busily bustling about to and fro 'mong the vines.
 Stealthily out I hurried."—"Oh, what delusion possessed you?
 'Twas but a scarecrow, no more, drove you away. He and I
 Patch'd up the figure between us with reeds and old clothes! How I
 help'd him,
 Taking such trouble to bring sorrow and loss on myself!
 Now is the old man's wish accomplished; to-day he has scared the
 Knavish bird that makes free both with his garden and niece."

XVII.

Sounds there are many annoy me, but most especially hateful
 Is a dog's barking; my ear with the vile yelping it splits.
 One dog only I hear very often, and like well to hear its
 Loud deep baying—the dog that my next neighbour has trained.
 For he barked at my girl once, when she was secretly stealing
 Into my place, and well-nigh our little secret betrayed.
 Now, when I hear him bark, I always think "she is coming;"
 Or I think of the time, she that I waited for came.

XVIII.

One thing there is of all others that galls me, another to me is
 Quite detestable, makes every nerve in me thrill,
 Only to think of. To you, my friends, will I frankly avow it;
 Lonely to lie of a night galls me intensely; but 'tis
 Wholly detestable, on love's path to have serpents to scare you,
 Poison, too, lurking beneath roses of rapturous joy,
 When in the exquisite movement of bliss into ecstasy passing
 Care to your drooping head whispering terror draws nigh.
 Therefore it is, that Faustina makes me so happy; her couch she
 Shares with me gladly, and keeps troth to me that am true.
 There is for young blood a charm in obstruction; leisurely, and at
 Ease I love to enjoy blessings undashed with alarm.
 Oh, the bliss that it is! No fear to hamper our kisses,
 Life and breath, bliss enwrap, suck we both in and infuse.
 So we drink in enjoyment through the long nights, and with bosom
 Close pressed to bosom the winds list to, and splash of the rain.

And so comes up the dawn ; the hours, they bring with them flowers
 Freshly abloom, and for us festal-like garland the day.
 Yield, oh Quirites, to me this joy, and to all may the God grant
 What of all earthly delights is both the first and the last !

XIX.

Hard 'tis for us to maintain a good reputation, for Fama
 Still is with Amor, I know, my overruler, at strife.
 Know you, how it fell out, that they so hate one another ?
 'Tis an old story, and I fairly that story can tell.
 Potent the Goddess was ever, but socially very unwelcome ;
 For a masterful tone is her especial delight.
 Thus was she from of old at all the Olympian banquets,
 She of the brazen voice, hated by great and by small.
 So on a time she haughtily vaunted herself, she had conquered
 Jupiter's glorious son, made him entirely her slave.
 "Sire of the Gods, very soon," she exclaimed, with an accent triumphant,
 "I will my Hercules bring, born a new creature to thee :
 "Hercules is he no more, who to thee was born by Alcmena ;
 "His veneration for me makes him a god upon earth.
 "When to Olympus he looks, think'st thou his eye to thy mighty
 "Knees are directed ? Not so ; only to me in the air
 "That rare paragon looks ; to win my grace, for that only
 "Treads he so lightly the path, never was trodden before.
 "But where he goeth I meet him, extol him by anticipation,
 "Singing the praise of his name e'en ere his feat is begun.
 "Only wed him to me, the Amazon's victor will surely
 "Also be mine, and him gladly I name for my spouse."
 All was silence ; none cared to provoke the proud braggart to anger,
 For she was sure, in her rage, odious revenge to devise.
 Amor her notice escaped ; he stole away softly ; the hero
 Thrall of the Fairest he made,—easy achievement for him.
 Now he disguises his lovers ; he hangs the skin of the lion
 Over her shoulders, and adds carefully to it the club.
 Then with flowers he bedecks the hero's bristling tresses,
 Puts the distaff in his hand, climax complete to the jest.
 So he completes the ludicrous group, then hies away shouting
 Through the Olympian halls, "Here is a pretty to-do !

"Never has heaven or earth, or the tireless sun on his endless
 "Pilgrimage, ever beheld marvel so wondrous as this."
 Off they all posted; they all believed the sly urchin, for gravely
 Spoken had he; and she too, Fama, remained not behind!
 Who was delighted to see the man so deeply degraded,
 Think you? Juno! It gained Amor a friendliest smile.
 Fama close by, how she stood, ashamed, embarrassed, despairing!
 Laughed she only at first. "This is a mere masquerade!"
 "Mine own hero, I know him too well. These mummers have tricked
 us!"

Soon, though, she saw it was he, saw it with grief and dismay.—
 Far, far less than she was Vulcan astounded, to see his
 Spouse there under the net with his right valorous friend,
 When the truth-telling mesh at the happiest moment begirt them,
 There as they lay intertwined, fixed them at height of their bliss.
 Oh, the delight of the youngsters! Bacchus and Mercury, they both
 Needs must confess, 'twas a bright thought on the bosom to rest
 Of this magnificent woman. "Do not, we beg of thee, Vulcan,
 Let them go free yet awhile! Keep them still there upon view!"
 And the old cuckold content with his lot, only drew the net tighter.—
 But as for Fama, she fled swiftly and bursting with rage.
 Ever since then of the feud 'twixt the twain there has been no
 cessation;

Soon as her hero is chosen, straight is the boy on his track.
 Him that she chiefly reveres, that man he ensnareth most surely,
 And the more moral he is, more in his danger is he.
 Whoso from him would escape, from bad to worse he will lead him;
 Maidens he tenders; whoe'er foolishly mocks at their wiles,
 Shafts from his bow must submit to, tipp'd with the bitterest anguish,
 Man he inflames against man, turns to brute passion desire.
 Whoso of him is ashamed must suffer; with bitters he dashes,
 Leavened with trouble and crime, all the hypocrite's joys.
 But even she, the Goddess, with eyes and ears, too, pursues him;
 Once let her see him with you, straightway with you she is wroth,
 Scares you with grave black looks, contemptuous gestures, and fiercely
 Calls evil down on the house, which 'tis his habit to haunt.
 Such, too, is my case; already I suffer a little; the Goddess
 Into my mystery pries with irrepressible zeal.
 But 'tis an ancient law; I am silent, respectfully silent,
 For the Greeks had to smart for their kings' quarrels, like me.

XX.

Strength is what graces a man, and a frank undaunted spirit,
 Secrecy not to be drawn graces him almost still more.
 Thou Subduer of Cities, Discretion! Thou Queen of the nations!
 Goddess beloved, who through life me so securely hast led!
 Now what a fate is mine! The Muse for her pastime unlooses,
 Amor unlooses—the rogue—my unsealable lips.
 Ah! 'Tis hard, as we know, to hide e'en the scandals of monarchs!
 Neither his crown could conceal, nor could a Phrygian Cap,
 Midas' elongated ear; his body servant descried it,
 And the secret straightway weigh'd with a pang on his breast.
 Fain in the earth would he bury it, so to diminish the burden,
 But earth cared not to keep secrets so pregnant as this.
 Reeds growing there overhear, and whisper abroad on the breezes,
 "Midas, Midas the King has an elongated ear!"
 Now it is harder for me to keep a delicate secret;
 Fulness of heart at the lips, ah, so lightly o'erflows.
 Trust it to fair friend I may not; she would be apt to upbraid me:
 Nor to male friend; from that danger perchance might ensue.
 Rapture like mine to proclaim to the woods, to the echoing rocks, I
 Am of an age too mature, nor am I quite so forlorn.
 Be it to thee, Hexameter, thee, Pentameter, trusted,
 How she delights me by day, how she transports me by night.
 She, by many besought, avoids the serpent-like meshes,
 Shamelessly set by the bold, set by the crafty with guile.
 Sagely and smartly she gives them the go-by, well knowing the way
 where,
 Waiting with heart all aflame, he that she loves will be found.
 Tarry, oh Luna, she comes! that she may not be seen by the neigh-
 bours;
 Rustle, soft airs, 'mong the leaves! Let not her footfall be heard!
 And you, lays that I love, grow on and bloom, and be cradled
 In the mellowest wafts of soft amorous air,
 And in some far away time, as erst those garrulous reeds did,
 All our sweet secret of love to the Quirites disclose!

NOTE.—As far as is known to us this is the first complete translation of this remarkable series of poems. Only three out of the twenty, viz., III., V., and VII., have, before this, been published by Sir Theodore Martin in his volume: *The Song of the Bell, and other Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, and others.* Blackwood & Sons, 1889. They are there numbered I., II., III., and are found on pp. 197-203.—EDITOR.

GOETHE AND WORDSWORTH.*

BY ROBERT A. J. MEUSCH.

OF all the phases of human thought and feeling the record of which has been preserved to us in literature, there is none more interesting than that which somewhat more than a hundred years ago gave to the political, social and moral life of Europe a new direction, and an impetus which has not even yet spent its force, but still determines and affects our life of to-day. For whether we like it or not we are the children of that greater revolution that, commencing in the middle of the last century, has successively shattered old beliefs and venerable institutions, and which, after innumerable failures and with hope deferred, is still seeking to realise the ideals that serve to mark at once the loftiness of its aims and the magnitude of its failures. And it is because we are its children, because the ideas that gave it birth are still a power among us, because the sea has not yet gone down but is even now heaving and troubled as by the storm that has scarce passed by, that the revolution in thought and feeling which marks the close of the last century has for us such a profound interest and charm. Who is it that is not still attracted by those daring spirits that threw aside "tradition, form and ceremonious duty," who believed that human nature was essentially good and not evil, and who boldly proclaimed the reign of liberty and the brotherhood of man? Who does not even now feel a momentary thrill at the echoes of a time when, in the words of one of those enthusiasts of a new day—

"It was a bliss to be alive
And to be young was very heaven?"

And who is it would not feel a pang of vain regret that the anticipations of a near millennium were but such stuff as dreams

* Read at the General Meeting of the Society, at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, November 26th, 1889.

are made of, and must pass and fade as the dawn deepened into day.

The political, social, philosophical aspects of the revolutionary movement were naturally reflected in the poetical literature of the time, and we may trace them in all the genuine poets of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Consciously, or unconsciously, they all betray their sense of the wrongs of humanity, their sympathy with the average man, his joys and his sorrows. Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth in England; Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Lenz, Klinger, the Stolbergs in Germany, all more or less intensely and in different ways exhibit the revolutionary feelings that were sweeping over Europe and unsettling the minds of men. Somewhat later at the commencement of our century Byron, Shelley, Hunt and Keats take up the strain, to be followed in their turn by those writers of our own day who have been, and some of whom still are, what Heine has called "soldiers in the war of the liberation of humanity."

But even as these poets partake of the enthusiasm and the hope of the revolution, so also do they share in its fever and its despair. The reckless application of their own ideas to all sorts and conditions of men, their insistance in season and out of season on the claims of all men to freedom and power, were in them as in the political revolution the sources of failure. Without due reverence for the past, blind to the good forces already at work, ignorant of the fact that institutions and customs are at bottom but the shadows thrown by human character, and that to alter those you must change this, they would sweep away all that was established and begin all life anew. A universal twilight of the gods must destroy the old world, and then, and only then, should the new world of their dreams be born, in which the lion should lie down with the lamb and the nations dwell in peace one with another. Out of sympathy with society, continually fretted by its restrictions and at war with its rules, their eyes for ever fixed on the realisation of an impossible ideal, what wonder if the lives of these poets, though full of deep interest, are but the record of defeated aspirations and of moral ruin, and that their works are

only brilliant fragments with but few ideas that can be fruitfully applied to life. For of nearly all of them we may say what Carlyle said of one: "To *them* was given the power of "making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding "*their* own life was not given, and those spirits which might "have soared could they but have walked, soon sank to the "dust, their glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom "and died, we may almost say without ever having lived."*

Yet among these poets of the new time there were two destined to outlive the fever and the heat of the Sturm und Drang—Goethe and Wordsworth—two men who, however different in character, yet had this in common, that they early recognised the futility of vague aspirations after unconditioned liberty, the barrenness of a sweeping condemnation of existing things. After sharing with all the ardent minds of the time in the revolt against the restrictions and conventions of human life, and growing dissatisfied with the powerlessness of revolt to reconstruct what it sought to destroy, they alone of all the poets of the day had the courage to retrace their steps, to cast aside their dreams and to sit down humbly at the feet of that great reality which, whether it be called nature, life or experience, is still the sole source of wisdom, freedom and of power.

To see things as they are, to recognize the inevitable limitations of human nature, its inherent weakness and imperfection, and yet to pass through such crisis heart-whole even though not unscathed—without losing faith to strive and courage to work—to do this is given to but few, and among the poets of their time it was given in full measure to Goethe and to Wordsworth alone.

In both poets the relinquishment of faith in man's uncontrolled instincts and the readiness to listen to the lessons of the past, produced a reverence for the existing that led them to see that its customs and institutions were adapted to the actual character of mankind, and could only be permanently changed and replaced as that character itself changed and progressed. To those who

* Essay on "Burns."

had not passed through this experience, who had not learnt this lesson, who still believed in the ideal man and ideal liberty—both Goethe and Wordsworth, each in his own country, became incomprehensible. The liberal spirits of the day looked upon them with suspicion, as upon those who had deserted the cause of progress and freedom. The soreness of feeling caused by the “defection” of Wordsworth found speech in the verdicts of several of our writers. Shelley in a well-known sonnet is left to mourn what he considers Wordsworth’s desertion of truth and liberty. Mr. James Russell Lowell in another has all but called Wordsworth “an old man faithless in Humanity,” while the mournfully dignified lines of Browning beat on our ear like a funeral march that accompanies to the grave all that made Wordsworth worthy to be a leader of men:

“Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their graves,
He alone breaks from the van and the freedmen;
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves.”

And was not the accusation the same which the liberal minds of Germany lodged against Goethe when, in answer to the democratic aspirations of his countrymen, he simply pointed to the undeveloped and dependent character of actual men, who even if they should attain to political power would be unable to rule:

“Und wenn man auch den Tyrannen ersticht,
Ist immer noch viel zu verlieren.
Sie gönnten Cäsar das Reich nicht
Und wusstens nicht zu regieren.”

But these complaints uttered by lovers of truth and liberty were due to a misconception. Neither Goethe nor Wordsworth had deserted the sacred cause, neither had despaired of human nature, but both had recognized that unlimited liberty, unconditional freedom, lead to licence, and that if the tyranny of outward rule and law is to be withdrawn, it must be first replaced by a wise self-control within the individual himself. “I am,” wrote Wordsworth, “a lover of liberty, but know that “liberty cannot exist apart from order . . . and order cannot, “and therefore liberty cannot, be maintained without degrees.”* And Goethe—the Goethe who once, like Werther, held “that

* Knight’s “Life of Wordsworth.” Vol. I., p. 79.

"all rule must destroy the true feeling and the true expression of nature"—later on became convinced that utterly vain would be the endeavours of the uncontrolled spirit to reach the pure heights of perfection, that it is only in limitation that the true master approves himself, and that it is law alone that can procure for us true freedom.

"Vergebens werden ungebundene Geister
Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben.
Wer Grosses will muss sich zusammen raffen,
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister
Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben."

It was still freedom Goethe and Wordsworth were seeking, yet seeking not by self-assertion, but by a wise submission to the limits of human nature and powers.

But the rule that man should cease demanding ideal impossibilities and wisely limit his aspirations to his capacities, was not merely preached by Goethe and Wordsworth as a general principle, but was sternly practised by themselves. "The smallest man," Goethe observed with conviction, and evidently speaking from experience, "can be complete, provided he moves within the limits of his capacities and powers." And of Wordsworth, his friend Coleridge wrote: "He is a happy man, because he feels, and with a practical faith, the truth that we can do but one thing well, and that therefore we must make a choice. He has made that choice from his early youth, has pursued it, and is pursuing it."

From the conviction of the necessity of limitation sprang that power of self-control, which marks the best productions of both Goethe and Wordsworth. The passion of the moment, their feelings of indignation, of love and admiration, or of scorn, never carry them away. They always remain master of their subject, never allow their subject to master them. They are not hurried in the heat of the moment into saying more than they had intended, for every feeling, every emotion has been shaped and reduced to harmonious proportions in the mind before it is expressed. The poet may depict the intensity of passion, but he does not identify himself with it, and the reader is ever conscious that the poet himself has long since climbed beyond the region

of the storm he describes, and that though the tempest may rage in the valley beneath he himself stands high above it in the calm splendour of a cloudless day. At first, perhaps, the self-control exhibited in the writings of Goethe and Wordsworth is apt to chill the reader. He feels repulsed by the intellectual form in which the feelings of both poets are cast—a form that sternly represses the too much and presents him with the memory of an emotion rather than with the emotion itself. It is only after a deeper study that the student learns to prize the perfect sanity that refuses to register the heat and fever of the moment until it has been tested and weighed in the light of the abiding principles of beauty and truth.

Largely depending upon the possession of the quality of self-control is the completeness of utterance which distinguishes our two poets from their contemporaries. Goethe and Wordsworth are the only poets of their day of whom it can be said that they wrote themselves out, and whose works seem in any adequate degree to fulfil the promise of their genius. In considering the other poets of the time one always feels that had their character or circumstances been different they would have done better than they did, and would have left a greater number of works which the world would not willingly let die. One cannot help feeling that these men did not "beat their music out," nay that of some of them it might with more truth be said that they "died with all their music in them." Whether due merely to fortuitous circumstances, or to that wise husbanding of strength and energies so characteristic of Goethe and Wordsworth, the fact remains that these two poets alone succeeded during a long life in doing themselves justice and in completely expressing themselves, so that any faults still to be found in their mature writing must be regarded as radical and inherent in their personality itself.

It might seem strange that despite the qualities of conservatism, self-control, and completeness, which were common to both Goethe and Wordsworth, no kind of personal relations between these two poets existed or could be conceived as possible. Goethe, despite the interest he always took in the development of English literature, seems to have completely

ignored Wordsworth; and Wordsworth, on his part, though now and then brought into contact with Goethe's works, seems to have felt little save antipathy both for them and for their author. "I have tried to read Goethe," he says on one occasion, "I never could succeed." A friend referred him to *Iphigenie*, but even there he found little to admire. "I recognise," he said, "none of the dignified simplicity, none of the health and vigour which the heroes and heroines of antiquity possess in the writings of Homer. The lines of Lucretius describing the immolation of *Iphigenie* are worth the whole of Goethe's long poem." The other works of Goethe fared no better at his hands. Crabb Robinson informs us that he seemed disposed to think little of *Torquato Tasso*, and speaking of *Wilhelm Meister*, Wordsworth maintained that in the first "canto" of that work, Goethe had wantonly outraged the sympathies of humanity.

To a large extent the antipathy which Wordsworth betrayed in regard to Goethe was due to the fact that the two poets belonged to two different worlds; Rydal Mount and Weimar were indeed wide as the poles asunder. Wordsworth was perfectly aware of this fact, and there are some words of his on record which seem to point that way; words in which, though no mention of Goethe and Weimar is made, it is impossible to miss the application. "Those petty courts of Germany," he writes, "have been injurious to its literature. They who move in them are too prone to imagine themselves to be the whole world, and compared with the whole world, they are nothing more than these little specks in the texture of this hearthrug." This, if true, is offensively expressed, and Wordsworth should have been more conscious of the fact, that if Weimar was not the world, still less could the little mountain valley in which he himself lived, with its dalesmen and shepherds, be so regarded.

It is possible that Wordsworth's imperfect knowledge of German and the influence of Coleridge, who always sought to depreciate the author of *Faust*, may have been further obstacles to his learning to appreciate Goethe; yet there was a more important obstacle still, which lay in the different

characters of the two poets and the widely differing views which, as poets, they took of nature and of human life. It was not that Wordsworth was more open to the spiritual aspect of things than Goethe, or that he pierced beyond the material world to the divine reality that lay behind it, leaving Goethe to remain for ever in the bondage of the senses and wise only in the wisdom of the things *they* could reveal. The difference in their poetic conceptions of the world did not lie here, for, as Goethe himself asserted, "the conviction that a great, creative, "ordering and guiding Being conceals itself, as it were, behind "nature in order to render itself conceivable to us; such a "conviction is forced upon every man," and it cannot therefore be claimed as distinctive of Wordsworth, seeing it is part of the human heritage of every true poet the world has seen. It is indeed here no question as to the existence of a deeper meaning in Nature; the question is as to what the meaning itself is, and in what way it affects the poet's conception of the visible world.

To me the difference between Goethe and Wordsworth as poetic interpreters of existence seems mainly deducible from the differing views held by the two poets as to the relations subsisting between nature and man. To Wordsworth man appeared but a part of nature, for ever overshadowed by her grandeur and power. To him man's main duty was a life lived within her limits, his sole enduring source of happiness the contemplation of her beauty, his highest wisdom the loving study of her works. To him who shall so study her, her meaning shall be revealed, and all her inexhaustible stores of strength laid open. For him there shall be "a spirit in the woods;" to him "the meanest flower that blows" shall give "thoughts that "do often lie too deep for tears;" to him shall be given in ever greater fulness the highest gift of nature,

" That blessed mood

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened. That serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,

And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul,
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

It is in perfect accord with this poetic conception of man's place in nature that Wordsworth should as a poet have always dealt more with man than with individual men. Having his mind fixed on the relation of man to nature, it was natural that he should be struck preeminently by those human qualities which distinguish men from all other beings, and which are at the same time common to the whole human race. The affection of man for his home, for the plot of ground he tills, for the valley in which lies his native place, the love of father for son, of brother for brother, of mother for child; these are the subjects with which the poems of Wordsworth deal and which, as they portray the simplest human relations—characteristic of man in all regions and at all times—have much the same universal charm as the narratives in Homer and the Bible. It may therefore be said that, impressed with the visible grandeur and importance of the non-human world, in the midst of which man finds his lot cast and convinced of its power to influence and even to mould human character, Wordsworth made the relation between nature and man his chief and foremost study.

If we now turn to Goethe we shall find that his poetic conception of man's place in nature differs essentially from that of Wordsworth. In his view man is nowise subordinate or inferior to nature, rather is his appearance as the final blossoming of the tree, the one end for which nature has striven and worked. It was for this she piled the mountains and convulsed the seas; for this that she brought forth the germs of life and produced the moss and the oak, the monad and the whale, that the highest power of life, intelligence might be made manifest, and that that which slept in the plant and dreamt in the beast might awake in man. The brute force in nature may indeed be stronger than man, yet is he greater than nature. "Man," says Pascal in words which so clearly state

the cause of this superiority, "Man, it is true, is but a reed, " but he is a thinking reed. The whole armed force of nature is " not required to destroy him. A vapour, a mouthful of water " suffices to kill. Yet should the universe destroy him, man would " still prove himself nobler than that which slays him, because " he is conscious that he dies, and of the victory the universe has " obtained over him, the universe knows nothing." It is true, as Goethe says, that a small ring bounds our life, that nature is unfeeling, and that the sun shines on evil and good alike, and the stars give light both to the man of crime and the man of virtue.

" Unfühlend ist die Natur
Es leuchtet die Sonne,
Ueber Bös' und Gute
Und dem Verbrecher
Glänzen, wie dem Besten,
Der Mond und die Sterne,
Wind und Ströme
Donner und Hagel
Rauschen ihren Weg,
Und ergreifen,
Vorüber eilend,
Einen um den andern."

Yet is man's superiority assured, his prerogative unimpaired. He alone can do the impossible; can distinguish and exercise choice and judgment; can give a permanent value to the fleeting moment. He alone is conscious of good and evil, and has power usefully to unite the wandering and erratic.

" Nur allein der Mensch
Vermag das Unmögliche;
Er unterscheidet,
Wählet und richtet;
Er kann dem Augenblick
Dauer verleihen.
Er allein darf
Den Guten lohnen
Den Bösen strafen
Heilen und retten,
Alles Irrende, Schweifende
Nützlich verbinden."

Therefore, too, concludes the poet, should man be noble, help-

ful and good, seeing that it is this which distinguishes him from all other beings in Nature.

“Edel sei der Mensch
Hülfreich und gut,
Denn das allein
Unterscheidet ihn
Von allen Wesen
Die wir kennen.”

Thus man himself is the highest revelation of nature to man, the most perfect manifestation of the world-soul, of those divine qualities which underlie and sustain the visible world, and which we only become conscious of through man himself. “Sein Beispiel lehr’uns jene Wesen glauben.” In this sense man is the measure of things, or as Goethe himself would express it:—
“The kernel of nature is in the human heart.”

It is in man then and not in nature that the interest of Goethe mainly centres. It is on the complex relations that subsist between man and man that his attention is pre-eminently fixed. He is the poet who gave the advice: “Greift nur hinein ins volle Menschenleben und wo Ihr’s packt da ist es int’ressant,” the poet who perhaps more than any other was impressed with the truth that man is ever the highest study of man. It is in accord with this that, unlike Wordsworth, Goethe should have chiefly portrayed individual men of complex character, standing in manifold relations to each other. For dealing with human life by itself, he would be chiefly struck by those differences which distinguish one man from another, and which go to make up individual character. The qualities that serve to mark a class, a profession or an age, that distinguish the nobleman, the burgher, the statesman, the soldier, the artist, the actor, the scholar, and the man of science—these are the qualities which appeal to Goethe and with which he most frequently deals.

When we enquire as to how it came about that two poets, both so essentially truth-loving as were Goethe and Wordsworth, who so continually appealed to experience as the sole justification of their faith, could have come to hold such widely diverging views on Life, we shall find that this is traceable in large measure to the differing conditions amidst which they

grew up. Goethe and Wordsworth themselves seem to have been fully convinced of the large influence which their early surroundings had had in moulding their character, and each of them has left us a work in which the attempt is made to define the nature and to compute the strength of that influence. However, much later research may have added to the tale of their lives, Wordsworth's *Prelude* and Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung* are still the best guides in estimating the nature of the forces that produced the final poetic characters, and it is therefore to these two works that we must turn if we would understand how the differing views of the poets on human life originated.

Wordsworth, born near Hawkshead, may almost be called a child of the mountains; of those mountains that sent their streams—as he himself says—to blend their murmurs with his nurse's song and to give him by their ceaseless music, even as a child—

“A foretaste, a dim earnest of the calm
That nature breathes among the hills and groves.”

The sublime aspects of mountain scenery lay about him from his birth; it was in the midst of them that he grew up, and the impression they made upon him, even as a boy, is again and again insisted on by him when recording the memories of his earliest youth. No reader of the *Prelude* will forget the awe which the boy felt when rowing alone upon the lake in dead of night, he saw with every receding stroke of the oars a huge black peak rising higher and higher into the air, as if with voluntary power, like a strange unknown form of being, until it seemed to overshadow him and come between him and the stars. Lonely wanderings among the mountains, nutting expeditions into the autumn woods, silent musings 'neath the quiet stars, were the occasions on which Wordsworth first felt the awe-inspiring Presence of that Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe, to whom he again and again turns in reverent gratitude for having from his earliest childhood intertwined the passions of his soul

“Not with mean and vulgar works of Man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With Life and Nature.”

It was to the influence of natural objects, to the mountains and the lakes, the cataracts, the mists and the winds "that dwell among the hills where he was born," that Wordsworth ascribed his mental and moral health, his modest contentment and cheerful faith, his freedom from "little enmities and low desires." How great the influence was which Wordsworth ascribed to nature, and how completely he conceived of her in his own case as ruling and determining his life, is strikingly shown in his account of what might be called his dedication as nature Poet. He was returning after a night of rural merry-making, the day was just breaking in the East, and as the light grew, a magnificent sunrise flooded with glory the solid mountains and the laughing sea; while all the sweetness of a common dawn filled the meadows and the lower grounds, with dews and vapours and the melodies of birds. The majestic beauty of the daybreak laid its spell upon the poet.

"My heart," he says,

"Was full, I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit."

"Vows were then made for me," no words could perhaps more strongly express the subjection which Wordsworth always felt when in the presence of nature, to testify to whose grandeur and beauty he felt he had received a call. And Wordsworth always remained true to those first impressions. The great human world into which he went forth had no power to efface the memories of those early days. In the crowded streets of London the spirit of nature was upon him, and gave him a sense of composure amidst the press of self-destroying transitory things. When the great hopes, which he like others had built upon the Revolution, broke down and proved a delusion and a dream, when doubt and despair assailed him and his faith hung trembling in the balance, it was to nature that he turned, in nature that he found healing and rest.

That Wordsworth regarded the life of man as dependent upon the life of nature is made very plain by the record of his early experience. In him it was the love of nature which led to the love of man, and he ever regarded it as a privilege that

he first looked at man through natural objects that were great or fair, and "first communed with him by their help." Nor did man ever lose this secondary position in his regard. In his youth he tells us that man was in his affections and regards subordinate to nature.

"A passion she
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand, he only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace."

and even later after a greater experience of man he is forced to admit that the world of nature still occupies the greater space in his thoughts, and that the scale of his love for the world of human kind weighed light in the balance as compared with that in which her mighty objects lay.

While Wordsworth was thus in the plastic period of his youth subjected mainly to the impressions of natural objects, the same cannot be said of Goethe in his early surroundings at Frankfort. A wide comparatively unbroken plain, bounded only in the far distance by the blue mountains and diversified by but a few insignificant hills, here presents to the eye, with its fields and orchards, a vision fruitful indeed, but entirely wanting in sublimity. Through this plain a yellowish river flows, and on its banks lies the ancient town which gave birth to Germany's greatest poet. The signs of a long and varied history are stamped upon it, and in the time of Goethe's boyhood were probably still more prominent than they are now. Whole streets, narrow and dirty and illpaved, their houses with upper stories projecting as if to exclude the sunlight, still remain and were probably already regarded as old and venerable when Goethe wandered through the town. Old churches and buildings, the Dom half finished, the Saalhof with its remnant of a chapel, said to have been built by Charles the Great, the Römer with its historic memories of imperial elections and coronations, all speaks to the imaginative mind of a long and worthy human past and inspires it with a due sense of the dignity of human existence.

But if the historical associations appealed to the imagination the life still being lived in the old town in Goethe's time was

perhaps even more interesting to his ardent curiosity. Connected on the one hand with the past by old institutions and customs, life here was yet nowise a shadow of departed glory, but was still full of vigour and enterprise.

Goethe indeed found his native town a stage, on which much was going on to engage his curiosity and exercise his powers of observation. The characters of his friends and fellow-citizens were unconsciously studied; their daily life, their pursuits and occupations noted. The municipal ceremonies and corporate life of the town impress the gazing boy. He watches the different artizans at their work. The jeweller has to initiate him into the mysteries of precious stones. He spends whole days in the rooms of the artists, eager to learn wherein consists the special skill of each. Nor is his field of observation limited to his native town. He is impressed with the movement going on in the outer world. Frederic the Great stands out with all Europe leagued against him, and excites the most vivid interest. Wars and rumours of wars are the daily subject of family conversations; the marching and counter-marching of troops, the occupation of Frankfort by the French, a battle fought almost beneath the walls of his native place, the artillery thunder which is distinctly heard in the town—all this gives him an immediate experience of the events which go to make up history and renders him conscious of the wider life of his time. And when peace comes it remains to him no mere word; its reality is brought home to his comprehension by the sight of the multitudes assembling at Frankfort to take part in, and to witness the election and coronation of a new heir to the imperial throne. He sees those who but a short time before were enemies, uniting beneath his eyes in a work intended to give men assurance of a lasting and prosperous peace. And what men do not these events bring within the range of Goethe's vision? Generals, emperors, and ambassadors, prelates and princes pass over the stage, and the boy watches them as from the safety of the pit, freely making his mental notes and enjoying all that is offered him with the healthy impartiality of youth.

Thus Goethe's first impressions of life seem to have all been

bound up with what Wordsworth would have called the mean and vulgar works of man, but which Goethe himself found neither mean nor vulgar, but full of deep interest and lasting power.

But despite the human standpoint of Goethe, it must not be overlooked that he has a relation to nature as a poet, and that even as Wordsworth starting from nature passed to the consideration of man; so Goethe, too, from the study of man, was naturally carried to the study of that non-human world by which man is surrounded and with which he has a constant interchange of relations.

The earliest impression of a natural object Goethe had of which there remains any record is that of the sunset, which he was wont to watch from a second floor window of his father's house, with a feeling of loneliness and vague longing which he probably in after years gave expression to in a famous scene in *Faust*.

Later on, when he was suffering under the first spiritual and moral conflict of his life and instinctively shrank from contact with his fellow men he had recourse to nature. "I sought," he tells us, "the fine leafy groves which though not extending far and wide in the neighbourhood are yet of such size that a poor wounded heart may there conceal itself. In the deepest part of the wood I had made choice of a gloomy spot where the oldest oaks and beeches formed a large and shady space. . . . Around this open circle spread a dense thicket, from which moss-grown stones impressively looked forth. The feelings which this scene inspired were of a reverential, almost of a religious character. Oh, why does not this beautiful spot lie in the deep wilderness! Why may we not fence it about in order to consecrate it and ourselves and separate us from the world, for surely there is no more beautiful worship of God than that which requires no image and which rises in our breast solely from the communion with nature."

But this consciousness of the sublimity of nature which was the daily experience of Wordsworth was with Goethe but a passing feeling. He himself acknowledged this when he said that "only the indefinite, expansive feelings of youth and of uncultured races are fitted for the Sublime, which, if it is to

"be excited in us by means of external objects . . . must impress us with a grandeur which we are not equal to." "But," adds Goethe, "as the Sublime is easily created by twilight and darkness, when forms seem to melt into each other, so it is driven away by the day, that defines and distinguishes all things, and so also must it be destroyed by every growing culture, unless it is fortunate enough to fly to and unite itself with the Beautiful, by which means both alike become imperishable and immortal."

From this passage it seems plain that Goethe held that as man grows in culture and knowledge he will become more and more capable of discerning the definite forms of all natural appearances. By being brought into the full light of his intelligence they will lose that mysterious sublimity which once invested their dimly perceived presence, and if they are still to attract him they must do so, not by over-awing him and making him their slave, but by a beauty of form that in its very definiteness shall satisfy the demand of the mind for clearness and precision. Thus the change from the Wordsworthian sense of nature's sublimity to the Goethean sense of her beauty is tantamount to a change in the relations between nature and man. For while the Sublime demands man's veneration and thus places him in an inferior position, the Beautiful solicits his appreciation and gives him a more equal standing.

There are chiefly three methods by which Goethe, as a poet, seeks to approach nature, all of which show traces of his point of view. The first method consists in regarding nature as scenery, that is to say, as the scene in which human life is carried on. It is a view which delights in the green hills, that encircle village and town, because they seem to guard and protect the human dwellings nestling in their midst. It is the view that pleases itself in the contemplation of the fertility of nature and her power to minister to human wants. The yellowing corn waving in the breeze, the grape slowly ripening beneath the summer sun, orchards, vineyards, fields and meadows stretching away into the far distance, all charm the mind with a reference to human well-being and happiness. It is the view which turns from the stern scenes of nature, and finds its

highest satisfaction in the contemplation of a landscape reduced to order beneath the governing hand of man. One of the best examples of Goethe's treatment of nature under this aspect will be found at the beginning of the fourth canto of *Hermann and Dorothea*, and some fine touches of the same in the second scene of *Faust*.

But if this view strictly subordinates nature to the needs of man, Goethe's second method seeks to bring about a relation between the two by raising the life of nature to the level of human life, and by giving to natural objects, and even to nature as a whole, human thoughts and human emotions. And Goethe often does this to such an extent that the true character of the natural object disappears and becomes all but entirely human. Thus in the well-known poem, *The Violet* scarcely any of the characteristics of the flower are retained, and its peculiar nature becomes almost entirely merged in that of the modest retired lover, who perishes of the neglect and careless scorn of the one he loves. In another short piece, the *Haidenroslein*, the rose similarly is unmistakably human, and in *Amyntas*, the apple tree with the ivory clinging to and destroying it, is an open translation into nature-language of a relation of human life. In the poem, *Der Junggesell und der Mühlbach*, there is the same ascription of a human passion to a natural object. The mill stream has become enamoured of the miller's daughter. Scarcely less daring is the *Song of Mahomet*, in which under the thin disguise of a mighty river's course, the history of the hero prophet and his religion is portrayed; and what chiefly concerns us here is that it is not done by drawing a neat parallelism between the two, but by an actual organic fusion of the natural and human. Even as we read the river becomes a man. "Man," says Goethe, "never realises how anthropomorphic he is"—and he has, as a poet, himself abundantly proved the truth of his own saying; yet all the poetic fictions by which he has given to nature a human face, are so full of graceful beauty that they can fitly be compared only to the poetic imaginings of the early Greeks, with whom Goethe had such close kinship of mind, and from whom he consciously drew so much to strengthen his poetical life.

The way in which Wordsworth has dealt with natural objects of the same kind, is essentially different. If Goethe sought for a human affinity in the flower, the tree, or the stream, Wordsworth was content with the spiritual bond that allied him to them, he, as well as they, being all of them the creatures of the Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe that manifests itself in the human and the natural alike, though without confounding the two. It is true, there is for him a spirit in the woods, but it is not necessarily a human spirit; the flower that gives to him deep thoughts has not necessarily done so in human language. The Spirit, indeed, that reveals itself throughout nature is not a human spirit, rather is the human but a special modification of it. A careful study of poems, such as that addressed to the small *Celandine* or the *Daisy*, will show the manner in which Wordsworth succeeded in entering poetically into the flower's existence without sacrificing its real nature. Throughout, we never once lose sight of the fact that it is a real flower the poet is dealing with, not a human soul masquerading under its form. In the series of sonnets on the river *Duddon*, Wordsworth has depicted for us the life of a stream from source to sea, and he has done so without wanting to see in it merely the course of human life writ large; the stream for its own sake is the poet's delight, and he wanders by its side, following its course from lonely height through woodland and rocky gorge, meadows and flower-enamelled lands, past cottage, hamlet, church and lonely tower, till grown into a large and stately stream it loses itself in the sea,—

"Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep,
Sink and forget their nature."

Through it all the true character of a river is never forgotten, nor its "unambitious functions" allowed to rise to the level of self-conscious reflective being.

Closely examined, the two views of Goethe just considered do not furnish an interpretation of nature at all, for the first deals with nature mainly as moulded and acted upon by man, and the second is an imaginative projection or extension of human life into an alien realm. In both the interest centres in the human and not in the natural element of the conception

and they are both therefore to be considered rather as peculiar methods of interpreting human life than as attempts to depict actual nature. It remains still to consider the third way in which Goethe dealt poetically with natural objects.

It may be said of Goethe, in contra-distinction to Wordsworth, that his poetical power was not an isolated gift, leaving its possessor "one who paid for his rare elevation by general "tameness and conformity." His poetical gift was not a thing apart from the other elements of his character, rather was his function as a poet the final flowering of all his other activities. He was a poet because he was a lover, an artist, a critic, a statesman, a scientist. What he had himself experienced in these various capacities found as it were a final and imperishable form in his writings. He has thus in a peculiar sense become the lover's, the artist's, the scholar's, the critic's poet, and last, but not least, the poet of the man of science. The desire of the scientist "for light, more light," the necessity for patience and self-control through years of painful research and observation, the agony of failure, the Jacob-like wrestlings through the long night with problems that seem to lie beyond the bounds of human thought, the deep joy when the day at length breaks and the world lies plain and clear in the light of a new principle or a new law, the author of *Faust* had experienced it all, had felt it in his own soul, and gave to it all a permanent expression. The conception then of nature as a realm to be conquered by man and to be comprehended by him in terms of order and law, is the third conception under which Goethe treated as a poet of the relation between man and nature.

" Erhabner Geist! du gabst mir, gabst mir alles
 Warum ich bat! Du hast mir nicht umsonst
 Dein Angesicht im Feuer zugewendet.
 Gabst mir die herrliche Natur zum Koenigreich,
 Kraft sie zu fühlen, zu geniessen, nicht
 Kalt staunenden Besuch erlaubst du nur
 Vergönnest mir in ihre tiefe Brust,
 Wie in den Busen eines Freunds zu schauen.
 Du führst die Reihe der Lebendigen
 Vor mir vorbei, und lehrst mich meine Brüder
 Im stillen Busch, in Luft und Wasser kennen."

But though it be true that visible nature has been given to man as a kingdom, that he has the capacity of reading her secrets and can obtain an intimate knowledge of her creations, there is an inevitable limit to his knowledge. When science has done her utmost, when she has pushed the limits of knowledge to the extreme verge of the knowable, there ever remains a vast unconquered region beyond, into which she cannot enter. Man's mind remains finite, the infinite for ever escapes him. With "Faust" he must confess:—

"Ich fühl's, vergebens hab ich alle Schätze
Des Menschegeists auf mich herbeigerafft,
Und wenn ich mich am Ende niedersetze,
Quillt innerlich doch keine neue Kraft;
Ich bin nicht um ein Haar breit höher,
Bin dem Unendlichen nicht näher."

The spirit which plies at the roaring loom of time and weaves the living garment of God is for ever inconceivable by man. To Goethe, therefore, the element of mystery has not been entirely driven from the universe, and even though the daylight of science has for him defined and distinguished all natural objects, and though mystery may no longer reside for him, as it still did for Wordsworth, in the single forms and phenomena of nature, it still remains in the world-soul which underlies all things and from which all things proceed.

But however much this final view of Goethe approximates his conception of nature to Wordsworth's, there is yet this great difference between the two: Goethe regards man as partaking to the full of the mystery which underlies nature. To Goethe man and nature are both alike finite manifestations of the infinite, whilst Wordsworth has uniformly treated man as a finite being opposed to a nature that is infinite. Thus for Goethe there is a counterpoise in man as compared with nature, which makes the balance even, and in the conflict between man and nature he can call upon the world-soul to reveal its power in man himself:

"Weltseele, komm uns zu durchdringen,
Dann mit dem Weltgeist selbst zu ringen
Wird unsrer Kräfte Hochberuf."

By this means man may meet nature on equal terms. He is as

royal as she, and she can claim from him appreciation indeed, but not worship.

If Goethe did not as a poet or a thinker dwell overmuch on the final mystery that underlies all things, this was not due to his being unconscious of its existence, but rather to his recognition of the fruitlessness of all human endeavours to grasp the infinite spirit that is the ultimate reality. "As far as thy ear, thy eye can reach," he says, "thou shalt find only that which is like to it, and thy mind's highest flight is already overwhelmed by what is only symbolical and figurative."

"So weit das Ohr, soweit das Auge reicht
Du findest nur Bekanntes das Ihm gleicht
Und deines Geistes höchster Feuerflug
Hat schon am Gleichniss, hat am Bild genug."

It was the profound consciousness of man's limits, no less than of his greatness, which caused Goethe to confine himself as a thinker and poet chiefly to the finite world, and which, whilst it saved him from spending time and energy in metaphysical speculations, enabled him to understand so clearly and to realise so deeply the conditions of practical human existence.

Perhaps some might say that Goethe and Wordsworth dealt with Nature in their respective ways, because the one was a pantheist, the other a platonist, and that their differing methods of presenting man arise from the fact that one is a dramatic, the other a philosophical poet. But it seems to me that the nature of a man's poetic thought springs direct from his character and its unconscious tendencies, of which also his philosophy is itself only a result. The fact that Goethe was essentially a dramatic poet is the effect of the view he took of man rather than its cause, and if Wordsworth was not a dramatic poet the reason lay in the fact that he was, as a poet, little observant of those peculiarities which go to make up individual character. I have, therefore, in the present paper as far as possible left out of consideration both the avowed philosophical creeds of the two poets, and the outward form in which their works are cast, and have considered their thought only in so far as it has affected the character of their poetry. I have endeavoured, however imperfectly, to show that among the poets of their time Goethe

and Wordsworth stood alone in their constructive tendencies, in their endeavour to base their thought upon experience and truth, in the conscious self-control which they exercised as poets and as men, and in the completeness with which they succeeded in expressing themselves. That they should notwithstanding have come to such different results we found to be mainly due to the differing conception with which each started as to the relative importance of man and nature. To Wordsworth nature was greater than man, to Goethe man greater than nature, and these conceptions made Wordsworth the poet of man, Goethe the poet of men. The difference in standpoint was largely due to difference in early education. Wordsworth received his earliest and most powerful impressions from natural objects, Goethe from men and their various activities. The influence of their early training affected their whole subsequent work, so that when Goethe came to deal poetically with nature he dealt with her almost exclusively in reference to human life, considering her as ministering to human wants, as furnishing convenient symbols by which to express human emotions and relations, and lastly, as a great problem that confronted the human soul and pressed for solution.

It were vain to question whether Goethe's or Wordsworth's conception is the greater or more true. We cannot do without either. When the time comes for action, for effort, for strenuous endeavour it is the conception of Goethe that we need, the belief in our own capacity and powers; when the time for rest and contemplation arrives we turn instinctively to Wordsworth and his "healing power," to draw from the intercourse with a mighty nature resignation and peace. The two conceptions are as two different aspects of one thing, as the obverse and reverse of the medal, and are both legitimate products of an age which is alike distinguished by love of enterprise and action and by a profound yearning for rest.

CHAMISSO.*

LIFE; POEMS; FAUST; SCHLEMIHL.

By EUGENE OSWALD, M.A., Ph.D.

*Celui qui sut te connaître
Gardera ton souvenir.*

SISMONDI à CHAMISSO, 1811.

I.—LEHRJAHRE.

Jean Jacques Ampère, the son of that scientific man whose name is so familiar to our electricians, himself perhaps best known in England by his *Histoire romaine à Rome*, that charming pendant to Gibbon, in which archæology is married to literature and political history, relates†:—

“When I stayed in Berlin, in the year 1827, Hitzig introduced me, in the Literary Society,‡ to one of his friends, who, more than any other, seemed to answer, by his appearance, to what we, in France, are in the habit of calling a German type. The man was tall and gaunt, his hair fell in long locks over his shoulders, his face had a singular expression of combined kindness and firmness; there lay in it at the same time something delicate and rigorous, something of weariness and boldness. Our conversation began in German. The man, as yet unknown to me, expressed himself with striking energy, yet apparently not without some effort, and, as it seemed to me, with an accent that was quite new to me. I, on my part, turned out, in the sweat of my brow, laboured German sentences. Whilst we were thus engaged, a third person interrupted with loud laughter our conversation, saying: ‘Why, gentlemen, you surely would be more at ease by speaking French.’ The man

* Read to a General Meeting, at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, on December 14th, 1891.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1840, Vol. XXII., 4^{me} série, pp. 649–671. Reprinted in the second edition of *Littérature et Voyages*, 1850.

‡ Apparently the forerunner of that “*Berliner Gesellschaft für ausländische schöne Literatur*” to which Goethe, in April, 1830, introduced his young friend, Thomas Carlyle, who was thereupon elected a member.—Hitzig’s Letters to Goethe, September 29th, 1830, and to Carlyle, January 28th, 1831, in the Goethe and Carlyle Correspondence, 1887.

with the tall figure and the long hair was my countryman. He was a man of rare gifts, long pursued by a hostile fate, a French *émigré* and Prussian officer, a nobleman and a Liberal, a poet and a botanist, the author of a fantastic novel, and a circumnavigator. He was a German, yet by birth a Frenchman; in brief—he was Chamisso.”

To this man, so described, a valuable link between two great nations, now sorely divided by exaggeration of national feeling which even in the war-times of his youth did not run equally high, we are now to devote an evening.

Louis Charles Adelaïde de Chamisso was born of an old noble family* in January, 1781, at Castle Boncourt in Champagne. As with Shakespere, the day of his birth is not certain, that of his baptism is—31st January. He himself shortened his Christian name into Adelbert. His father was not so economical in this respect. We find his name and status given as Louis Marie Comte de Chamisso, Vicomte d'Ormond, Seigneur de Boncourt, Magneux, Tournois, Leviel, Dampierre, &c., Capitaine au régiment Royal étranger de Cavalerie, Chevalier de l'ordre militaire de St. Louis. Later on, in 1792, he became Lieutenant-Colonel, Aide-de-Camp du Maréchal de Broglie. The mother, Marie Anne Gargam, was a less imposing personage. Nor does she seem to have been capable of understanding and fostering a nature like that of her son Adelbert,† though no doubt she tried to do her duty in the hard times that came upon the family. There are in our poet's ample correspondence few references to his parents, from whom he was early separated. Not to his lot fell the joyous tenderness of Goethe's mother for her son, nor the warm and touching filial love of Heine for his aged mother. But, on the other hand, there is a soft and noble stream of recollection towards his birth-place and early home. The verses in which he addresses the old Castle, destroyed in the storms of the Revolution, had

* *Einem alten Hause entsprossen*. Chamisso's words. Works (2nd edition in 6 volumes), Vol. I., S. 5. This edition will be used for all subsequent quotations. The name Chamissot occurs A.D. 1305. Other forms are found: Chamizzot, Chemizzot, Chamisso, perhaps also Chameisson. In Oporto there is living a Senhor Chamico.

† Vide a letter of her's—her last—in *Werke*, Vol. V., S. 53, 54.

best be introduced here in the original,—a brother poet of equal gentleness and dignity would be required to furnish a translation* :—

Das Schloss Boncourt.

*Ich träum' als Kind mich zurücke,
Und schütt'le mein greises Haupt;
Wie sucht ihr mich heim, ihr Bilder,
Die lang' ich vergessen geglaubt?
Hoch ragt aus schatt'gen Gehegen
Ein schimmerndes Schloss hervor,
Ich kenne die Thürme, die Zinnen,
Die steinerne Brücke, das Thor.
Es schauen vom Wappenschilde
Die Löwen so traulich mich an,
Ich grüsse die alten Bekannten,
Und eile den Burghof hinan.
Dort liegt die Sphinx am Brunnen,
Dort grünt der Feigenbaum,
Dort, hinter diesen Fenstern,
Verträumt' ich den ersten Traum.
Ich tret' in die Burghapelle
Und suche des Ahnherrn Grab,
Dort ist's, dort hängt vom Pfeiler
Das alte Gewaffnen herab.
Noch lesen umflort die Augen
Die Züge der Inschrift nicht,
Wie hell durch die bunten Scheiben
Das Licht darüber auch bricht.
So stehst du, o Schloss meiner Väter,
Mir treu und fest in dem Sinn,
Und bist von der Erde verschwunden,
Der Pflug geht über dich hin.
Sei fruchtbar, o theurer Boden,
Ich segne dich mild und gerührt,
Und segn' ihn zwiefach, wer immer
Den Pflug nun über dich führt.
Ich aber will auf mich raffen,
Mein Saitenspiel in der Hand,
Die Weiden der Erde durchschweiften,
Und singen von Land zu Land.*

Our Chamisso had four brothers† and a sister. The eldest,

* There has been a discussion as to whether he wrote these verses first in French, or whether the existing translation into French is by him. It is found in Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, 1849-50., Vol. VII., p. 300. Also, but with variants, in C. Fulda's *Chamisso und seine Zeit*, 1881.

† Hippolyte, 1769-1841; Charles, 1774-1817; Eugène; Prudent.

Hippolyte, was a page to Louis XVI. The family emigrated in the earlier stages of the revolutionary troubles; in 1790 we find them in Holland already. The second son however, Charles, had remained behind, and seems, during the Revolution, to have been always about the person of the unfortunate king, more especially on that 10th August, 1792, in that storming of the Tuileries, so graphically described by Carlyle, when young Chamisso was wounded and his life was saved by a man in the crowd. It was probably before the catastrophe, but when already the king was practically a powerless prisoner in the Tuileries, that Louis XVI. gave a sword to Charles, together with a slip of paper on which he wrote:

"I recommend M. de Chamisso, a faithful servant of mine, to my brothers. He has more than once staked his life for my sake."—LOUIS.

The sword and this *billet** were piously preserved in the family archives in Berlin. After the Restoration Charles became *préfet* of the département du Lot. But this is anticipating. The family left Holland, went to South Germany, are found to be at Würzburg in 1795, somewhat later at Bayreuth. It is a little astonishing that no chord of Chamisso's lyre vibrates in unison with South Germany, whilst he came to feel the deepest attachment to North Germany. The circumstances of the family, like those of so many other French emigrants, were very straightened. The parents at last removed to Berlin, a change of domicile which, at that period of much-government, required the previous consent of the King of Prussia, granted in French, by a most gracious autograph letter.† The sons had preceded them. Hippolyte and Charles practised with some success the now almost forgotten art of miniature-painting, and thus contributed essential help to the needs of the family. They were

* Chateaubriand, to whom undoubtedly it has been shown, gives this text:—*Je recommande M. de Chamisso, un de mes fidèles serviteurs, à mes frères.* He omits the second part, but adds: *Le roi martyr avait caché ce petit billet dans son sein pour le faire remettre à son premier page, Chamisso, oncle d'Adalbert.* In *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, Vol. VII., p. 300. The *oncle* is plainly an error for the brother. It is not the only error, by a long way, of Chateaubriand's account.

† Text in Hitzig's Life and Letters of Chamisso.—*Werke*, Vol. V. p. 8.

even admitted in 1797 as extraordinary members of the Berlin Academy of Arts. Prudent became a tutor in a Berlin family, of French origin, Eugène was received as page to Princess Ferdinand. Adelbert himself, page to the Queen of Prussia, won the very good graces of that kindly disposed lady.* She caused private lessons to be given to the lad, whose education had so far, amidst the many vicissitudes of the time, been neglected enough; she also allowed him to attend the classes of the French High School, in whose reports he is twice mentioned very honourably. In the year 1798 he entered as ensign into the Prussian infantry regiment von Goetze. Three years later he became a lieutenant in the same regiment, to which he remained attached for the rest of his military career. The family in the meanwhile availed themselves of the permission given to emigrants by Napoleon, then First Consul, to return to France, and the Queen of Prussia wrote an autograph letter to Adelbert's mother, in which she says: "*Vous ne pouvez vous attendre qu'à recevoir des nouvelles satisfaisantes de votre fils, dont la conduite mesurée et l'application le font servir de modèle à ses frères d'armes.*"

But his military duties by no means filled the young man's life entirely. He eagerly pursued the study of German, and he fell in love. He translated a French tragedy† into German prose, in which he, apparently unconsciously, slips readily into the rhythm of blank verse, but also, deliberately, in solemn passages, chooses a Greek classical metre. His French verses, addressed to a fair French widow, Cérés Duvernay, living at that time in Berlin, are neither much better nor much worse than what, in such circumstances, gifted young men are apt to

* There is a double error here in the valuable book of Lady Blennerhassett on Madame de Staël (Paris, 1890). She makes our Chamisso a miniature painter, and a page to Princess Ferdinand. The latter post, as mentioned above, fell to his brother Eugène; and Adelbert was at that time much too young to professionally practice painting, as his two elder brothers did. No doubt he had picked up some facility in drawing, which afterwards became of use to him in his scientific drawings of natural objects.

† *Le Comte de Comminge ou les amants malheureux. Drame par M. d'Arnaud.* A fourth edition of the original appeared in 1768. The original is in Alexandrins.

write. He loved the lady passionately, but was requited by a somewhat coquettish friendship only. Some years later, in 1806 at Paris, he met her again, and then he addressed her in German verse, though to no better purpose.* Gradually he dropped writing in French, except when in France, and again under the influence of the tender passion, when living at the literary court of M^{me}. de Staël, or dealing with scientific subjects in connection with his voyages. He more and more began to feel himself at home in Germany, and in German. Even with his countryman, Louis de la Foye, after the latter had permanently returned to France, he continued a most interesting correspondence, for more than thirty years, in German. But in the night before his death he spoke, in a half-conscious condition, incessantly French.†

The earnest and enthusiastic young lieutenant was, however, not satisfied by mastering German; he began too the study of Greek, which he continued with zeal even under the approaching difficulties of campaigning. Moreover he was on the point of making his *début* in actual printer's ink as a German man of letters. In 1803 he wrote his "Faust," which, later on, he characterized as an "almost boyish metaphysico-poetical attempt,"‡ and of which presently more.

It seems that by this and other poetic productions, as yet in manuscript, he became acquainted with Varnhagen von Ense, by a few years his junior,§ and this acquaintance soon ripening into a life-long friendship and leading to other friendships, tended to give Chamisso's life a greater firmness of texture and a wider horizon. Varnhagen soon found that Chamisso was *der bravste Kerl von der Welt*.|| There was formed around them a group of young poets, not unlike the Rhymers' Club of

* Their correspondence, collected by Ludmilla Assing in her book *Aus dem Nachlass Varnhagen's von Ense, Briefe von Chamisso* (and others), 1867, Bd. I, S. 135—187, forms, some evident *lacunae* notwithstanding, an attractive love-story.

† *Unausgesetzt*. Hitzig, *Leben und Briefe*.—*Werke*, Vol. VI., pp. 115-16.

‡ Dieser fast knabenhafte metaphysisch-poetische Versuch.

§ 1785—1858; philosopher, soldier, poet, diplomatist, historian. On him and his gifted wife, Rahel, likewise a friend of Chamisso's, *vide* Carlyle in *Essays*, popular Edition, Vol. VI., pp. 81—108.

|| *Denkwürdigkeiten*, Bd., II., S. 30.

these London days. Not as a poet, but as a friend, the most important of them for Chamisso was Hitzig, in those troublous times, by turns criminal lawyer and publisher, a worthy man who makes his appearance too in wicked Heine's verse.* Gradually the circle widened, and came to comprise Fouqué, Wilhelm Neumann, Neander, Ludwig Robert, Koreff, Count Lippe, and others. Later on the eccentric Werner and Hoffmann† approached this circle too. They had their "poetic teas," where they read their poems. They met at midnight, and sat far into the morning hours, often at the guard-house, between interruptions of military duties, when Chamisso was the officer of the day. They never formed a close club, but were united by enthusiastic friendship and high striving only. They had a watchword though, a battle cry: τὸ τοῦ πόλου ἄστρον. The North appeared to them the seat of intelligence; to steer by the North Star was to be their aim and task. This *parole* returns very frequently in their letters and poems. They would call it out to one another in dark and bright hours: a word of encouragement to struggle, a word of satisfaction in success.

And so they brought out, in 1804, their first venture in print—their Book of the Rhymers' Club. They called it the *Musen-almanach*. It appeared, not without the difficulties which usually meet young writers, and the expense of publishing it had ultimately to be chiefly met out of Chamisso's slender purse. Besides the contributions of the members of the group itself, it contained several pieces of verse by Fichte, whose authorship is masked by an asterisk. Standing midway between the old classical school and the new, the so-called romantic, consisting of followers of Tieck and the Schlegels, the young men were claimed on both sides as adherents and blamed as opponents. They felt, however, sufficiently encouraged to continue, and the years 1805 and 1806 saw two more of the little

* Jehuda ben Halevy, in the *Romancero*. Hoffmann & Campe's edition, 1873-74, Bd. XVIII., S. 203-5. More serious, and less good-natured, Julian Schmidt treats Hitzig, *Deutsche Literatur seit Lessing's Tod*. Bd. III., v. 20 and 29.

† On Werner, see Carlyle, *Essays*, Vol. I., pp. 74-126; on Hoffmann, pp. 250-262.

volumes, which in their correspondence are called *die Grünen*, from the colour of the booklets' covers.*

The invention of the art of printing is, on the whole, rightly considered to prevent the extinction of books. None the less that danger, if danger it is, is not always avoided. The *Musen-almanach* has nearly absolutely disappeared; of the one for 1806 the British Museum possesses a reprint. In the libraries of Dresden, Goettingen, Munich, Stuttgart, Vienna, it has been searched for in vain. Ludwig Geiger, the editor of the *Goethe Jahrbuch*, has recently reprinted it from a copy in the Royal Library of Berlin.† Of the 1804 volume, which contains Chamisso's "Faust," there is only one copy known to be extant; and, by a most curious coincidence, it was found in Goethe's library at Weimar. Of this dramatic sketch—for it is hardly more—we may justly say with Geiger, that it is a remarkable poem, full of force, and all the more remarkable for being written and published before Goethe's first "Faust" was either completely published or written. The questions of free will and necessity are here touched on. Fichte's influence is perceptible. There are some points of contact with Marlowe. Though that writer was not yet introduced into Germany, Chamisso might possibly know the "Faustus;" his English studies had just begun. Of German treatments of the Faust legend Chamisso might have before him, besides the *Volksbücher*, those of Lessing, 1759,‡ Maler Müller, 1778, and Klinger, 1791,§ and of course Goethe's "Faust, a fragment," 1790, from which Chamisso could get little or no help. Let the reader not forget that Goethe's first part in its entirety appeared in 1808 only, four years after Chamisso's sketch. Recently this Faust has been translated by Mr. Henry Phillips, an American, who

* On the whole of this period, Varnhagen's *Denkwürdigkeiten*, Bd. II., S. 49–65, may be consulted, with pleasure.

† Neudruck des Musenalmanachs auf 1806. Herausgegeben von Professor Ludwig Geiger. Berlin, Paetel, 1889.

‡ Unfinished sketch, which may be placed between 1755 and '58. Vide Mr. James Sime's Lessing, Vol. I., pp. 199–203. C. Engel's reprint, 1877, of a supposed complete and long-lost copy remains of doubtful genuineness.

§ Boettiger translated the "Life and Death of Dr. Faustus" in 1856 only.

unduly depreciates Chamisso's Schlemihl in favour of his Faust.*

We are in Faust's study, lighted by a dim cresset. He is full of doubt. The old questions recur: What is Life? What is Truth? What is the World? What is God? Is there a real World? Is there anything that is really more than what the *Ego* creates for itself? And is there a Free will? Is not everything necessity? Is not the act of our willing, itself, a delusion? Yet he feels he has a force of will, and by it conjures up Spirits.

A Good Spirit and an Evil Spirit appear, as in Marlowe. The former warns, the latter promises; the former exhorts to contentment, and refers to the Garden of Eden and the two trees; the latter opens a prospect of certainty, but only against Faust making over his soul. The Staff of doom† is magically placed in his hands,—by breaking it he is himself to decide the fate of his soul. New exhortations, new promises, whilst Faust hesitates. But he does end by breaking the staff. And now the Evil Spirit mocks him. The Certainty he has demanded will only yield him wretchedness. Doubt stands an eternal boundary to mortal ken: that is the only thing certain in this life, and the wall which bounds knowledge is razed only by death.

And vengeance waits

With savage mien, thy coming in yon land

Where never enter longing, strife or doubt,

Where at the end is found the meed of life.

Now the Evil Spirit seems to suggest suicide, and Faust declares:

It is my will to follow in thy track

Even to yon night veiled, yon hidden land of gloom.

He turns to the Evil Spirit to ask death from it; a dagger is magically put in his hand;‡ he places the point against his

* "Faust, a dramatic sketch by Adelbert von Chamisso (1803); translated from the German by Henry Phillips, junr., Philadelphia, 1881." No publisher given. The book—at any rate this special edition—is apparently printed for private circulation.

† Compare in Goethe's prison scene: *Die Glocke ruft, das Stübchen bricht.*

‡ So in Marlowe: *Faustus:*

And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.

Comp. also Spenser's "Fairy Queen," Book I., Chap. 9, Stanzas 50–51.

bosom and slowly thrusts it into his heart, expressing his conviction that he goes into damnation evermore to find in its bosom

Perchance annihilation,—or wisdom deep,—
But certainty at last!

He falls. The cresset flickers and goes out. The curtain descends slowly as the scene darkens.

In October, 1805, Lieutenant Chamisso marched out from Berlin from which he was now to be absent for a number of years. It was wrongly supposed that a campaign against Russia was on the *tapis*. Rather, there was a feeble desire to proceed farther than by impotent negotiations or offers of mediation to stand by Austria in her great struggle. *Dis aliter visum*. Austria fell unsupported by Prussia at Austerlitz, the Hohenzollerns received Hanover from the hands of Napoleon, and for the next year vengeance collected her clouds which were to burst at Jena.

Meanwhile, the regiment Goetze, like the Prussian policy, went on marching, hither and thither, eastward and westward, Chamisso writing many letters, grave, humorous, interesting, which are preserved to us, and may now serve a student as aids to produce a picture of that time. German verses, too, he wrote on these marches, and "Adelbert's Fable," in which once more the question of necessity and free-will occupies him, and he began a long poem on the legend of Fortunatus, which was never printed, but, later on, furnished a *leit-motive* in his Peter Schlemihl. His Greek, too, he earnestly continued, and his attention was divided between his Homer and Xenophon and drilling his men, between the rhythm of the verses of the Iliad and the tramping of his soldiers on the march. And so he reminds us of his countryman and contemporary, Captain Paul Louis Courier, that Napoleonic officer who, when the list came round for the election of Consul Bonaparte as emperor, wrote on it "*le capitaine Courier n'a pas besoin d'empereur*." In those years Courier and Chamisso were probably the only two military men studying Greek.

Both finished by leaving the army. "The resolve formed itself in me," says Chamisso, "to quit the military service, and to devote myself to study entirely." In June, 1806, that is

before the beginning of the war, he asked for his dismissal from the army; it was refused. Later on he repeated his request to the commander of his regiment, who declared the thing impossible, but gave him a document to the effect that he had so asked, which document Chamisso sent to Fanny Hertz, at Hamburg, requesting that it might be forwarded to his brother, and also shown to the French minister resident at Hamburg. This latter step had become advisable by a decree, issued at Bamberg by Napoleon, ordering every Frenchman who should be found in the ranks of the Germans to be placed before a court-martial, and if properly identified to be shot within twenty-four hours. This step being taken, Chamisso calmly accepted the position. "I remain, with a quiet conscience, in the ranks against myself," he writes on November 5th, and when the fortress of Hameln, where he was stationed, was, like so many other fortresses, weakly surrendered on November 20th to the French, he was among the group of officers who stoutly, though vainly, endeavoured to prevail upon the commandant to make a serious resistance. The sentiment of military honour occupied him at that crisis fully, and in the succeeding Court of inquiry, he received on March 21st, 1809, the certificate of faithful observance of his duty in active service, and acquittal of any accusation with respect to his bearing in the Hameln events.*

II.—WANDERJAHRE.

The Prussian garrison of Hameln were prisoners of war. Chamisso, free on parole, received a passport for Paris, where he arrived shortly before Christmas, 1806. But little joy awaited him here. "Is it not time," he had written to his friend shortly before the crisis of Hameln, "to cease considering the publication of an almanack as the goal of our endeavours?" He had hoped to begin a regular university career; but the *débâcle* of Prussia was, for a while, very complete. The University of Halle, whither he tended, was suppressed by Napoleon. His friends in Germany were scattered.

* Correspondence, *Werke*, V., S. 181—203. Lewald's "Europa," 1841, IV., 5. C. Fulda: *Chamisso und seine Zeit*, S. 72—74.

"Now I am here," he writes to de la Foye from Paris, "I know not yet how to disentangle myself. May God give me strength. My father is dead; my mother is dead. . . . The minutes are golden, and yet they slip away. . . . Before I can yet have well looked about me, my life will have ended. . . . Those of my family love me unspeakably, but I can be a stranger only in their houses. . . . I have no longer a house where I could dwell. . . . What has become of our fair enthusiasm, our youth, our vigour? Where are they? The air one breathes here is heavy: it is like a vapour of gold coins. . . ."

And to Varnhagen:

"Our old world no longer exists. My new one does not yet exist. I have not yet gained any repose. The roar of the immense whirl of this city stuns me. I cannot boast of anything, not even of courage. . . . I visit, but restlessly and in bad spirits, men and libraries. I have had the joy, though, to find the French manuscript of *Reinecke Fuchs*. . . . Chiefly, I do nothing."

He spent some months with relatives at Vertus and elsewhere—not happily. There had been question of a post for him at the Imperial Library, but he felt himself "not yet ripe for it." Tender bonds seemed to invite him, but he, being poor, withdrew. "I have been played with." He felt a stranger in his fatherland, could not cast an anchor that would not drag. He longed for the country of his early manhood, for his good German comrades. A little private income was assured him out of the ruins of the paternal estate; it amounted to from 200 to 300 *thalers*—about £30 to £40. It was then worth more at Berlin than it would be now. It might help to keep the wolf from the door.

He returned to Berlin in the autumn of 1807. We have a portrait of him, as he was then, by the hand of a lady*:

"Chamisso wore an elegant Polish *Kurtka*, with frogs, his black hair in natural curls, a small cap which suited him very well, and which with a light moustache gave a peculiar expression to his clever face, full of earnestness and kindness, his beautiful speaking eyes full of trustiness and thoughtfulness. Acquaintances of mine would enquire who the handsome man was who had been seen walking with me in the street. He was full of chivalrous politeness and gallantry, a heritage of his French descent, which sometimes had a touch of stiffness because it was somewhat formal, but upon the whole pro-

* Rosa Maria, Varnhagen's sister. *Freihafen*, 1839, I. *Werke*, V. 228-29. Much of this extract, as well as of subsequent ones, goes far to show the autobiographical element in Peter Schlemihl.

duced a very good impression, so that one might fancy him a knightly troubadour. With his affectionate disposition, his brilliant mind, he always knew how to take in things and events—now with earnestness and feeling, now with wit and humour, but always correctly. Sometimes he was full of brightest mirth, joyous like a child, ready for play and fun. He spoke German, indeed not without a little halting but otherwise excellently, and conversation with him was always pleasing and interesting. I liked more to hear him speak German, though his French was excellent too. All his amiable qualities, his warmth and faithfulness, his intellect and kindness, were soon manifest, and one could not but love him and grant him the fullest confidence."

So far the sister of Varnhagen, who had, in the meanwhile entered the Austrian army. Chamisso's own account of himself is far from being equally cheerful :

"Shaken in my belief in myself, without position, without duties, bowed down and mentally bruised, I spent a gloomy time at Berlin."*

Yet he took up again his poem of *Fortunatus*, and read all sorts of things without steadily pursuing anything, when he was recalled to France, by the influence of a friend, to assume a professorship at the Lycée of Napoléonville in Brittany.† All seemed to have been fairly settled by the official folks at Paris, but from Napoléonville came the news that it was all a mistake: there was no vacancy. He received new promises which led to nothing from the official people. But he met with friends, made new ones, more especially Uhland, of whom he speaks most warmly, and the poetess Helmina von Chezy, who is, nowadays, perhaps best, or only, known for having furnished Weber with the libretto for his *Euryanthe*. He joined that lady in working at the translation of A. W. Schlegel's *Vorlesungen über dramatische Kunst und Literatur*. It was by this lady, it seems,

* *Werke*, Vol. I., p. 7.

† The reader will look in vain on a modern map for this place. It is a little town in Morbihan, about thirty miles from Vannes. It used to be the capital of the Duchy of Rohan; it was then called Pontivy. Napoleon I. enlarged and beautified the place, and gave it his name. It had to put that grandeur off again when the Bourbons returned in 1814. After the fall of Louis Philippe it was Napoléonville again, but in 1870, after Sedan, its name returned to Pontivy once more. So it is called—henceforth or for the present.—M. N. Bouillet, *Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Géographie*, 28me édition.

that Chamisso was brought into personal contact with Schlegel, and by the latter with M^{me}. de Staël.*

Invited in June, 1810, to M^{me}. de Staël, who held her court, the court of an exile feared by the great Napoleon, and tyrannised over by the small Schlegel, at Chaumont, he spent there some months in a highly interesting circle, engaged in rendering literary assistance. The translation of Schlegel's "Dramatic Art and Literature" was being continued. M^{me}. de Staël herself was at work at her great book *de l'Allemagne*.

"Everyone writes here," he says, in a letter to Fouqué, "and no one any longer reads, unless the thing he has just read enables him to go on writing. Oh, you writing folks! ought you not to arrive at the wish that there should be more fellows like me, who would be content to read, and purely to rejoice in your doings. See, my good, dear man, all I wish is to have lady friends in the persons of the Muses, books open to me in all tongues, of all ages, and not to write, not to write, unless the moment should come when the spirit were to seize me, and I had to write, thus coerced. Are then beautiful things only to be used, instead of being simply enjoyed?"

But criticism and analysis prevailed at Chaumont, and were flanked by carping jealousy among that highly intellectual circle of M^{me}. de Staël's, which also comprised the Duke Matthieu de Montmorency,† the bright M^{me}. Récamier,‡—these two soon ordered off by special command of Napoleon,—M. de Sabran, and, later on, Sismondi and Benjamin Constant. Our Chamisso, an inveterate smoker and otherwise with some confirmed bachelor-habits growing upon him, without having, so far, achieved something striking, felt himself alternately attracted and repelled. He professed, at that time, not more than high esteem for the lady, who granted him some of her confidence, and was not above coquetting with him. He was

* *Werke*, V., S. 282, 283. Lady Blennerhassett says, by Barante. Nothing in the letters proves or disproves this, but the above supposition appears more natural. Personal connection with Barante himself seems to belong to a later stage in Chamisso's life, as certainly does his stay with Barante. It falls between Chamisso's first and second visit to Madame de Staël, to whom he returned on leaving Barante. *Vide* the brief autobiographical notice, *Werke*, I., p. 7, also V., pp. 298 and 312. A line in Koch's edition of Chamisso, Bd. I., v. 314, which reaches us during the printing of this, appears to be conclusive. The poet there addressing Barante, says: "*Die hohe Herrin hat mich dir gegeben.*"

† 1766—1826.

‡ 1777—1849.

among that circle, not quite of it. And so he says, with scarce a shade of bitterness in one of his letters:—

“To the spirits which dwell in this old castle I might well say: ‘*Ich bin’s, bin Faust, bin deinesgleichen*’; however, I find it more comfortable to only write this.”*

Of M^{me}. de Staël herself he writes to Fouqué:

“This world, which wishes to attract me, is yet, with all its *savoir-faire*, towards me awkward in its bearing; it calls forth in me only the picture of a charming hermitage in the Alps, or of the Forest of Arden in ‘As You Like It.’ And yet much has been done to make me at home here. The Staël is a rare and very remarkable being. The seriousness of the Germans, the glow of the South, the forms of the French. She approaches thought only on the side of feeling; she has no sense for painting—music is to her everything. She lives in sound only. Music must surround her when she writes, and, at bottom, what she writes is music only. As to the geometry of life, it fares ill; she feels equal enthusiasm for liberty and chivalry. She is *distinguée*, nay, as far as concerns herself, a thorough aristocrat. She knows that herself, and whatever she knows she tells her friends. She is a personage out of a tragic play: she must receive crowns, or give them, or throw them away. She has lived in the region where the political thunderstorms were formed that decided the fate of the globe. She must hear the noise at least of the carriage-wheels in the capital; she languishes in exile.”

On August Wilhelm Schlegel, the leader of the so-called Romantic School, he writes to Wilhelm Neumann:

“... *ad vocem* Wilhelm, I am now here with that other Wilhelm, Wilhelm the great, whose name has been borrowed by the *ci-devant* Schlegelians, at the tail of which sect we, too, once marched, not without a timid pride. I now think with laughter, and yet not without sadness, of that time when we, so innocent, so helplessly admiring, so enthusiastically adoring, should have tremblingly quivered in our innermost gushing hearts, if only the Master’s shadow, slantingly thrown by the moon in her first quarter, had but lightly touched any of us. But now the man sits by me and quite calmly mends my pen whilst I write to you; we work together, and in the end, with all his mildness, his refinement, his exquisite politeness, it is I who see the shortcomings of the other best.”

We must limit these extracts. It is, perhaps, a pity that Lady Blennerhassett, who had ample space at her disposal within the covers of her three stout volumes, was content to get her impression of this time from C. Fulda’s book. Still her theme was M^{me}. de Staël, not Chamisso. Some other opportunity may allow of these letters being looked to more closely,

* Letter to Varnhagen, July 27th, 1810.

together with the characteristic *billets* which, under the name of *petite-poste*, went to and fro between her and the Châtelaïne, as well as between her and others of her guests who, it appears, did not preserve these little testimonies of friendship and harmless *coquetterie d'esprit*.*

From Chaumont M^{me}. de Staël and her Court had gone to Fossé by Blois. Then came the decree of expulsion. The choice was left her to embark in a French port for America, or go to Coppet, her late father's—M. Necker—estate near Geneva. She chose the latter. Chamisso went in September or October, 1810, to Prosper Barante,† the historian and, at a later period, translator of Schiller's dramatic works, to help him in his German studies and also to further Schlegel's book. Though a youngish man—the revolutionary era ripened men early, when it did not kill them—Baron Barante had already arrived at some literary distinction by his book "*Sur la littérature du XVIII. siècle*," and had in political life risen to the office of *Préfet*—or Lord-Lieutenant—of the Department of Vendée. He resided at Napoléon,‡—not to be confounded with the Napoléonville previously mentioned—and there Chamisso lived and worked with him till the spring of 1811. He there continued the studies he had begun at Paris of the older French literature,—*Märchen*, *Volksbücher*, *fabliaux*,—he

* *Werke*, V., 293–311; and again, 349–371. Also VI., 264–272, with its abrupt end. An error of Lady Blennerhassett's (French edition, t. III., p. 350) may here be noted. We read there: "Avec Varnhagen était venu à Paris son ami Adalbert de Chamisso, &c." Chamisso arrived in Paris in December, 1809; in June, 1810, Varnhagen, in Austrian service, was at Prague. In July Chamisso was at Chaumont, and Varnhagen arrived at Paris.

† 1782–1866.

‡ It was formerly only a castle with a townlet—La Roche-sur-Yon. The town was nearly destroyed in 1793 during the Vendean War. In 1804 Napoleon, wishing to place the chief town of the department in the centre of the Bocage district, whence he feared another rising, chose the burnt-out homesteads of La Roche, and founded a new town there, to which he gave his name. In 1814 it was debaptised, and called Bourbon-Vendée; from 1848 to 1870 it became again Napoléon-Vendée; and after Sedan it had to re-descend to its older and humbler name of La Roche-sur-Yon. There, for the present, the matter remains. The town has about 8,300 inhabitants. Bouillet, edition 1884.

would have qualified now-a-days as a member of the Folk Lore Society. He also occupied himself with manuscript *mémoires* about the Vendée, and took up his English once more, reading Shakespere.

In the autumn of 1811 M^{me}. de Staël called him back to her at Coppet,* and he stayed with this "grandly admirable woman" till her flight; faithful, though in the end disappointed, passing unforgettable days.† He had intended to depart, but

"... To leave her now, not to hold out by her, until the knot of her fate is loosened, were difficult indeed. For she is very unhappy; a curse descends on whomsoever loves her. All her friends are being scared away from her. But whoever has for a while shared her happiness cannot easily turn away from her now that she feels the want of friendly intercourse with cultivated people, which is the true element of her life, and is so begrudged to her. She honours and values my character. At the time of my first stay here she indeed felt greatly attracted to me, but this time I found her engaged in a relation which put a great distance between us, and so we became cold to one another. She calls me proud, and I have really to be on my defence towards her, as to a superior power, and she respects that in me. On the occasion of my intended departure we have again exchanged a firm grip of the hand. Here are the verses I addressed to her. With all friendship I calmly recognise, by the heart as well as the intellect, that we can touch hand only over a barrier. I feel now quite free from constraint, and from desire. . . . She remains here over winter, unless she receive in a French port a ship for America, and in that case. . . "

he would follow her too. That plan was later on—1815—again mooted by Auguste, the son, but by that time Chamisso had entered on another undertaking—the circumnavigation of the globe, and the project to form a colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence came to nothing.‡

The relation alluded to was M^{me}. de Staël's *liaison* with de Rocca, a French officer of proved bravery, but opposed to Napoleon's warlike policy. Marriage followed, which the lady thought necessary to keep a secret—as long as might be; but a child was born. Here are Chamisso's lines of adieu §:—

* *Werke*, I, p. 7. In the letters there is a hiatus, from the "beginning of 1811" to "September."

† *Ibid.* *Grossartig wunderbar.*

‡ *Werke*, I, pp. 11-12.

§ Incomplete and different versions are given by Lady Blennerhassett and by Ampère. The complete one is taken from *Werke*, v. 350-51.

" *J'ai vu la Grèce, et retourne en Scythie,
 Dans mes forêts je retourne cacher
 Mes fiers dédains et ma mélancolie.
 Rien désormais ne m'en peut arracher.
 Adieu, Corinne, adieu, c'est pour la vie.
 Là j'expierai l'erreur qui m'est ravie;
 Ta douce voix a trop su m'allécher.
 Corinne, adieu : tu n'es point mon amie.
 J'ai vu.
 Désabusé, je connais ma folie,
 Je vois les fleurs tomber et se sécher,
 Je vois déjà ma jeunesse flétrie
 Vers son déclin dans l'ombre se pencher;
 Et sans jouir, pour tout prix de la vie,
 J'ai vu."*

In Lady Blennerhassett's book her fragment of the above is followed by some more French verses, which are likewise, but erroneously, ascribed to Chamisso. In reality they are Sismondi's, who also adored the lady, and are addressed to Chamisso in reply to some German verses of the latter.*

These matters may be fitly interrupted by a detail of the greatest importance, and which became decisive for Chamisso's life and scientific career. That affectionate biographer, Hitzig, who appreciated the good man and the poet, but understood the scientific occupations of his friend as little as did Schiller those of Goethe, mentions the matter in a footnote.† Chamisso,‡ during his stay with M^{me}. de Staël, occupied himself again with the study of English and Shakespere, and reported this to his friend de la Foye. The latter replied that "when a man is staying where you are, his business is not to learn English, but to study botany." Chamisso followed the hint. "*Das war mir anschaulich, und ich that also!*"

The book, "*De l'Allemagne*," began to produce its effects, at first painful for M^{me}. de Staël. She could no longer remain

* Lady Blennerhassett, Vol. III., pp. 358-59. In the French edition of that lady's excellent book, Vol. III., p. 413, the error is silently corrected, and the verses—

J'éprouve aussi la souffrance, &c.,
 are restored to their real author.

† *Werke*, v. 270, Comp. also, vi. 193-94.

‡ Schiller to Körner.

within the range of Napoleon's power: she fled from Coppet to Austria, thence to Russia. Chamisso was, in his own words, a helper in this flight, in which secrecy was indispensable. His co-operation is not mentioned in Lady Blennerhassett's book, nor in M^{me}. Necker de Saussure's notice, nor in M^{me}. de Staël's own "*Dix années d'exil*." But his own words are: "*ich war mitwirkender Zeuge ihrer Flucht*," and they are the words of a most veracious and single-hearted man.

He continued for some months with his friend Auguste de Staël, the eldest son, at Coppet; then in August, 1812, he set out for Berlin, travelling chiefly on foot and botanising the while. "*Es ist unglaublich, wie gut meine Beine sind*." In autumn he began at Berlin his university studies, being then in his thirty-second year—anatomy, physiology, zoology, botany, a medical cursus; not with a view to practice, but to arrive at a comprehensive scientific knowledge, in order to be fit, in a few years, for joining any exploring expedition. "At what university he had carried on his previous studies?" he was asked in the dissecting-room by the presiding professor, who was much satisfied with his work. "In the regiment von Goetze" he could answer, as a man who had a right to look back not without satisfaction on his old path, and courageously start forward on the new. And the answer earned him praise.

But the year 1813 saw the rising of the German nation against the oppressor Napoleon. Chamisso's feeling was now very different, at any rate much more intense, towards this new war, from what it had been in 1806. He was deeply affected by the discord between his native and adopted country. "The time has no sword for me." And again:

The great events of the year 1813, in which it was not permissible to me to take an active part—for I no longer had a country, or had not yet a country—harassed me in many ways, but did not turn me from my path.

He was ill at ease and irritated. Friends procured him an asylum in the family von Itzenplitz, at their country house of Kunersdorf, where he wrote his "Peter Schlemihl,"* originally

* The word is slang, was once even rogues' slang only, and has been explained as applying to a man who is negligently bearing much in going through life, without offering much resistance. The Italian *poco curante*,

proceeding from tales he told the children of his friend Hitzig. The book, begun in play, grew into depth.

It announces itself to us as a wonderful story. It is phantastic. Some there are who reject the phantastic, the purely wondrous, pooh pooh "She," and forget that they once were enrapt with the "Odyssey," the "Arabian Nights," with "Cinderella," and "Alice in Wonderland." Schlemihl arose in the time when Romance and the wildly Wonderful were close friends, a period which may perhaps be said to reach from Beckford's Vathek (1787) down to Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823). The sentimental and homely story, from Richardson to the "Vicar of Wakefield," had preceded, and the phantastic passed over into Walter Scott's Historical Romance, and finally into photography as practised by Anthony Trollope. Poor Phantasy still even then gave a little sign of life, as in Douglas Jerrold's unduly-forgotten "Man made of Money." And she is surely as legitimate a favourite of the Muses as Becky Sharp, as that charming Nurse Brandon, or perhaps as Hedda Gabler. Why should we find fault with variety of tastes? Why not admit Voltaire's healthy dictum, "*tous les genres sont bons, hormis le genre ennuyeux*?" The premisses of Schlemihl are impossible; granted. So are those of Hamlet, of Macbeth, impossible within the circle of our nineteenth century experience. So are in all centuries those of the undying Helena of Goethe's Faust; so those of Faust

perhaps even the French *insouciant*, came near without exactly hitting this side of the character. The other side, as of one who suffers much from misfortune, or perhaps better from mischance, is to be kept in view. Weigand refers it to the Hebrew name *shlumiel*, a friend of God, from *shlomi* = peaceful, and *el* = God, whence a man who, without grumbling against Providence, "lets things pass over him." *Deutsches Wörterbuch* vol. II. p. 587. *Heine, Werke*, Bd. XVIII. 203-206, may be consulted about the Schlemihls, one of whose ancestors is Apollo himself, who seizes but the laurel instead of Daphne, and another is Ben Zury Shadday, who, according to Tradition, and in contradiction to Numbers XXV., 7-15, was killed, in mischance instead of Zimri, by the spear of Phinehas. And the poet continues:

*Längst ist auch der Pinhas todt.—
Doch sein Speer hat sich erhalten,
Und wir hören ihn beständig
Ueber unsre Häupter schwirren,
Und die besten Herzen trifft er—*

itself. Who would be without that Helen? Who without those master works? Not what the premisses are is of much consequence, or of any, as a test, but what the structure is that is erected on these premisses. Herein lies the question of verisimilitude. Schlemihl belongs to the period when Undine was created. For the rest, it is a book which a child or grown person may read for the story only, as he may read the outlines of Don Quixote or Gulliver; and like these, it is a book which probably grew in depth out of its first outline in the author's mind.

Is there a teaching in Schlemihl? I believe there is; and a high and deep one. Chamisso has never explained himself about it—seems from his own words to have created the thing half unconsciously; weaving together some autobiographical facts, and going along almost listlessly on the path Phantasy would lead him. Yet not quite so, for we see from one or two of his letters that some chapters gave him great trouble. So Goethe would not explain some dark passages in Faust. When asked by Eckermann what the meaning of the mysterious Mothers was in the second Faust, he evaded the question, saying merely, with the words of his text:*

Die Mütter! Mütter! 's klingt so wunderbar,

and on a similar occasion he said about this second Faust: "*Ich habe da vieles hineingeheimnisst.*"

Some explanations have been attempted: one by an honoured member of our Society struck me as odd, as perhaps the one I am going to offer you may strike you. He thinks the story allegorises the downfall of the Holy Roman Empire. The lines from the first Faust must have been present in his mind at the time:

*Das liebe heilige römische Reich
Wie hält 's nur noch zusammen?*

That Empire had indeed become *shadowy* enough, and that may have led our friend to his interpretation.

Remember that Schlemihl was written long before the second Faust, though the first, in its essentially final form—

* Eckermann II., 116.

leaving the story and the moral still incomplete—was, since 1808, before him.

Goethe deepened Marlowe; Chamisso deepened the legend likewise, though not quite in Goethe's way; and his story, too, has a second part.

In Marlowe's "*Faustus*" a treaty is made with Mephistophilis* for a definite time, in return for which the evil spirit gives instant satisfaction. Goethe's Faust requires, in exchange for his soul, the gratifications which he is, at the moment of the treaty, convinced the Devil (the poor Devil—*der arme Teufel*) cannot give him:

"Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen,
Verweile doch! du bist so schön
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn!"

But that moment never comes in the first Faust, only in the second it comes, and only nearly, and only when Faust, grown very old, has turned from self-gratification to devoting himself to the general good, and Mercy can intervene for him as she did for Marguerite.

Now this was not the line of thought into which Chamisso struck. Both Marlowe and Goethe and a host of other Faust writers, Chamisso himself, in his early Faust, as we have seen, bargain away the soul on certain conditions, being greatly tempted. Schlemihl does *not* bargain away his soul, which is an essential thing, the very essence of man. What, greatly tempted too, he does bargain away is the unessential thing, or what appears to him so, the shadow, the appearance. But his fellow men and women do not treat appearance so lightly. He finds that his possession of inexhaustible riches, devil-granted, and the absence of a shadow, spreads misery all around him, and from small beginnings fills himself with utmost misery. Having fallen a victim to treachery he has to flee, and but momentarily regains his shadow. He is to reacquire it on promising his soul. Though sorely tempted he will not give that promise. But difficulties thicken around him. Then, in

* Marlowe's form of the name.

an extreme moment he insists on *his* Mephistophiles informing him what has become of that millionaire whom he first met when he himself was in abject poverty, and in whose home the mysterious man in gray played so important a part. The hero stands at the brink of a precipice, in vain he offers once more to return the purse of Fortunatus for his shadow. The pale cadaverous shadow of the millionaire once "shining in corpulent self-contentedness" is drawn forth, his lips move to utter the fact: "Justo judicio Dei condemnatus sum!" Schlemihl rapidly conceives a heroic resolve; he throws the purse into the abyss; rejects for ever the man in gray who disappears, never to return. His shadow will never be offered to him again. Thus ends the first part.

He is without money, as well as without shadow, and without possibility of gaining any money; for the experience that he cannot peacefully move about among men is amply made. But he has his soul. Scarcely the soles of his boots, for tramping along aimlessly, they soon are worn out. He finds a few gold pieces still in his pockets, comes to a fair where a fine-looking friendly boy—no doubt a fairy or good genius—sells him a pair of boots. In sad thoughts he marches forward, gradually perceives rapid changes in his surroundings; incredible variations in climates, in the dress and manners of the people he sees; he becomes conscious that his slowest steps made him stride over enormous distances. He has got the famous "Seven League Boots" on; he resolves to lead the life of an Explorer, a Discoverer, but he wants a means to moderate his progress; that can be done by slippers when put over the boots, thus he can leisurely survey small spaces. To Botany he devotes himself; what a noble and unsolitary thought to furnish the world with a knowledge of its complete Flora! Once on stepping out to save himself from a Polar Bear, he loses one of his slippers, like Cinderella, but there is no prince in it nor Princess, only a wife or nearly so. Necessarily, in his wide stride with one foot he cannot bring up the other, and falls into the sea. Long unconscious he finds himself, on his senses gradually returning, in a place called *Schlemihlium*. A lady, lovely but of sad aspect, and a worthy man, her confidential attendant, take care of him

in his illness. He recognises without himself being recognised her who was to have become his wife, and his faithful servant (who by the way bears the name of Bendel, Lieutenant Chamisso's trusty soldier-servant in his campaigning days). The other servant, properly called Rascal, who had amassed great riches by enormously robbing his master, and having thus become an intensely respectable man, had after betraying Schlemihl married Mina, cajoled into the marriage by her parents; has at last, after many further rascalities, been properly hanged, and out of the remains of the fortune this hospital was founded by the widow. Schlemihl does not make himself known; he is too well aware that to connect himself with his former past is impossible. Impossible it is to live again that which has been lived. Recovered, he goes away, leaving a written memorial of thanks and reconciliation. Another grief is not spared him; he cannot complete the *Flora*. There are seas over which no bridge of islands leads that he could bestride even with seven league boots. Man's life, even this now past life of Schlemihl, is always limited. Every ideal aim finds barriers of reality opposing its realisation. But he goes on living in a cave in the Nubian desert where a faithful dog is his companion, greeting him joyfully on his return from his excursions. And on foggy days he can venture among men—we ought often to meet him in London—to buy new instruments or papers for which he pays with elephants' teeth, that are handy to him, like to another Emin Pasha, and his MSS. and Herbarium shall be deposited in the Museum of the Berlin University.

Not every point—of which I have passed by many—in such a story is necessarily to be interpreted as tending to explain its central thought; and the scientific detail in the latter part seems probably to many of us a little far-fetched. The field of public usefulness which the hero selects towards the end of Goethe's second *Faust* appeals probably to the sympathies of a greater number. But just as gaining the ground from the water is an enlargement of what Goethe himself, as Weimar minister, really did on a smaller scale, so the botany part in Schlemihl corresponds to what filled much of Chamisso's time at that period of his life, and, moreover it is curiously prophetic

of the turn his life actually did take a few years later, when he set out on a three-years' tour of exploration.

What is the shadow—the unessential? It may be many things. A disregard, on the whole, of what mankind or society expects to see: not the innermost kernel of a man's (or woman's) life, but a departure in the outward forms—the accustomed or expected belongings of a person who wishes to live with his fellow-men, yet is wanting in some point which to them appears necessarily, essentially, a mark of regularity, or even of harmony between being and seeming, from the absence of which wholly unexpected misrelations and mischiefs may flow. It may be, *e.g.*, an act of unconventionality in the relations of the sexes, a disregard of what law and custom order. An instance of that may be found in the case of a great authoress. In Goethe's life is a similar episode. Sometimes whole classes were made into Schlemihls by a want of falling in with the prevailing religion, as Catholics before emancipation. Again Heine, lightly changing his religion, suffered, more or less, all his life for an act which to him had appeared a matter unessential enough. In Chamisso's case it was the want of those links which bind a man to his native country, more especially when the adopted country and the native one are in conflict. He, a Frenchman, was in a false position in the German army. "*Es gibt kein Schwert für mich in diesem Krieg,*" he complains. And again: "I have no longer a country; I do not yet belong to another." He was like a tree without roots in the ground, only branching out in lateral activity; but when he returned from his three years' exploration he was no longer Peter Schlemihl.

It was not very long after the publication and the rapid success of Schlemihl that Chamisso felt his studies had fitted him to go on an exploring expedition. He even entered on a negotiation to that effect. He was to accompany the Prince of Neuwied—one of whose relations, the present Queen of Roumania, has since attained, under the name of Carmen Sylva, a certain literary celebrity—on his expedition to Brazil; but the negotiation fell through, because in this expedition the naturalist was to bear his share of expenses, and the purse of

Fortunatus was not in Adelbert Schlemihl's hands. Chamisso felt he was drifting more and more into a state of hopeless resignation, when, one day being at his friend Hitzig's, he took up a newspaper in which there was question of an expedition of discovery to the Polar Regions, being fitted out by Count Romanzoff, under the command of Captain Kotzebue; one of the aims being a north-east passage from the Sea of Behring. "I wish I were with those Russians at the North Pole," Chamisso exclaimed impatiently. "Are you serious?" replied his friend. "Quite." "Then get me immediately testimonials about your fitness." Hitzig had connections in Russia. It turned out that a naturalist had been appointed—Professor Ledebour; his weak health prevented him from going. Chamisso got the appointment. It was before the days of ocean steamers, and globe-trotting had not been invented. They lingered for years in Polynesia, of which Chamisso's account is most interesting. In Kamtschatka, where there were at that time two postal deliveries a year, he found a portrait of Madame Récamier and a Dutch translation of Peter Schlemihl. There were drawbacks in his position, but even with these he was now in a congenial occupation. His striving was rewarded. *Τὸ τοῦ πόλου ἄστρον.*

III.—INTERMEZZO.

Whilst Chamisso is on his three years' voyage, the details of which are published in Kotzebue's Account*, and his own *Tagebuch* and *Bemerkungen und Ansichten*, as well as in Choris' *Voyage pittoresque*,†—but to enter on which would require an evening for itself, and had, if treated at all, better be wrestled with by one with a good scientific armour on—say Mr. Weiss—let us have a little intermezzo, in which I would attempt to show

* O. von Kotzebue, Entdeckungsreise, Weimar, 1821. English edition, London, Longmans, 1821. Vide a review of this in the "Quarterly" for 1822, No. LII., pp. 341—364.

† Voyage pittoresque autour du monde, par M. Louis Choris, peintre. Accompagné de descriptions par M. le Baron Cuvier, et M. A. de Chamisso, Paris, F. Didot, 1822.

or remind you how often you may have come, or may yet come, across Chamisso's name or work in other fields of your pursuits.

If you are musicians, or lovers of music, there are Schumann's charming compositions of the songs comprised under the name of *Frauen-liebe und Leben*. In literature, we have connected him with the great cycle of *Faust*-writers. As to Ampère, I have already dwelt on him.

So I have shown our Chamisso in connection with M^{me}. de Staël, and Lady Blennerhassett's book on her, M^{me}. Récamier, the historian Barante, A. Wilh. von Schlegel, and others.

But you will likewise find an account of a visit of Chateaubriand's to Chamisso at Berlin, in the former's *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*.*

Chateaubriand closes his account of Chamisso with these words: "Le héros d'Adalbert, Peter Schlémill (*sic*) avait vendu son ombre au diable; j'aurais mieux aimé lui vendre mon corps."

Twice will you find in Carlyle's *Essay* on Varnhagen and his gifted wife a mention of Chamisso, whose writings however he seems not to have known directly, whilst he was personally acquainted with Varnhagen, whom he visited at Berlin; and to their common friend Hitzig, you find friendly and appreciative reference in Carlyle's *Essay* on Hoffmann.

But Chamisso, on his side, knew well some of Carlyle's writings, at least, that book which, in speaking of the latter, is generally put in the foreground—"Sartor Resartus." There existed at Berlin in 1830 a *Gesellschaft für ausländische schöne Litteratur*. Perhaps it had grown out of the *Mittwochs* Gesellschaft, on which we heard Ampère, or was the same under a new name: we find about the same Members' Roll in both. To this Society Goethe, as already mentioned, introduced Carlyle, on the ground of his life of Schiller; and he was duly elected a member. Later on it fell to Chamisso to report to the Society on "Sartor Resartus." I have not been able to find whether his report was preserved.

Heine has spoken of Chamisso with high admiration in the

* Vol. 7, pp. 300 *et seq.*

Romantische Schule,* in the Preface to the *Wintermärchen*,† in *Atta Troll*,

Klang das nicht wie Jugendträume,
Die ich träumte mit Chamisso
Und Brentano und Fouqué
In den blauen Mondscheinnächten?‡

and in the *Romancero*.§

The fine arts have not been without finding materials in Chamisso. I remind you of Cruickshank's illustrations to Schlemihl, of which the greater part is reproduced in a popular edition. M. Myrbach and M. Pille have furnished other drawings, to my taste somewhat over-realistic, to both Schlemihl and the Poems, in the two most recent French *éditions de luxe*.||

Of another character are Thumann's large drawings to *Frauen-Liebe und Leben*.¶

If we turn to science we first find in the Behring Sea Chamisso Island, and twice or three times a mention of Chamisso, in Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle,"** on drifted seeds and trees, and on coral reefs; Darwin mentioning, not with entire agreement, but with respect, Chamisso's theory of the Atolls, on which Darwin himself formed an explanation, which down to these days found acceptance.

It may be mentioned that Chamisso complains that his contributions to Kotzebue's Account of the Voyage of Exploration (1822) were mutilated, and that the former traditional views on the Atolls were allowed to reappear; "views," he says, "which I thought a principal merit of mine to have refuted." His own views appearing as "*Notice sur les îles de corail du grand Océan*," in the "*Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*," No. 19, 1821.

If we descend from the discovery of an island to that of plants, you all know the *Eschscholtzia*, which was found in the then wild California by Chamisso, and so named in honour

* Heine, *Werke*, Bd. VI., 27-68. † Heine, *Werke*, Bd. XV., 10.

‡ Heine, *Werke*, Bd. XVII., 110. § Heine, *Werke*, Bd. XVII., 203-206.

|| The former, 1887, introduced by H. Fouquier, the latter by Auguste Dietrich, Paris, 1888.

¶ The twentieth edition of these illustrations (with text) is advertised in the "*Deutsche Rundschau*," 1891, Bd. 1869, S. 473.

** In the popular edition, pp. 430, 436, 440.

of his fellow-traveller.* Whilst the *Achyranthes Chamissoa*, which may also be known to some of you, was consecrated by Kunth to Chamisso's honour.

Such honour is also bestowed on a beetle, the *Carabus Chamissonis*, and on a very beautiful butterfly, the *Papilio Chamissonia*,† from the South Pacific, somewhat like our swallow-tail, but with blunted tips to the wings, and very fine as to colour—black, white, and red; the Germans might have taken from it their new-fashioned national flag.

A very important position in biology is occupied by Chamisso, in that to him belongs the first discovery in the domain of that alternation of generation which since his days has offered so wide a field to observers. Mr. George Busk says on this question: "Chamisso's 'Observations,' published so far back as 1819, on the apparent alternations of generation in the *Salpae*,‡ may perhaps be considered as offering the earliest glimpse of the subject."§ His German biographer, Hitzig, lovingly depicting the poet and the friend, seems to have had no eye for this and other similar matters of scientific interest.||

* *Eschscholtzia californica*. Eschholtz, born 1793 at Dorpat, where he died 1831.

† It is very finely figured on Plate XI. in Vol. III. of Otto von Kotzebue, *Entdeckungsreise in die Süd See und nach der Beringstrasse zur Erforschung einer nördöstlichen Durchfahrt*, 1815—16—17—18. Dritter Band: Bemerkungen und Ansichten von dem Naturforscher der Expedition, A. von Chamisso, der Philosophie Doctor, der Kaiserlich Leopoldinischen Akademie, wie auch der Gesellschaften der Naturforscher zu Berlin, Moskau, Leipzig, &c. Mitglied. τὸ τοῦ πλόου ἄστρον. Weimar, Gebrüder Hoffmann, 1821. [N.B.—The plates of lepidoptera are not in the English edition, Longmans, 1821.]

‡ Chamisso's notice of *Salpa*, 1819, was followed in 1821 by the (illustrated) Essay *De animalibus quibusdam e classe vermium Linnæ in circumnavigatione terræ observatis* (in the Br. Mus. Library).

§ Publications of the Ray Society. On the alternation of generations, by J. Japetus Steenstrup, translated by George Busk, 1845, VIII., and 132 pp., page 5. Compare also the Preface to the German translation, by C. H. Lorenzen, page 3; and Steenstrup, Chap. III., pp. 38—51.

|| This observation also applies to Chamisso's last biographer, Professor Max Koch, who, in the first volume of his valuable edition of Chamisso's works, page 53, merely registers the titles of the two writings in question, apparently quite unconscious of the importance of the matter. So, too, Goethe's scientific endeavours were passed by, coldly, by most of his distinguished contemporaries, from Schiller to Börne; coldly, if not with a sneer.

On the other hand the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' does full justice to the matter in saying "Chamisso, in 1820, made the important discovery that *Salpa*, in its life-history, passes through the series of changes which were afterwards more fully described by Steenstrup in 1842 as 'alternation of generations.' . . . It has since been found that this observation holds good for all groups of the Tunicata."*

There are numerous publications, or contributions to the publications of others, in which Chamisso extended the knowledge of botany. Above fifty previously unknown plants from the northern regions alone he brought to Germany,† and his labours towards the spread of botanical knowledge were comprehensive. Without placing him in the very first rank, Schlechtendal, in 1839, summed up his merit by the words, "Among botanists his memory will be a lasting one."‡ And a later fellow-worker in the same field, Ascherson, at a meeting of the Botanical Society of the Province of Brandenburg on January 28th, 1881, said: "Chamisso brings before us the plants in living and plastic features as very few naturalists have known how to do. And the judgment expressed in him by Schlechtendal remains, after nearly half-a-century, as true to-day as it was then; as botanist, too, the memory of Chamisso will be lasting."

Finally, "and this judgment is alone worth all the others. Alexander von Humboldt has often repeated that Goethe and Chamisso would have to be counted amongst the most illustrious of all naturalists if they had concentrated their powers solely on the domain of scientific research."§

* In article Tunicata, p. 185, contributed by W. A. Herdman, D.Sc., Professor of Natural History, Universal History, Liverpool. E. Ray Lankester's Zoological Articles contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica. London, Black, 1891; VII., and 195 pp.

† Plantae arcticae ex insulis et littoribus cis et trans fretum Beeringianum a Chamisso collectae.

‡ Dem Andenken von Adelbert von Chamisso als Botaniker, in the periodical "Linnæa," Vol. XIII., pp. 92—112. In the Library of the British Museum.

§ Auguste Dietrich: Adelbert Chamisso, Schlämihl et choix de poésies. Etude, p. XLI.

IV.—MEISTERJAHRE.

Amidst the moving scenes of his three years' voyage round the globe, in the Arctic and Antarctic seas, his stay in the glacial parts, his intimate and loving intercourse with the natives of Hawai and the Marshall Islands, many of them then but lightly, or not at all, touched by the enlightenment and the vices of Europe, and attracting him in many ways, but very few sounds proceeded from Chamisso's lyre. No doubt, and as was but just, scientific matters chiefly occupied his mind, and though poetic impressions were not wanting, they mostly furnished material only for poems which saw much later the hour of their birth. We find little verse in his papers of that period beyond a bit of translation from Homer and some sad stanzas written in the Behring Sea, a locality that seems indeed more likely to provoke fishy quarrels than to inspire gentle emotions. But when, after some stay in London and at St. Petersburg, the Frenchman set foot on German ground again, he indited, at Swinemünde in the Baltic, this touching greeting and prayer to his adopted country:

*Heimkehret fernher, aus den fremden Landen,
In seiner Seele tief bewegt der Wanderer;
Er legt von sich den Stab und knieet nieder,
Und feuchtet deinen Schooss mit stillen Thränen,
O deutsche Heimath!—Woll' ihm nicht versagen
Für viele Liebe nur die eine Bitte:
Wann müd' am Abend seine Augen sinken,
Auf deinem Grunde lass' den Stein ihn finden,
Darunter er zum Schlaf sein Haupt verberge.*

He was indeed destined to be, henceforth, no longer the shadowless Schlemihl. And twelve years later, at Berlin, he could begin another bit of autobiographic verse with the expression of satisfaction that, so far as life had then sped, his prayer was amply fulfilled:

*Du, meine liebe deutsche Heimath, hast
Warum ich bat, und mehr noch mir gegeben;
Du liessest freundlich dem gebeugten Gast
Die eigne traute Hütte sich erheben,
Und der bescheid'ne kleine Raum umfasst
Ein neuerwachtes heitres reiches Leben;
Ich habe nicht zu bitten, noch zu klagen,
Dir nur aus frommem Herzen Dank zu sagen.*

He had, in the first instance, to finish the task of editing his views and observations, as contributions to Captain Kotzebue's extensive work on the voyage,* which, so far as the discovery of a north-east passage was concerned, remained a failure. This task, from the peculiar bearing of the Russian captain, could give him little satisfaction. But in all other ways the ship of his life had entered into calmer waters and was surrounded by gentle airs. The circle of true friends which received him on his return grew from year to year, till, towards the end of his existence, he became an acknowledged favourite of the nation with whom he had cast in his lot, and who finished by warmly adopting him. The Berlin University conferred on him the Doctor's degree. The Prussian Government made him custodian of the Botanical Gardens. The Royal Academy of Sciences elected him one of their members. He founded a family by marrying the niece of his old friend Hitzig, and saw a flock of children grow up around him. According to all accounts his family life was a most happy one. Once only, in 1825, and for family reasons, he visited France again, where he met, once more, his old friends—Choris the painter, his shipmate on the *Rurick*, Auguste de Staël, and de la Foye, and entered into relations with Lafayette and Admiral Dumont d'Urville†—who, later on, suffered shipwreck in those Tonga Islands where Chamisso had received such charming impressions from the then childlike and graceful inhabitants, so-called savages—with Bory de Saint-Vincent,‡ and other French savants. But the political state of France under the restored

* *Bemerkungen und Ansichten*, in the third volume of Kotzebue's Work, Weimar, 1821. Chamisso complains bitterly that his manuscript had, "in many places, been by innumerable and sense-destroying misprints falsified and rendered unintelligible," and correction had been refused. Also that Eschholtz had been allowed in the same work to repeat, on the formation of the Coral Islands, views, the refutation of which he, Chamisso, had considered his special merit—*Werke*, Bd. I., pp. 1 and 2. An amended edition of those *Bemerkungen und Ansichten* was published by the author in 1835 only. On the question of the Coral Islands and Chamisso's views, compare Du Bois Raymond's *Adelbert von Chamisso als Naturforscher*, Leipzig, 1889. Chamisso's *Tagebuch*, independent of the *Bemerkungen*, &c., was finished in 1835 only, and forms the first volume of his works.

† 1790—1842.

‡ 1780—1846.

Bourbons, who had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, filled him with aversion, and he clearly foretold the end towards which the reaction of that period blindly steered.

A few years later the Revolution of July raised high hopes in him. Meanwhile, and to the end of his life, numerous scientific essays, a popular handbook of botany, and scientific excursions to less remote regions greatly occupied him, without stifling poetry in him or making him a stranger to more general human interests.* In 1827 his "Peter Schlemihl" appeared in a new edition, and a selection of the author's poems was added. They were very favourably received, and with charming modesty—pleasantly in contrast with the exuberant tone in which Heine announced his poetship to the world, and the equally, if not more, unjustifiable vanity with which Platen, at the same time, proclaimed himself a heaven-born poet—Chamisso wrote in 1828 to his friend de la Foye, "I almost think I have become a German poet." This, within twelve months' distance of his next success by his master-piece, "Salas y Gomez,"—suggested to him by the rocky island of that name in the South Pacific,—a model of the ideally-realistic.† By this poem, and subsequently many others, he enriched, too, the domain of metric form: he introduced the verse of Dante into German poetry.‡ Now followed piece after piece, in all metres and moods. Many of the poems which he, justly, calls epic-lyric are not more than pleasantly-told tales in metrical form, the substance taken from Orient and Occident; others are deeply pathetic. The struggles for freedom or independence in Spain or Greece greatly moved him, as they did so many of his contemporaries, and echoed

* Well says Du Bois Raymond of him "So kann man nicht umhin, in ihm eine der seltensten litterarischen und wissenschaftlichen Gestalten anzuerkennen, mit Alexander von Humboldt einen der Letzten, in denen die heute zu lauter Einzellichtern zerstreuten mannigfaltigen Farbenstriche des menschlichen Geistes noch zu einem in reinem Weiss erglänzenden Gestirn harmonisch verschmolzen waren." *Chamisso als Naturforscher, Rede in der Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 28 June, 1888.

† A special edition, by our fellow member, Dr. K. Lentzner, of this fine poem, with a study of "Chamisso's Life and Works," is announced to appear shortly. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate.

‡ Goethe has one short piece in this metre: "*Bei Betrachtung von Schiller's Schädel*."

in his songs. Others again are humorous, and some not free from that sentimental melancholy which had culminated in *Werther*, had drawn some additional food from Byron, and had, not without individual reason, been powerfully influencing the youth of Chamisso. But, upon the whole, the brighter side of life had got the upper hand in the poet's soul, and it was under the blessing of his happy marriage that those charming cycles of songs arose: "A Woman's Love and Life" and "Pictures and Songs of Life." Of another kind are the two poems on "The Old Washerwoman"—a risky subject, into which it would be difficult for any but this tender poet's soul to descend without losing in dignity. Here is low life, here is realistic detail—but here, as everywhere in Chamisso's writing, is that purity, to which so many, who now-a-days call themselves realistic, are strangers. Of the minor things of Chamisso, "The Giants and the Dwarfs" was translated by the late Prince Consort.

Now Chamisso, honoured on all sides, entered into connection, too, with the circle of Goethe's intimates. He was invited by Ottilie von Goethe to contribute to her periodical, "Chaos,"† and he sent that charming "Idyll"—adapted from the language of the Tonga Islands, in the South Sea—with a poetic dedication to Goethe's much beloved daughter-in-law.‡ The then King of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm III., wrote to him: "How did you come by your Goethean German?" Equally warmly speaks Alexander von Humboldt of Chamisso, and Heine's mockery, which seldom even spared friends, dissolved in tenderness for this man.§ Wilhelm von Humboldt encouraged him in linguistic studies. Schopenhauer, too, was in contact with him, and puts on record "the poet's repeated

* The second with a subscription list for the poor woman.

† About the Chaos, see the Goethe and Carlyle Correspondence in the German edition, Berlin; Herz, 1887, V. 106, 113, and 125.

‡ Max Koch's recent edition of Chamisso's "Werke," Bd. I., V. 328. Stuttgart, Cotta & Körner; no date (which seems pitiful).

§ "... Wo haben sie das Goethesche Deutsch her? Manche Franzosen haben wohl ein Herz für Deutschland und seine Sprache gewonnen, aber nie hat irgend einer es dem Besten gleich und darüber hinaus gethan in der Sprache ... " May 16, 1836. *Werke*, Bd. VI., pp. 105-107.

admonitions that he should not paint the devil so black, a good gray would suffice"—so characteristic for the creator of the Man in Gray that troubled poor Peter! The host of German poets, major and minor, gathered round Chamisso as a leader. His earliest poems had seen the light of publicity in that private adventure the *Musen Almanach*, of which we had to speak in the account of his youth; now the aging poet was, with Gustav Schwab, placed at the head of a *Musen Almanach* again. His introduction to the first of these Annuals is charming in its modesty, his *Nachhall*, in the last, is deeply touching. It was in these Almanacs that he, ever full of sympathy with the young, introduced Freiligrath to the public. It was the time, 1837, when Heine spoke of him as "our Adalbert Chamisso, who every year grows younger and richer in blossom." Yet the end was near; in that very year he lost the beloved companion of his life, and his health could not recover from the weakening which influenza had inflicted on him. Still he continued, with his friend F. von Gaudy, another German poet of French origin (though more distantly), the translation of Béranger. He had, before, furnished metrical translations from the Icelandic, the Danish, and the Italian. His last energies show him in two distinct facets of his rich mind. He adapted, from the Old-German of the 12th century, Hartmann von der Aue's version of the *Legenda Aurea*,† and he set about a complete grammar of the Hawaiian language, of which he could finish only the introduction,‡ full of insight and of sympathy with the once childlike people of those Islands. On August the 21st, 1838, he followed his good wife.

And so in the end almost painless he departed, leaving behind him mourning friends, among those the two oldest, Hitzig and de la Foye; deeply regretted, too, by the younger generation, as

* "Arthur Schopenhauer, his Life and his Philosophy," by Helen Zimmern. Longman & Co., 1876, p. 148.

† Chamisso's Adaptation was read to the members of the English Goethe Society by the present writer at the Meeting of February 8th, 1893.

‡ *Ueber die Hawaische Sprache*. Leipzig, 1837, 4to.

many contemporary witnesses testify. In subsequent years when new men and striking events claimed the attention of the world, he may have gone somewhat into the background, but he never sank into oblivion; the music to which Schumann wedded some of his songs would have sufficed to prevent that. And when the anniversary of his birth came near in 1881, a fine monument was inaugurated at Berlin, not as to one whose death had been fresh in people's minds, but very many years after his departing, thus testifying to the lasting character of the affection he had earned among the nation, and into whose midst he came as a stranger. I have read in many books about Chamisso, wondering whether he had an adversary anywhere: I found none. In more than one branch of science he occupied, I believe, a respectable position, in the best and original sense of that expression. In literature he cannot, and would not, lay claim to the first rank, but a distinguished place in the second is perfectly assured to him. As a citizen he blamelessly filled his place, and did his duty when called upon, ever a friend of freedom though never a party man.* As a member of the human race, he followed the hint Fate had given him by his expatriation: he became a living link of friendship—now, alas! no longer existing—between France and Germany. As a husband he preserved, as is meet one should, the tenderness of the lover. As a father he was conscientious and affectionate. As a friend, few have ever been equally steadfast, no one ever has been more so than he. If shadows there were in him and his life, as is like there should be with all of us, they are all gone, and Adelbert Schlemihl is now all light. Having ever striven onward and upward, he now stands high in our memories, he now shines down upon us, as a bright particular star. Τὸ τοῦ πόλον ἄστρον.

* So Goethe: "Ein gemässigter Liberaler, wie es alle vernünftigen Leute sind und sein sollen, und wie ich selber es bin und in welchem Sinne zu wirken ich während eines langen Lebens mich bemüht habe." Goethe in Eckermann, Gespräche, Bd. III., S. 200.

THE CRUCIFIX.*

AN ART-LEGEND.

From the German of Chamisso.

By C. M. AIKMAN, M.A.

I.

Before his work the master musing stood,
 And sullen rage alone possessed his heart
 As on it earnestly he gazed; he would
 Have fain despised himself; skill, patience, art,
 He on the Saviour's form had spent in vain!
 'Twas but dead form in which life had no part.
 What ne'er was flesh can ne'er experience pain.
 All unresponsive to Art's vain demand,
 A frigid block the marble doth remain.
 Mere symmetry of form can ne'er command
 The traces of the art-trained chisel's stroke
 To vanish at awakening Nature's hand:
 "Oh, Nature, thee I earnestly invoke!
 "Forsake not me, poor bungler! I would raise
 "Thee to perfection's height." And, as he spoke,
 Beside him stood a youth, whose reverent gaze
 Upon the work was fixed in wonderment.
 A student he of sculpture, one whose days
 In wooing favour of the Muse were spent.
 Long time he gazed, and, as he gazed, he thought:—
 "How vain and idle my past efforts seem!
 "Compared with this my art is but as naught!"
 To him the master:—"Youth, dost thou then dream
 "That thou in this cold marble seest aught
 "Of life? May be, perchance, that thou dost deem,
 "By feign'd admiration of this stone,
 "Thus to insult my art, or would'st thou gain
 "A vision of man's form when life has flown?

* Read at a General Meeting of the Goethe Society, at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, on January 22nd, 1892.

"All efforts of my art, alas! are vain!
 "Death claims this marble block still as his own."
 The stranger thus:—"Oh, wondrous man, I fain
 "Would grave deep in my mind the beauty rare
 "Of that great work of thine. What tho' the face,—
 "The face of the Redeemer suffering there,—
 "Seems all too peaceful, ready to embrace
 "The calm repose of Death, and doth not wear
 "The look of pain, I heed not, for I trace
 "So much of beauty that I stand and gaze
 "With admiration in my heart alone!
 "The work that thou dost blame, I can but praise!"
 And while he speaks, the master's eyes are thrown
 Upon the young man's form. "Would Heaven but raise
 "A model such as he to be my own!"
 Such were the master's thoughts, while he replied:
 "Thou find'st me well nigh driven to despair.
 "The look of suffering life in vain I've tried
 "To give to that cold marble standing there.
 "Nature hath now all farther aid denied.
 "In vain, alas! are all my skill and care!
 "A hired model here I cannot use,
 "And did I dare to ask thee for thine aid
 "Thou, my proud brother sculptor, wouldst refuse."
 "Not so," replied the youth, "be not afraid,
 "For whatsoever service thou mayst choose
 "To ask, will be by me most gladly paid,
 "For God's great glory, and my loved Art's sake."
 And, as he speaks, lo! on the master's sight
 A vision full of beauty rare doth break,
 And fills his soul with transport of delight.
 And, as he looks, in vain he tries to shake
 His mind free from the thought, black as dark night,
 Of how that form would look *convulsed with pain!*
 "Wouldst thou make good thy boast thou must, in sooth,
 "Hang from this cross for me, that I may gain
 "A vision of what suffering is in truth,
 "And yet redeem my work from being vain."

Then on the cross the youth is quickly bound,
A willing victim in the cause of Art ;
And, lifting nails and mallet from the ground,
The master now proceeds with ruthless heart
To fathom to its depths that vast profound
Of suffering anguish, and to play the part
Of chronicler in stone of all he sees.
The first nail pierces ! Loud resounds a cry.
It meets an ear deaf to its agonies,
A heart that knows no pity, and an eye
That waits, with awful earnestness, to seize
Each new expression of fresh agony. *
Then quickly is the dreadful drama wrought,
And at his task the master works apace.
All efforts now he centres in one thought,
A fearful look of joy lights up his face :
For now he sees—what long in vain he sought—
How lingering death its agony doth trace
On its fair victim's form. With ceaseless care,
Hour after hour the chisel's tireless stroke
Carves out the image of that form so fair.
And now skill, patience, art at length evoke
The wondrous life that ere-while slumbered there.
Nature, at last the spell of Death hath broke !
But while the hand works on, the heart is dead,
Dead to all human feelings, to the cries
Of that poor sufferer on the cross o'erhead,
Who prays in vain amidst his agonies.
Thus time speeds on ; and now three days are fled
And, as the daylight of the third day dies,
Low sinks the weary head beneath its load,
And with a cry the pain and anguish cease :—
“ Why hast Thou thus forsaken me, my God ! ”
’Tis finished, finished too a masterpiece.

II.

"Why hast Thou thus forsaken me, my God!"
Amidst the awful stillness of the night
Rang forth the cry within God's own abode,
From whom it came none knew, save that a light
Upon the vast cathedral's altar stood,
Revealing, faintly outlined, to the sight
The figure from whose mouth had come the cry.
Mysterious were its movements. On the ground
It flung itself, and then, as if to try
And dull with cruel force the pain profound,
That had wrung forth that cry of agony,
Again, and yet again, until the sound
Throughout the vast cathedral's dome did ring,
It beat its forehead on the cold hard stone.
And then, as though o'ercome with suffering,
Long time it seemed to weep and sigh and groan,
Until the bitter tears relief did bring.
Then when, at length, the night's dark hours had flown,
And the grey morning dawned! all round was still.
The strange mysterious figure, too, had fled.
And now, ere long, the church begins to fill.
In throng the worshippers, and, at their head,
The choir. Along the aisle they pass until
They reach the altar steps, when lo! strange dread
And wondering admiration thrill their heart,
For, there, a wondrous Crucifix they see
But lately reared:—a work of marvellous art.
'Twas thus the God-Man suffered agony,
'Twas thus He played the Great Redeemer's part,
And sacrificed Himself to make us free.
All penitent before the image fall,
And seek for peace from Him at Whose command
Alone peace comes. "Christ save us" loud they call.
It scarcely seemed the work of human hand,
For as they gaze, fresh wonder grows on all.
Long time before the work amazed they stand.

Who could thus carve in stone that Form Divine?
How did it thus mysteriously arise
Upon the lap of night? Ah, yes 'tis thine,
Great master, who, withdrawn from human eyes,
Hast long time wrestled with thy great design,
Nor deemèd aught too great a sacrifice,
Spent in the cause of Art, couldst thou but gain
Her highest prize! How shall we best reward
Such noble self-devotion? Gold were vain
To recompense such work. Let us award
The laurel-wreath, this he will not disdain
As worthy symbol of our high regard.
In due procession quickly they repair.
Laymen and priests alike walk side by side.
And first walks he, who in his hands doth bear
The laurel-wreath, as leader and as guide:
And to the master's dwelling thus they fare.
But when they gain the house, lo! opened wide
The portal stands, while all within is still.
In vain they call aloud the master's name,
In vain with martial sounds the air they fill:
No answer to their clamorous greetings came.
For, in the dawning hour of morning chill,
A figure clad in black, as though in shame,
Or fear of being seen, had been descried
Leaving the house. (Thus ran a neighbour's tale).
The truth it seemed, for nowhere was espied
A trace of human life. In vain they hail
The master by his name; no voice replied.
Through empty rooms they make their way, but fail
To find aught that betokens life at all.
At length they gain the studio: what they see--
O'er that now let the veil of silence fall.

III.

They bring their prisoner home to try his crime ;
He has blasphemed their Prophet, and refused
To reverence at the fitting time
False Mahomet ! Of this he is accused.
'Tis the strange pilgrim in a foreign clime,
Who sought beneath those palms, for time misused
And sins committed, peace by penance done,
Even he who told us of the holy tomb.
Will he maintain his faith thus all alone,
Beneath the shadow of impending doom ?
God grant him strength, now nobly to atone
For crime, by showing in this hour of gloom
A Christian's stedfast faith though sorely tried !
The choice is his :—either a martyr's fate
Or freedom in exchange for faith denied.
His choice is made ; they have not long to wait.
Lo ! there he comes with quick unfaltering stride,
His face lit up with joy, deep, passionate,
As though his great deliverance were at hand.
Has he recanted ? Nay, still on he's led,
Until beneath the cross at length they stand.
“ Let none shed tears for me,” the martyr said,
“ All feelings from my heart I sternly banned,
“ My ears were firmly closed, no tears I shed,
“ When on the cross that fair young form I bound.”
And now, with brand of Cain upon his brow,
Tormented by remorse, and grief profound,
His guilt wrings forth the earnest prayer :—“ Oh, Thou,
“ Who for my sins upon the cross wast bound,
“ And once did suffer death, grant to me now,
“ From torment of remorse, grant me release !
“ I do not hope, I do not ask for rest ;
“ But that the torturing thought of guilt may cease.
“ Death and not life comes as a welcome guest,
“ Through it alone I may attain to peace.
“ Oh God of grace, grant me Thy pardon blest ;

“My spirit I commit unto Thy care!”
And as upon the cross they roughly bind
Their victim, lo! his face seems now to wear
A look of peace, as if Fate had been kind,
And, as the cruel nails his flesh do tear,
Straightway he seems to gain from inward pain
Of torturing remorse, at length respite!
“*Ora pro nobis*” pray the faithful train
Of those beside the cross, who watch the sight;
His suffering cries to God. And now again
The sun’s bright scorching rays are quenched in night.
Thus two days pass, and still death doth delay.
At length the third day dawns—the day of death:
And, as the sun goes down at close of day,
The victim cries out with his latest breath,
And straining sight to catch its dying ray,
“My God hath not forsaken me in death!”

THE ARTISTIC TREATMENT OF THE FAUST LEGEND.*

BY ALEXANDER TILLE, PH.D.

There are several degrees of popularity which a literary work may enjoy. One has, of course, a right to say of Schiller's *Wallenstein* or of Bürger's *Lenore*, that it is popular in Germany, or even very popular, and yet neither reaches the same degree of popularity as Goethe's *Faust*. One does not meet with *Wallenstein* or Max Piccolomini or *Thecla* or *Lenore* painted on any coffee-cup, pipe-bowl, snuff-box or lamp-shade. However, one may say that until the characters of a poem appear in such places, it cannot be said to have reached the highest degree of that rare fortune. In Germany there is only one poem which has reached it, and that is Goethe's *Faust*. *Fausts*, *Mephistos*, and *Gretchens* are seen on the insides of cigar-boxes, on tarts and fans, on albums and boxes for postage stamps, on inkstands, on silver spoons, on table services, and as window transparencies. As ceiling-pieces or theatrical drop scenes, scenes from Goethe's *Faust* are not at all unusual. At the Royal Theatre in Dresden, *Faust* and *Mephistopheles*, statues by Gustav Kietz, are among the sixteen large figures which ornament the passage. *Faust* and *Gretchen* may be bought cut in ivory, in imitation ivory as relievos, and in plaster casts. The heads of *Faust* and *Mephisto* appear on letter paper and on portfolios. There are several locomotives called *Faust*, and *Faust* and *Mephisto* are also the names of some circus horses. There are inns called after *Faust*, and boats of that name; *Faust Lanes* and *Faust puddings*, *Faust champagne* and *Gretchen champagne*; small coloured pictures

* Read to a General Meeting of the Goethe Society, at the Rooms of the Medical Society, Chandos Street, on December 16th; the lecture was illustrated by the exhibition of a unique collection of about 400 engravings, &c., and is, in this publication, considerably extended.—ED.

of Faust and Gretchen, sold at a halfpenny a piece,* so called *Stammbuchblümchen* and *Bilderbogen*, with scenes from Faust,† and figures for the play of Faust for dolls' theatres.‡

Illustrations to Faust are not seldom found in the illustrated German weekly magazines, which of course can only use the most popular subjects.§

Travesties and caricatures are by no means wanting either. The "*Humoristische Albumblätter zu deutschen Dichtern*" || contain sixteen drawings illustrative of quotations from Faust. A vagabond sees an Inn and says :

Wie anders wirkt dies Zeichen auf mich ein.

Two thieves, forcing open a trunk, say :

*Alles kann der Edle leisten,
Der versteht und rasch ergreift.*

Of the *Bilder zu Goethes Faust von Anselmus Lachgern* ¶ I shall speak later. In 1876 a comic weekly** published a cycle of silhouettes, showing Faust and Gretchen as two little children. In one of them, for example, Gretchen has been sent to fetch milk, but she has taken a drink of it and now fills the pitcher at the pump, saying :

*Wie konnt ich sonst so tapfer schmälen,
Wenn thaet ein armes Mägdlein fehlen !*

Also in political and other satires illustrated quotations from

* Thus there is one representing Faust and Gretchen in Martha's Garden, after an oil painting by Rothbart.

† *Bilderschatz für das deutsche Volk, Faust von Goethe. 1. Teil. 2 Bogen. Neu Ruppin, Alfred Oehmigke.* There are also coloured illustrations to Gounod's opera (*E. Bote u. Bock, Berlin*).

‡ *Schreiber's Kindertheater. Figuren zu Doktor Faust, N. 512, J. T. Schreiber in Esslingen.*

§ *Die Gartenlaube* 1885, N. 14, p. 229. *Spaziergang vor dem Thor. Aus Goethes Faust. Nach dem Oelgemälde von J. Wichmann. Ueber Land und Meer* 1891-92, N. 24, pp. 500, 501. *Faust, Nach dem Gemälde von Hermann Junker. Ueber Land und Meer*, 1877, Vol. 38, N. 28, pp. 560, 561. *Gretchen im Dom und die Gartenscene. Aus dem Prachtwerk "Faust" illustriert von Liezen Mayer.*

|| 24 Blatt frei nach Schiller und Goethe. *Lith. Institut A. Werl in Leipzig.*

¶ Leipzig, 1841. C. T. Doerffling.

** *Neue Fliegende*, No. 26, p. 208, and No. 27, p. 216.

Faust are frequently used. In the time of the Crimean War,* during a theatrical scandal at Leipzig in 1877,† and in other instances. The spirit of good taste (Heinrich Laube) appears and says to the stage-manager :

Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst—nicht mir.

When, in 1889, the Czar did not pay his visit to Emperor William II. although he continually promised it, there appeared a picture in another comic paper‡—Gretchen standing on the road ("From St. Petersburg to Berlin") plucking the petals of a daisy. "He comes,—he comes not,—he comes,—he comes not,—he comes,—he comes not."—"Deutsch-Gretchen ihren Faustowitsch erwartend."

This is popularity.

Goethe's Faust is a *poem* and most of the examples named,—those excepted where merely the name Faust is used—belong to the kingdom of the *plastic arts*. And you may truly say that without their help at least a popularity of this kind is impossible. Even of a quotation used as a motto one only too easily forgets the origin, and unconsciously changes the proper words. In this sense, illustration may be called the stamp of popularity. Within the bounds of the limited means of multiplication of the sixteenth century the *Ship of Fools* by Sebastian Brant played a similar part, but after that time no product of poetical imagination did so to such an extent as Goethe's Faust.

It would be not only impossible, but perfectly useless, to collect all those little pictures, pipe-heads and album covers. But their existence is not unimportant. It tells us of the life of a great poem in the popular mind, of that poem in which the greatest poet of the German tongue gave his best. Of course, scarcely any one of those cheap illustrations originates in the fancy of the masses, but all of them are borrowed from the mental riches of the upper—five hundred thousand, whom we only too often mistake for the whole people. It is also

* *Kladderadatsch*, 1855; No. 42, p. 168;

† *Puck*, 1877; No. 9, p. 65; No. 20, p. 159; No. 37, p. 293.

‡ *Ulk*, 1889; No. 34, p. 8.

impossible and useless to find out in every case what were the models of those popular pictures. Most of them are bad copies from illustrated Faust editions, of which Germany alone has twenty-four, Great Britain twenty-two (generally illustrated by German engravings), and France eight, so far as I know.* A large number of these editions have only cheaply-made deteriorated copies from more expensive ones, the original illustrations of which have come from the studios of greater and smaller artists. As a whole, the number of the original drawings in illustration of this subject is far larger than in the case of any other poem in the world. Though Shakespeare's works have had nearly three hundred years for illustration, no single piece of his has been so often the subject of the artist's pencil as Goethe's Faust. I can only speak of the stems from which all those numerous branches and leaves spring, but we must never forget that they are stems only, however stately they may appear, and that they are not quite identical with that picture of Faust which lives in the German popular mind of to-day. This has been greatly influenced from another source, the Marionette Theatre, in which the old puppet-play of Faust still lives. The figure of the Doctor Faust of the puppet-play, in his long black coat, has also been fixed by illustration,† and contrasts curiously with the character as created by modern art.

I.—THE FAUST PICTURES BEFORE GOETHE.

When, in 1808, the first part of Goethe's Faust appeared, the Faust legend had already passed through three hundred years of development. A long time before it entered into the kingdom of German poetry, or even into the literature in its largest

* Lists of them are given by Karl Engel, *Zusammenstellung der Faust-Schriften vom 16. Jahrhundert bis Mitte 1881*. Oldenburg, 1885; N. 723-781; N. 799-924; N. 936-986. Illustrated translations into other languages are also named, but with numerous mistakes. A number of those in English editions are rectified by W. Heinemann, *Goethe's Faust in England und America*. Berlin, 1886.

† (Wilhelm Hamm). *Das Puppenspiel von Doctor Faust*. Leipzig, 1850.

meaning, it was national property. The popular books which increased and spread it had no need of that struggle which a new subject seldom escapes on its first appearance in literature. Their task was only to adorn a character which had already won a place in the popular fancy. This alone explains the extraordinary success of the first German Popular Book of Faust, which appeared at Frankfort-on-the-Main in the autumn of 1587.* Just as in the *literary* Faust-legend Faust's character is no fixed one, but develops almost without interruption through three centuries; since, in the eighteenth century, it has acquired features which the sixteenth would not have understood at all; and since it is different in history, in every popular book, in every Faust poem; so the character of Faust is not constant in the *plastic arts*. Only the unrivalled predominance of Goethe's Faust has given a limited unity to that creation of the imagination, and thereby deeply influenced its appearance in art. Until its time the character of Faust vacillates in literature between that of the vagabond and swindler and that of the university professor—or even principal of a university and Doctor in Divinity; and in the pictures from that of the cheating horse-dealer to that of the learned doctor. The morose old man becomes a man of forty, he again a big-bellied glutton, and he again a strong young fellow.

The first edition of the first German Popular Book of Faust of 1587 has no illustrations; and, of the numerous pirated and not pirated editions and translations which followed, only a few show little pictures on the title page. Thus the edition of 1588† shows two scenes from Faust's life in one woodcut. At the right in the foreground Faust and Mephistopheles are striking the bargain; they are taking the oath, the devil holds a rosary in his hand, Faust the sealed contract. At the left in the background the devil is carrying off Faust, who is dressed as a noble and wears a Spanish mantle, while the

* *Historia Von D. Johann Fausten, dem weitbeschreyten Zauberer vnnnd Schwartzkünstler*, . . . Gedruckt zu Franckfurt am Mayn, durch Johann Spiess. MDLXXXVII.

† a³ after Zarncke's bibliography in Braune's reprint of the *Spießsche Faustbuch*. Halle, Niemeyer, 1878. P. VI.

Evil One is dressed as a Franciscan friar, but with tail and wings. There is no characteristic of Faust here, nor in four other editions which form the so-called group \mathfrak{C}^* and have also little wood-cuts.† Some translations also possess little wood-cuts. The Flemish translation of 1592‡ shows on the title-page Faust beside a burning volcano. The Dutch edition§ is *met schoonen Kopere Figuren versierd*. The French translation, by Victor Palma Cayet, of 1712|| has also a picture representing Faust conjuring up the devil, which is also found in the Dutch *Historie van Jan Faustus etc.*, 1728.¶

On the 28th of February, 1589 (then called 1588), permission was given by Bishop Aylmer of London to print "*a ballad of the life and death of Dr. Faustus, the great congerer*," which was made after the first English translation of the Popular Book of Faust by Spiess. Very likely it is the same one of which a copy has been preserved in the Roxburghe Collection in the British Museum,** and perhaps this is even a copy of the first edition and originates from 1589. Its title is:

*The Judgement of God shewed upon one John Faustus,
Doctor in Divinity. Tune, of Fortune my Foe.*

And it begins:

All Christian men give ear awhile to me,
How I am plung'd in pain but cannot die,
I liv'd a life the like did none before,
Forsaking Christ, and I am damn'd therefore.

At Wittenburge, a town in Germany,
There was I born and bred of good degree,
Of honest stock which afterwards I shamed,
Accurst therefore for *Faustus* was I named.

* \mathfrak{C} , \mathfrak{c}^1 , \mathfrak{c}^2 , \mathfrak{c}^3 all without place stated, of 1589, 1596, and 1597; and \mathfrak{c}^3 , without the year.

† Compare Zarncke, *Berichte der Königlich Sächsischen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften*, 1888, p. 181, 183, 184, and Braune's reprint, Zarncke's Introduction, p. xiv.

‡ Engel, *Zusammenstellung der Faustschriften*, N. 279.

§ *De Historie van Docter Joh. Faustus*, Engel, *Faustschriften*, N. 280.

|| Engel, *Faustschriften*, N. 276.

¶ Engel, *Faustschriften*, N. 281.

** Vol. II. p. 235.

On the two pages of this leaf three pictures, illustrative of the text, are found. They are very bad wood-cuts, and show how bad and rough drawings can be. In parts they are nothing but blots; especially the figure of the devil in the first, and Faust's face in the third. The ballad is printed in two columns, and over each of them on the first page there is a wood-cut; the wood-cuts close together. The first shows Faust sitting in his arched study at a writing-table on a platform; before him an open volume. In the open door, at the right of the spectator, the devil is standing, with large eagle's claws on hands and feet, and a tail, but dressed as a man; while Faust wears a fur-trimmed cloak and a flat cap, and has a long beard. The second picture at the right shows a man standing in high boots, trunk-hose, short buff-coat and broad hat; his left hand on his hip, his right arm raised. He seems to be pointing to the terrible judgment to come.

The second page shows at the top a long table covering the space over both columns. At the right and at the left there is a trellised window and between them Faust sits at the middle of the table, again an open book before him. At each end of the table a man with a long beard is sitting. The one on the left has paper, pen and inkstand before him, and is writing; the one on the right has also a piece of paper before him, but his right hand is raised. Faust points with his right hand to the left of the spectator and seems to dictate. Before the table there are two other figures, the one at the right sitting on a stool and reading; the other at the left, also with a beard, bringing two volumes to the table. It is not quite clear what scene of Faust's life the woodcut is meant to represent.*

* The print is pretty correct, except that some lines do not begin with capital letters. Only a few letters are scarcely readable. The words "and" and "knight" (kt.) are the only words abbreviated. The ballad is "Printed by and for A.M., and sold by the Booksellers of London." Of that firm there is one more print in the same vol. of the Roxburghe Collection, p. 219. *The one cried out unto the other.* Of the name of the publishers I do not know more than the initials. The types and the paper are those of the end of the sixteenth century. A closer dating seems to me to be scarcely possible. The size is 19, 8 cm.: 16 cm.

The popular Book of Faust by Widman, of 1599,* does not show any pictures, and they are also wanting in the Faust book by Pfitzer, of 1674, and its later editions.†

The next Faust-pictures which we know are in close connection with the most famous wine cellar in the world, Auerbach's Keller at Leipzig, which has become thus celebrated through Goethe's Faust drama, however well known it may have been before. Their history is somewhat strange, and not yet quite cleared up, for within two centuries and a half many things have happened to them.

In a later edition of the "Spiessche Faustbuch"‡ the following little anecdote is told. Faust, who at that time has his home at Wittenberg, travels with some students to the fair of Leipzig. There they pass by a wine cellar, from which some men are just about to get out a barrel of wine. But it is too heavy for them, and Faust sneers at them, saying, one man could easily get it upstairs if he only knew how to do it. The innkeeper promises to give the barrel to him who can get it upstairs unassisted. Faust sits down on it and rides on it up the stairs. He receives the barrel, takes it away, and drinks it out with his friends.§ Here the name of the cellar is not given, but by-and-by it was added.

In 1530, in the Grimmaische Strasse at Leipzig, just at the time of the vagabond Georgius Sabellicus who gave the

* *Erster Theil Der Warhafftigen Historien von den grewlichen vnd abscheulichen Sünden vnd Lastern, auch von vielen wunderbarlichen und seltzamen ebentheuren So D. Johannes Faustus, Ein weiteruffener Schwartzkünstler vnd Ertzzäuberer, durch seine Schwartzkunst, biss an seinen erschrecklichen end hat getrieben. Mit nothwendigen Erinnerungen vnd schönen exempeln, menniglichem zur Lehr vnd Warnung ausgestrichen und erklehret, Durch Georg Rudolff Widman. Gedruckt zu Hamburg, Anno 1599.*

† *Das ärgerliche Leben und schreckliche Ende dess vielberüchtigten Ertz-Schwarzkünstlers D. Johannis Fausti, Erstlich, vor vielen Jahren, fleissig beschrieben, von Georg Rudolph Widmann; Jetzo, aufs neue überschen und so wol mit neuen Erinnerungen, als nachdencklichen Fragen und Geschichten, der heutigen bösen Welt, zur Warnung, vermehret, Durch Joh. Nicolaum Pfitzerum, Med. Doct., etc. Nürnberg, etc. MDCLXXIV.*

‡ D. of 1590.

§ Chapter 52 of the edition named. (Braune, newprint. Halle Niemeyer, 1878, pp. 129, 30, Appendix II.)

original impulse to the Faust legend, a wine cellar had been built called Auerbach's Keller after the birthplace of its possessor. Since the year 1530 there had been over the cellar door, which then opened on "Auerbach's Hof" and not on the street, a stone bearing the number 1530, and representing Bacchus as a naked boy beside a wine barrel, with his right arm on it and holding in his left arm a sort of large German "Bierseidel," which rests on his left knee. In the seventeenth century the entrance was removed and a new one made from the street. Probably on that occasion the stone was removed too and built into the wall of the lower cellar, where it may be seen to-day, about one mètre from the ground, opposite the new entrance.*

Though neither Widman nor Pfitzer named Auerbach's Keller in connection with Faust's barrel-riding, the legend got a footing in the cellar itself. Two oil paintings illustrative of it were hung up, probably in 1636, in the upper cellar. They were painted on wood, and as, having the form of half circles, they fitted exactly into the bow of the arched ceiling, it is quite clear that they were made for that special purpose. The right one represents the place before the cellar entrance. Faust is riding through the door on a barrel. A cooper, five students, two other men and a boy are the spectators, arranged in a very bad group, or rather in no group at all, but standing all beside one another. Before the barrel there is a little dog. At the top of the picture are the following verses :

*Doctor Faustus zu dieser Frist
Aus Auerbachs Keller geritten ist
Auf einem Fass mit Wein geschwint
Welches gesehen viel Mutter Kind
Solches durch seine subtile Kunst hat gethan
Und des Teufels Lohn empfangen davon. 1525.*

This year 1525 is taken from Widman's Faust-Book, where a few chapters before this story (chapter 33) this year is found. For a long time it has been mistaken for the year of the origin of the picture, the clothing in which however belongs to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Besides the number

* It is of small size, only 53 cm. high and broad.

1636 was on the picture, but when in 1707 it was touched up and this year also put there, 1636 was taken for the year of the first renovation and 1525 for that of origin. As there was much smoking and burning of lamps and candles in the cellar, the picture darkened very quickly, so that in 1759 another touching up was necessary, and after 1826 another still. When Goethe saw it in 1765 or 1766 it had just been renewed.

Besides this picture there is another at the left, of the same form, but probably not by the same painter or of the same date, as the clothing and the figure of Faust are not the same in both. Faust and three students are sitting at the table drinking. Five musicians play clarinet, violin, piano, cello and guitar. A boy is standing beside the barrel in attendance and the dog is present also. At the top there are the verses :

*Vive, bibe obgracare memor Fausti huius et huius
Poenae. Aderat claudo ast erat ampla gradu. 1525.*

(Live, drink and banquet reminiscent of this Faust and his punishment. It came with halting step but was complete.) Although before 1826, when a German scholar for the first time inquired into these pictures, the same dates as in the first were not found in it, it has probably had the same fortunes and been touched up each time along with it.* He also tells us that the verses were originally written with white colour and covered over with black only afterwards. As with the last renovation these numbers have been entirely extinguished, the opportunity for inquiry into their exact age seems to have passed, especially as the original technique of the painting is also no longer to be seen. As the Latin distich is composed after one by Lotichius, whose works only appeared in 1603, it cannot possibly be of the sixteenth century. The German too of the other poem cannot well have been written much before the middle of the seventeenth century, though the renovations may have modernised it a little. The phrase, "*zu dieser Frist*" need

* Stieglitz in *Beiträge zur vaterländischen Alterthumskunde*. Leipzig, 1826. Vol. I, p. 70 ff, reprinted in Scheible's *Kloster*. Stuttgart 1847, Vol. V, p. 489 ff.

not refer originally to 1525, as it is a very usual expletive for rhyming with *ist*, but it may do so. Copies of these pictures are not rare. Scheible, *Kloster*, Vol. II. pp. 16 and 17; Arthur Lutze, *Faust in Auerbach's Keller zu Leipzig*, Berlin 1839; a "*Bilderbogen*," *Auerbach's Keller in Leipzig* ("Druck von G. Reusche in Leipzig") and several little prints which may be had in the cellar itself contain them. But none are quite correct.

Of the first picture at least there must have existed a copy at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Very probably it was also an oil painting on wood, for had it been a relieve of stone it could scarcely have disappeared. It was a sign-board fixed outside over the cellar door, and also contained the German verses. We know this from different sources. In the popular book of Faust by the *Christlich Meynende** it is expressly said that the German and Latin verses are found as an inscription on two pictures in Auerbach's Keller, those "externè;" these "internè;" and in the same year Canders in his "*Beschreibung von Leipzig*" says that these German rhymes are still to be read over the cellar door. It was the same place where formerly the Bacchus with the barrel in stone relief had been before he was removed. And when at the end of last century rationalism tried to explain everything by natural causes, a critical biographer of Faust† derived from this boy lying beside the barrel the legend of Faust's riding on the barrel, saying that the historians of Leipzig had explained a Bacchus on a wine barrel to be a monument to Dr. Faust. Where this sign-board, with Faust's barrel-riding and the German verses, is gone is unknown, but there is no doubt that it must have existed.‡

* Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1725, p. 2.

† J. F. Köhler, *Historisch Kritische Untersuchung über das Leben und die Thaten des . . . Doctor Johann Faust*, Leipzig, 1791, p. 35.

‡ If the picture inside was not certainly far older than 1725 one might conclude from the words of the *Christlich Meynende* that in his time it did not yet exist, and if it did not perfectly fit the arch of the ceiling inside, there might be a doubt whether it was made for that special purpose, and had not, perhaps, formerly had its place outside the cellar door; but, as things are, it cannot well be assumed that only the German verses were over the cellar door.

In both of these pictures Faust is represented as a man of forty in the usual academic dress, with moustache and pointed beard. His features do not tell us anything of mental struggles, or suffering from too much thought or a bad conscience. He has a commonplace face; and how could it be otherwise, since he makes commonplace jokes and enjoys riding on a barrel up the stairs of a cellar? He is not that Faust with whom we are familiar since Goethe, but the creation of a century that knew no greater pleasure than altering fact, by faith, into the most improbable miracle, that damned free thought and inquiry, and would have used the next-to-almighty power of the Devil to play off childish jests. The first Popular Book has raised Faust's position from the vagabond to the university professor—but his position alone, not his character. So these pictures show him in the academic dress, but without any token of a corresponding mental dignity in his face or his occupation. Up to this point popular books and popular illustration go hand in hand. The second Popular Book gives even a description of Faust, after which we could distinguish him from other men, if we did not know him. He is described as "a short man with round back, a meagre person having a very little gray beard."* He is the greatest of all sinners, an abominable man, with haughty mind—the enemy of all that is good. No wonder that this wickedness is also expressed in his appearance, which is anything but agreeable. However, we cannot yet speak of any certain type of Faust. The pictures in Auerbach's Keller do not represent him exactly in this way; neither does the next drawing of him, which leads us to the highest point reached by the art of the seventeenth century—to Rembrandt van Ryn.

Rembrandt was certain to give us a magician in his study, but, in addition, a sketch of his, representing an old bald head, and afterwards finished by his disciple, Jan Joris van Vliet, has later turned into a Faust's head, though the artist scarcely thought of this, and even become the most popular representa-

* Widman, II. Part, Chap. 19, p. 192.

tion of Faust, which has been somewhat varied for more than a century.

A narrow room is filled with instruments of all kinds, in the middle a writing table with a small desk, at the right of the spectator in the foreground a large globe. Through a high square window with large and small panes, the light falls on the table and on the figure of a magician. He is without a beard, and wears a long wide dress with many folds—a sort of dressing-gown—and a comfortable cap. Both his hands are on the writing table, his right side is toward the spectator, while he raises his glance quietly up to the window, on which a magic symbol appears, casting forth rays in all directions. In the central one of three concentric circles lies a cross, dividing it into four not quite equal sections, which bear the letters J.N.R.J. (Jesus Nazareus, Rex Judæorum),* the second circle contains the magic words, Adam × Te + Dageram × (in Scheible's copy, Daeram), and the outer circle, Amrtet + Algar + Algaſtna + + +.† The magician here is no mental Titan, but a quite comfortable gentleman who is not at all astonished to see that magic symbol on the window panes, which admit the true Rembrandt-light into the gray darkness of the study. He seems to look at it thus attentively, in order not to forget its form, but as if quite accustomed to its splendour. It is an original engraving and not a copy after a picture. Jan Joris Van Vliet has copied it, and this copy has been re-edited by the French engraver Francois Langlois, well known under the *nom de guerre* of F. L. D. Ciartres, and furnished with his address. All later engravings and woodcuts are made after this one. Apparently Rembrandt did not think of representing Faust in this drawing, for the cartoon bears no title, and any other

* Conf. Scheible, Kloster Vol. I, pp. 877, 907, 914.

† To which group of magic symbols this belongs I have not been able to find out. The words of it do not occur in any books of magic known to me. The word Agla—similar to Algar and Algaſtna—is frequent. Usually it appears together with the words Tetragrammaton and Adonai, with which it partly forms a fixed formula. Perhaps the whole symbol is only a work of fancy.

magician will do as well as Faust. It is only the tradition of the art trade that has given this name to this picture. However, in the year 1755 it occurs with the name.*

Far better known than the original has become a copy, which owes its existence to the engraver H. Lips. He made it for the first edition of Goethe's *Fragment of Faust*, which appeared in 1790, published by Georg Joachim Göschen in Leipzig; and so it is in a certain sense the very first illustration to Goethe's *Faust*, but only in a certain sense.† It is a so-called *copie en contrepartie*. Faust's left side is towards the spectator, the globe stands at the left, &c. Faust's face has been brought to greater perfection; it has an almost daring look, and a long, thick white beard adds something of the venerable to it. He has become much older. Though the hero of Goethe's *Faust* sees the symbol of *Makrokosmos* in a book,‡ and no longer as a transparency on the window, the engraving still seems to be meant as an illustration of this scene. The delight which immediately rises in all Faust's senses at the sight, and the young holy joy of life that he at once feels running through all his veins are not expressed by the illustration. The magic symbol is not the symbol of *Macrocosmos*, for, so far as I know, there does not exist one in the old magic books. It is but a creation of Goethe's.

From Goethe we return to Rembrandt. Among a large number of bald heads and melancholics, he had drawn a mere

* In *Amad. de Burgy's Catalogue des œuvres de Rembrandt*, 1755, p. 29, 210, it appears as *Le Docteur Faust dans son Laboratoire*. From this book J. C. W. Möhsen got his information for his *Verzeichnis einer Sammlung von Bildnissen, etc.* Berlin, Birnstiel 1771, Section I., p. 13–18. Conf. *Engel, Faustschriften* No. 101. A hand-drawing of it is found in "*Auerbach's Keller*" in Leipzig at the pillar of the left corner window, and a bad copy, which spoils the whole, in Scheible's *Kloster*, Vol. II., Stuttgart 1846, p. 932. Another engraving on gray-brown ground, the origin of which I could not discover, (21 cm.: 16, 1 cm.) is contained in the Bode Collection of Faust literature in my possession. A really good copy of the original is still wanting. Conf. Bartsch, *Peintre-gravures*, 270, Ch. Blanc, 84, Barisch, 25.

† A very good copy of it is to be found in Düntzer's edition of Goethe's *Faust*, in *Kürschner's Deutscher National Literatur, Historischkritische Ausgabe*. Berlin u. Stuttgart. Introduction, p. xxi.

‡ See verse 76.

sketch of an old man, which his disciple, Jan Joris van Vliet, worked out.* As it is signed "R. H. L. in." It is quite sure to be based on a sketch by Rembrandt, and in the catalogue of Rembrandt's works by Burgy, 1755, it is described† *Het Portrait van Doctor Faustus, met een kaal Hoofd en een Mantel um.* But since Pierre Yver‡ van Vliet is generally regarded as the draughtsman. He also knows of its being taken for a Faust picture, for he says: "On prétend en Hollande que c'est le Portrait du Docteur Faustus."§ But Rembrandt certainly did not give it this title.

The sketch by Rembrandt, on which Vliet's drawing is based, is lost. In this Faust appears as a cross, stooping old man, with high shoulders, wrinkled face, hopelessly expressionless eyes, a few sparse hairs on his head, a short, thin moustache and a rather mean, commonplace face—that is the Faust picture by Vliet that has hitherto borne Rembrandt's name and originated after 1630. The simple cloak and the plaited collar are little fitted to make the impression greater or deeper. It does not correspond badly with the conception of Faust by Widman, though certainly neither Rembrandt nor Vliet knew that—without mentioning they did not know that they were drawing a Faust. These wrinkles are the consequence of sorrow with his daily bread, or of a dissolute youth; but not of racking the brain to solve the riddle of the worlds. This man, with the timid expression on the upper lip, never would have struck a bargain with the evil one, or, at least, would have withdrawn from it five minutes later; and, spoken with this thin, hoarse voice, the magic words, which are able to shake the doors of hell, would not have been very impressive. When the demand for Faust pictures grew, about 1680, François Langlois|| engraved a copy, or rather, a so-called *copie en contre-*

* This has been ascertained once more by Siegfried Szamatolski in his introduction to the *Faustbuch des Christlich Meynenden*, reprint in the German literary documents of the 18th and 19th centuries, N. 39. Stuttgart, Göschen, 1891, p. xix. ff.

† P. 24. N. 178.

‡ *Supplément au catalogue raisonné de M. M. Gersaint, Helle et Glomy*, Amsterdam, 1756.

§ P. 123.

|| F. L. D. Ciartres.

partie, which receives from the left of the spectator the light which in the original comes from his right. The light springs from a somewhat lower point, and so the head does not seem quite so much bent down; the features are somewhat younger; the face has got an almost clever expression and something resolute in all its taciturnity. This man would more probably summon to him the Prince of Darkness. His voice, however thin, may have something penetrating in it, and in making any arrangement with anyone he will see to securing his own ends. His clothing is the same, but the more regular engraving lines allow it to appear to be of a finer material. It bears the inscription "Doctor Faustus," and is signed *H. Rinbrant, Inuentor, and F. L. D. Ciartres excudit.*

This picture apparently enjoyed a large circulation. It has been copied in Hauber's *Bibliotheca acta et scripta magica*, Lemgo 1738—1748,* and has even before that time slipped into the popular book of Faust by the *Christlich Meynende* of 1725.† Here it is again changed completely. If Langlois made the man of sixty-five a man of fifty, now he has become a man of thirty. His hair, it is true, is not fuller; but the wrinkles have entirely disappeared. His fat cheeks and his goggle eyes tell us that he does not despise a good dinner and a glass, or even a bottle or two of old wine. One might fancy the perimeter of his body, which the bust allows us to imagine only, a little long.

There is something heavily, stupidly brave in him. If he should raise his hand to strike his friend from hell, the latter might be sure to have had time to disappear ten times over before it came down upon him. It is very unlikely that this fat clumsy fellow would ever undertake anything likely to be dangerous, and yet one could well imagine that he would give away anything for a delicate slice of roast beef. This change in Faust's appearance is not at all fortuitous. The infinite striving after truth had long ago ceased to be regarded as a great sin. Already Widman allows his hero all sorts of excesses to make him abominable. Even for his contemporaries the

* *Engel, Faustschriften*, N. 86, Vol. I. Piece 5.

† Oldest edition, 1725. *Franckfurt und Leipzig.*

bargain with the devil for the sake of wisdom and knowledge was not any longer sufficient to awaken that abhorrence of Faust that the author wished people to feel. Now eating and drinking are his main crime. Had he employed his supernatural power, derived from the kingdom of darkness, for the increase of human knowledge and the benefit of his fellow men, he would not have been damned had he struck ten bargains with hell.

But the process of rejuvenescence is not yet finished. In the 1797 edition of the book the face looks still younger; as the hair, which in that rough woodcut could not easily be made so thin, has become quite full, so that the forehead is no longer bare. That the right side of the nose has a nice beard has probably not been noticed by any naïve spectator. Of the folds of the cloak stripes in the same direction have been made, which give to this youth of twenty-five rather a curious aspect.*

Another group of editions of the same popular book shows another woodcut of Faust.† This picture is that of an old stiff learned man with an earnest, worthy face, smooth hair, moustache and pointed beard. His left hand holds a book, his right lies on his left wrist. He wears a noble dress, a gown with many folds, a broad collar, and a plaited partlet. His nose is very pointed, his eyes quiet or even tired. He looks rather like Wagner, when he says :

Man sieht sich bald an Wald und Feldern satt.

Very probably the model of this is not the magician Faust, but the printer Fust, who in the end of the seventeenth century was regarded as the original of the Faust of the legend.‡

* Of the first three engravings named there are good modern copies in the edition of the popular book by the *Christlich Meynende*, by Siegfried Szamatolski. A copy of the last in the edition entitled that of 1797 is in the Bode collection of Faust literature in my possession.

† Szamatolski calls this group i. It consists of at least four prints without date, inscribed Frankfurth und Leipzig, (1), (2), (3), (4). I know, of this group, only the editions (3) and (4), copies of which are in the Bode collection. Perhaps they are not published by the same firm, as the woodcuts, although very similar, are not printed from the same block.

‡ Of the same origin is very likely also the hitherto unknown engraving of Faust in the *Königliche Kupferstich Cabinet of Berlin*, which Szamatolski mentions, introduction p. xxv., and the woodcut in *Auerbach's Keller*, also named there.

In still one more branch of the popular Faust literature of the eighteenth century illustrations appear, though only in the shape of woodcuts of the lowest rank, in the "*Fliegende Blätter*," containing popular songs on the magician.

The first of these small documents which is preserved to us appeared about 1725 in the west of Austria.* It has on the title a very rough woodcut, showing how Faust sells a horse to a horse dealer. A later print of the same two songs,† and of about the year 1788, has at the same place a scene of some card players in an inn. One of the three is apparently Faust, and he is being seized by the Devil from behind.‡ Of any characterisation of Faust in these small woodcuts nothing can be said, any more than in the case of those woodcuts in the first popular books. Faust's head really well characterised is found in another "*Fliegendes Blatt*": *Doctor Faust*, of about 1800.§ The head, which without doubt was not originally meant to be a Faust's head, dates from about 1660,|| and represents a robust, healthy youth, with strong moustache and full curls. It is strange that it is somewhat similar to the title vignette of the popular book by the *Christlich Meynende* of 1797. The attitude of the head especially is very similar. It is true the hair is far longer, the high shoulders have disappeared, and the partlet is wanting, but the light points are almost of the same form and the impression is similar.

A quite different character is given to Faust in an engraving by Christof van Sichem, which appeared in 1677 in his Gallery of the principal heretics.¶ Of the twenty-one engravings, the nineteenth represents *Dr. Joan Faustus en Mephostophiles*, while the twentieth shows his famulus, *Christoffel Wagenaer en*

* Under the title *Eine neue ausführliche Beschreibung, &c.* (Engel *Faustschriften*, N. 290.) In my book *Die deutschen Volkslieder vom Doktor Faust*. Halle, 1890, p. 15 ff., described and called I.A.

† Engel, *Faustschriften*, N. 292, called I.C. by me in the above book, p. 30.

‡ Comp. my book, pp. 31 and 34.

§ In my book treated as No. III., p. 131, ff.

|| After Dr. Max Lehrs, comp. my book, p. 133.

¶ *Het Toneel der Hoofd-Ketteren*. Middelburg, 1677.

Averhaan.* Faust is a stately, youthful figure in noble dress, bonnet and plaited partlets round neck and hands. Before him Mephistopheles stands in the guise of a monk. Faust leans on a table, on which a book on necromancy is lying with a globe standing on it. In the background are a burning house, Faust and Mephistopheles on a journey, and Faust sitting at his table and signing the contract, before him Mephistopheles, while a dragon bears a woman through the air. Then we have Faust among the principal heretics. Nothing could explain better the attitude of that age to the Faust legend.

The end of the eighteenth century was the time of the true popularity of the Faust subject in German poetry. Lessing's Faust drama had remained an experiment only, but very soon complete Faust poems followed, dramas as well as novels. In 1775 there appeared at Munich an allegorical drama, *Johann Faust*, 1776, *The Situation from Faust's Life*, by *Maler Müller*. In 1790 Goethe's fragment of Faust was published. In the next year Maximilian Klinger's novel of Faust followed; in 1792 Schreiber's *Scenes from Faust's Life*; and in 1797 the *Popular Faust Drama* by the Graf Julius Soden. Thus the Faust legend entered for the first time the higher literature in Germany. And the same may be said of its artistic treatment, for Rembrandt's two Fausts are no Fausts in this sense, as they received this name and meaning only after his death. But the plastic arts now no longer treat the Faust subject for themselves, but only in connection with the Faust poems, which now originate the characters, while the plastic arts illustrate the poems.

Lips's engraving for Goethe's Fragment of Faust has been already named. Klinger's Faust of 1791 has also a title-vignette.† It shows an old man with a full white beard and a face without any special expression, as with Lips, by whose engraving it is probably influenced, in a dark gown with a broad

* Reprinted in *Des Durch seine Zauber-Kunst Bekannten Christoph Wagners, &c. Leben und Thaten*, Berlin, 1712 and 1714, and as a *copie en contre-partie* in *Scheible's Kloster*, Vol. III., title-piece.

† *Faust's Leben, Thaten und Höllenfahrt in fünf Büchern*, St. Petersburg bey Johann Friedrich Kriele (1791). (*Without the author's name.*)

white partlet, the engraving being by Thelott. This is how Faust is here represented.* In two pirated prints of 1792 this little engraving is imitated, in the first† very exactly, in the second‡ as *copie en contre-partie* and changed altogether.§ The title-vignette of the second lawful edition|| marks a notable stage in the conception of Faust's character in works of the plastic arts.

As of the damned sinner of the sixteenth century has come the intellectual ideal of the eighteenth, so the small man with the round back has been transformed by Klinger into "a favourite of nature, which has given him a beautiful strong body and a significant noble face." In the title-vignette of this edition, he appears for the first time as a mental sufferer; he is no longer an evil-doer, but a martyr. The type which mediæval art has created for Jesus Christ is generally known. This Faust's head is best described as a thoughtful Christ's head. It is a beautiful man's head, a very little inclined to the right shoulder, with that short curly beard and the slightly-curled hair of the Italian heads of Christ. The mental suffering speaks out of his mild longing eyes and the slight shade of the forehead. A lace collar surrounds his neck, and the strong and yet fine right hand presses a book against the breast—a book which is not only locked, but also fixed to an iron chain; a happy symbol for human science. It is the first example of that type which afterwards occurs in the illustrations to Goethe's Faust by Zimmermann, Kaulbach and Seibertz, and in a steel-engraving of the Bode Collection, the origin of which I do not know. The whole stride which mental evolution has made, from the belief in magic of the sixteenth century to the mental freedom of Lessing, who first dared to refrain from delivering Faust to

* A good fac-simile in the 79th Vol. of *Kürschner's deutsche National literatur*. Klinger p. 143.

† Without statement of place.

‡ *Zweyte verbesserte Auflage Carlsruhe 1792*.

§ Faust who looks in the original, almost *en face*, with a slight turn to the left, looks here straight to the right, *en profil*. The emblems which surround the frames standing on a console, are also arranged in the reverse way and a devil's head is added.

|| *Zweyte verbesserte und vermehrte Ausgabe*. St. Petersburg, 1794.

hell, though through a compromise only, is proclaimed by this fine lithograph. Out of the abominable sinner has grown a hero of humanity, whose limitless thinking people look upon with reverence, and who is the model of all the striving youth of the *Sturm und Drang Zeit*. A copper engraving added shows the scene where Faust and Mephisto see the bishop of Verdun in the cage at the Court of the King of France. It shows Faust as an ordinary young man, and is in no way remarkable. In the third edition of 1799, five more copper engravings are added, and another has taken the first place; but the same title-vignette appears here too. The popular play of Doktor Faust, by the Graf Soden,* has also a copper engraving showing Ithuriel, Mephistopheles and Faust in a prison cell.†

II.—THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE FIRST PART OF GOETHE'S FAUST DURING GOETHE'S LIFETIME.

Great as the anticipation had been with which literary circles waited for the publication of Goethe's Faust, the disillusionment upon the publication of the Fragment in 1790 was still greater. Well known men like Boie, Zimmermann and Merck had spoken in an enthusiastic way of Goethe's Faust-poem, and announced it as the greatest of his creations. In consequence people had hoped for something wonderful, and were now rather disappointed. It is no wonder that no artist endeavoured to publish any illustrations. However, in 1798 Goethe himself had in view an illustrated edition of it. As he asked Zelter and Eberwein later for music to the First Part, so he wished his friend Heinrich Meyer to illustrate the Fragment by some drawings. In 1794 the second edition of Klinger's Faust-novel had appeared, accompanied by two illustrations. Why should *his* Faust not enjoy the same favour? Perhaps Klinger's third edition of 1799 with its seven engravings awakened again the wish in Goethe, who thought it

* *Doktor Faust, Volks-Schauspiel in fünf Akten von Julius Soden, Reichs-Graf, Mit einem Kupfer, Augsburg bey Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Späth, 1797.*

† Th. Weber inv., T. V. Poll sculp., A.V.

would be best to have a number of outlines on gray-brown paper, embellished by a few touches of the brush. But the work was never begun.

In all the illustrations of Goethe's drama without exception, even in the worst, the character of Faust is raised above a certain standard in appearance. He looks no longer like a vagabond, a peasant, or a glutton. But it cannot be said that there is anything at all like unity in the conception of him. Usually the illustrations of the characters of a drama in our days will in some way follow its representation upon the stage. The variety of actors will be matched by a similar variety of the figures created by the plastic arts, and in this age of photography the artist may even have certain models for whole scenes. But this was not the case with Goethe's Faust, at least not in the beginning.

The principal difficulty which the first endeavours to represent Faust on the stage met with was the prejudice that the First Part was not at all suitable for performance. This prejudice originated with Goethe himself, and disappeared but very slowly. On the contrary the illustrations were, if not called forth by Goethe, still accompanied by his favour, and won at once the favour of the public too. Stage managers in arranging the scenes, in conceiving the characters, in electing effective parts, and even in painting the scenes, could thus make use of the experience which was gained by the pictures, and very likely it was by the illustrations that they were induced to neglect the beginning of the drama so much as they did. As no very close accounts of the first performances have come down to us we cannot follow the details of this influence, but it is very unlikely that in the scenical endeavours to represent Faust advantage should not have been taken of those antecedents, and that they should have been absolutely free of reminiscences of the scenes created by draughtsmen and painters which were at that time to be found over the whole of Germany. And later on also the stage figures have not been without contact with the pictures, and the pictures with the stage figures, and a single actor's conception of Faust, or even his appearance, or his dress, may have ruled the brush of more than one painter. There is an immense

progress in the theatrical representations of Faust since 1819, but, as the illustrations start from a far higher level, not quite the same can be said of them. However, a certain evolution to the higher in them, especially in the conception of Faust's character, cannot be denied. By and by the artists get educated up to the greatness of Goethe's idea, and during that development the mental value of the illustrations grows, but when—by Seibertz—the highest is reached, the decorative element begins to reign and to destroy the ideal merit of the characters. It paints beautiful mediæval clothing for Gretchen, and Gretchen herself as a high, proud, noble woman, instead of the real Gretchen. This is to a large extent due to the influence of the stage, on which celebrated actresses appeared in the character of Gretchen in silk and velvet, because these fine clothes suited—not their part—but their figures. However, there is something else also to the same effect, the evolution of the feminine ideal in the German mind since Goethe. In this age of woman's emancipation the little shy submissive girl seems to be no longer a model, and it cannot be understood any longer how she could satisfy a Faust. The more self-dependent woman takes her place, and the popular imagination unconsciously transforms the poet's creation in the same direction. In past centuries we call this the evolution of taste produced by the change of social life, but in the present we call it apostasy from the original idea.

In Great Britain the suggestion of performing something like Goethe's Faust directly originates from the publications of a series of illustrations to the drama, Retzsch's outlines. George Soane, who had written an analysis of the First Part of Goethe's Faust for the English editions of these sketches, took Goethe's poem as the basis for a "wild spectacular play," *Faustus*, a romantic drama, which was afterwards named "*The Devil and Dr. Faustus*," and was performed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1825.*

In 1808 the complete First Part appeared. The more the

* W. Heinemann, *Goethe on the English Stage*, Publ. of the English Goethe Society, N. IV., p. 24.

Fragment had disappointed, the more the poem was the delight of every literary man, and it became at once sufficiently popular to pay the expense of illustrations. And these followed now all the faster. There became so many of them that one may speak of a history of the Faust illustrations with regard to Goethe's Faust alone, just as we speak of a history of the representations of the drama on the stage. Both representations, that of art and that of the stage, endeavour to make the drama living to our senses, but just as little as art tries to fix the scenes of any particular representation on the stage, so little does the stage make living tableaux of pictures. The principal cycles of illustrations were created before the first representation of the complete First Part, and even before partial performances of it. Did Pius Alexander Wolf, Anschütz, Ludwig and Ferdinand Löwe, Eduard Schütz and Carl Devrient follow any Faust picture in their parts? A more close connection between stage and art is shown by the performances promoted by Prince Radziwill, and the Faust pictures after his designs. The conditions of effect in art and on the stage are quite different, though they may have certain analogies to each other, and even common features. What Prince Radziwill, Holtei, Klingemann, Tieck, Seydelmann, and Eckermann have done for the performance of the First Part, Gutzkow and Wollheim da Fonseca for the Second, and Otto Devrient for both, has been done for the illustration of the drama by Nauwerck, Cornelius, Retzsch, Kaulbach, Seibertz, Liezen Mayer and Kreling; notwithstanding that actors such as Wolf, Anschütz, Löwe, Devrient, are not dependent upon those stage managers for their conceptions in the same way that the figures of Faust, Mephistopheles or Gretchen in the pictures are indebted to these artists. But that characters on the stage can also be created by the stage manager instead of the actor is proved by the example of the actor Durand at the famous Faust performance at Weimar on Goethe's eightieth birthday.

As, through all the reports on performances, there goes the complaint that the representer of Faust does not do justice to his character either in the first part, full of deep thoughts, or

in the second, full of hot passion;* as the unnatural passing over from Faust the scholar to Faust the lover makes the greatest difficulties on the stage; so does the same thing happen with the illustrations. In truth the difficulty is exactly the opposite one. There the same actor must be made young again; here the artist must create a completely new figure, which, however, must be the same, and be recognised as such. Best of all perhaps Seibertz has succeeded in this task.

The stage and art have created fixed types for Gretchen and Mephistopheles; nevertheless the conception of the devil by Klingemann is that of a chevalier, that by Seydelmann a malicious demon. It is not quite the same with Faust. "The German stage," says Creizenach,† "has not yet produced any artist who has won a special fame by this part." While there exists a large number of photographs of actors as Mephisto‡ and actresses as Gretchen,§ photographs of an actor as Faust alone without complete scenery are very rare. In the beginning there exists no type at all, but the character of Faust vacillates from the honest citizen to the timid old man; from the thoughtful Christ-like face to that of the young profligate; from the pale thinker to the gay man of the world. And, besides, to each complete Faust two different Fausts belong—an old one and a young. Schroer is scarcely right when he says that Faust has not become substantial even before Goethe's mind; that he displayed his own heart under the name of Faust, though without meaning to represent himself. It is the unhappy idea of making Faust young again in the witch's kitchen which has spoiled the whole character for the stage and most cycles of illustrations. Why could

* Wilhelm Creizenach *Die Bühnengeschichte des Goethe'schen Faust*, Frankfurt 1881, p. 9.

† In the book above named, p. 46.

‡ Otto Devrient as Mephisto, in eight different scenes, by *Fr. Hertel, Hofphotograph, Weimar* (Engel, N. 1909); Ernst Possart as Mephisto, by *Fr. Hanfstaengl-München* (Engel, N. 1910); a Mephisto from the Stage of Hannover, by Carl Michelmann, Hannover.

§ Even as large engravings, comp. Pauline Lucca as Gretchen, in Gounod's Opera *Margaretha. Præmie zu dem Buch der Welt*, 1870. Engraved by A. Fleischmann.

Faust not be a man of thirty-five in the beginning of the drama?*

All performances of Faust in which the piece has not been represented on two evenings simply as a series of tableaux, have been compelled to leave out certain scenes and to change others or confuse their order. Thus the scenes "*Erhabner Geist, du gabst mir, gabst mir alles*," and "Gretchen and Lieschen at the well," have generally been left out. "Gretchen at the spinning-wheel" has been put into the garden, and the scene of "Gretchen before the Mater Dolorosa" into the street, in order that the second garden scene and the scene between Faust, Mephisto and Valentine respectively might follow immediately. It is true that the painter may change the scene in a cycle of pictures as often as he likes, but he cannot represent every scene, or his cycle will be endless. He also must make a selection. Regarding the supernatural, which on the stage always requires an immense apparatus, he has far more freedom. He can make hundreds of spirits hovering in the air, and can make appear a Spirit of Earth so large that he covers wall and ceiling, furniture and everything. If Retzsch represents in a series of outlines always the same room, seen exactly from the same point, this is a feature which suits the stage, and is even necessary there, but in a picture its effect is certainly not to stir our imagination. Variety does so far better. Even the selection of the subjects often shows the character of the painter. One need only compare the cycle by Cornelius with that by Delacroix. It is the same with the material employed. Delacroix's dark lithographs have sprung from a different artist nature from Cornelius's light engravings.

All the stage performances and all the cycles of illustrations have one thing in common: they neglect the beginning of the piece in favour of the Gretchen tragedy. In those parts in which the reflective exceeds by far the dramatic, there are not suggested any very grateful tasks either for the actor or the painter. As even the scene between Mephisto and the student appears only in a few of the first performances, as Goethe

* Creizenach, pp. 10 and 11.

himself inclined to a more melodramatic representation of the whole beginning, and had even left out "Wagner in Faust's study," so the illustration of these scenes by an artist's pencil is exceptional. On the contrary the walk on Easter morning, which will never be represented in its full extent on the stage, was a splendid subject for the painter. Cornelius, Nauwerck, Konewka have treated it, and no one more perfectly than Schwerdgeburth.

We are too apt to forget, now that we know the Second Part, that the scenes of the beginning must have at first seemed far less full of meaning than they now do to us, who know the whole sequel to the famous bet. We forget that Klingemann and others saw in the words of Mephisto at the end of the first part, "*Her zu mir*," Faust delivered over to the devil beyond question, and that they regarded the Gretchen tragedy—which we now know to be an episode only—as the tragic finale. Besides, the first scenes were already known ever since the publication of the Fragment of 1790, and had no longer the attractiveness of all that is new, and they were already illustrated by that engraving by Lips, after Rembrandt.

Neither the stage, which would have needed for that purpose a change in the scenes, nor art, which cannot distinctly express the first faint consciousness of a fault, shows us Gretchen and Lieschen at the well. Both find equal difficulty in representing the evil spirit behind Gretchen in the cathedral, and no unique tradition has sprung from all the controversies. While the Prologue in Heaven came upon the stage but in 1856, in the illustrations it is found from the beginning—in Nauwerck, Cornelius (the title piece), Retzsch and, later, Seibertz. In representing the passing by the *Rabenstein* at midnight, the illustration has a great advantage over the stage performance. No theatrical art in the world is able to produce this instantaneous photograph, the haunted darkness, the hastening horses and the fluttering cloaks, the words dying away in the wind, and the ghosts around the *Rabenstein*. On the other hand, Valentine's death is often most effective on the stage, while the manner in which Gretchen's brother falls down, penetrated by Faust's rapier, is almost comic in Retzsch's outline.

The first performance of the First Part took place in 1819 in Berlin, but eight years earlier there existed illustrations of it. In April 1811, Goethe, through his friend Zelter, received a parcel containing six illustrations of his Faust, dedicated to him. They came from the Kammersecretär Ludwig Nauwerck, who offered them to him for thirty pounds. They were Sepia drawings, and the ability of the work and the witty conceptions of the scenes pleased the old master. However, he did not buy them, but recommended the young artist to the wife of the heir apparent of Mecklenburg Schwerin, a Weimar princess who was devoted to art. He had not yet returned the drawings to their author, when a new consignment came from another quarter. In May a young friend, Sulpiz Boisserée of Cöln, called on him, and brought some drawings from the pen of his friend Peter Cornelius, who, at that time twenty-eight years of age, was preparing to go to Italy to study. He intended to publish twenty-four illustrations of Faust, in two issues, each of twelve cartoons. The first issue he meant to finish in Germany before his departure, and by it he hoped to earn the money he needed for his journey; the second was to follow from Italy.

Goethe saw at once that a genius declared itself in these drawings, but a genius quite different from his own. This serious, quiet "philistine" was not *his* Faust, but a new one, not a scholar ranging through the whole world of knowledge, but a specialist confined to some one narrow science. He could never be imagined as sweeping over half a thousand years. He was strictly bound, not only to the historical period of the middle ages, but also to their narrow-mindedness, not dreaming of any unity in nature, untouched by Spinoza's doubts, by no means infinite in his strivings. This was not what Goethe wished. As he himself had found the limits of space and time too narrow for his Faust, as he had not confined him to any period, but committed all sorts of anachronisms, putting the philosophy of his own time alongside the magic of the sixteenth century, and the weekly paper to announce Herrn Schwerdtlein's death beside mediæval superstitions in which even Luther's time

would not have believed; so he would have liked the illustrations to be. The old German spirit was certainly right, he said, but in the mode of treatment he wished more freedom. The gloomy, dismal element of the whole situation was wanting; everything was too clear, too intellectual. In a very kind letter he referred the artist to Dürer's prayer-book, which had pleased him immensely. Boisserée asked him if he would not be inclined to lay his judgment on the drawings before the public, which would assist the young artist very much, especially as he just then wanted some help for his Italian journey. Goethe was not disinclined to do so, if Cornelius would find a publisher. Cornelius found one, but the publisher wanted a text interpreting the pictures. Boisserée asked Goethe to write one; but to the poet it seemed rather unworthy of himself to write explanatory notes to drawings illustrating his own poem. So he wrote to Boisserée, "I do not see clearly how to help good Cornelius; how high does he value his drawings? And, if he does not find any publisher, for what price would he let an amateur have them?" As the text was wanting, no contract with the publisher, Reimer of Berlin, could be made. But another publisher, Wenner of Frankfort-on-the-Main, undertook the work on such terms that Cornelius was able to go to Italy. Still, before his departure he intended to finish three pictures: "Faust and Gretchen in the Arbour," "Gretchen before the Mater Dolorosa," and "Gretchen in the Cathedral." The last was already finished.

Again Boisserée wrote to Goethe for the sake of his friend: "Now that the work is appearing I suppose you will, if occasion arises, tell the world your judgment? Of course they counted on that, as in sending your letter to Cornelius I wrote him that you were well inclined to do so. He was quite touched by the new evidence of your goodness regarding the question of buying the cartoons, and asked me to thank you most heartily." Cornelius did not finish the pictures in Italy so quickly as he expected. "Faust addressing Gretchen in the street," "The two couples in Martha's garden," "Gretchen before the Mater Dolorosa," "Gretchen in the Cathedral," "Faust and Mephistopheles ascending the Brocken" and "The passing by the

Rabenstein,"* are of the year 1811. During the following two years, apparently, he did not work at the series. In 1813 and 1814 he sent two cartoons to be engraved, of which "The cutting off of the noses" was one, and in 1815 he drew the rest and got the cartoons engraved by Ferdinand Ruscheweyh. Only the "Walk on Easter Sunday" was engraved by Thaeter at Dresden.

In the summer of 1815, when the twelve cartoons were finished, Boisserée and Goethe met at Wiesbaden. The poet had some intention of writing a poem to introduce them, but even to Boisserée's communication, that the publisher meant to dedicate them to him, he gave no answer. Goethe had his own views on the plastic arts. He thought Cornelius's accuracy in the costumes, and his invariable earnestness, rather too great, and the young artist did not tread the paths in which alone he thought salvation was to be found.

In 1816 the twelve drawings by Cornelius were published. But they were no longer the first illustrations to Goethe's *Faust*.

Five years earlier, in 1811, the historical painter Heinrich Näge had published two lithographs, one of "Egmont and Clärchen in sweet conversation," and the other representing the beginning of the Gretchen tragedy. Gretchen is just coming from Church, her prayer-book in her hand. She is a simple, plain citizen's daughter. Faust approaches from behind to her left side, holding out his right hand, his left on his rapier's hilt. Mephisto stands thoughtfully in the background, his left arm under his right, and his right hand under his chin. He seems to be considering the difficulties of the affair. In the background there is a gothic cathedral at the left, further away some of the houses of an old German town and in the street a few church-goers. Faust is a beautiful high figure, with fine pure features, a short curly full beard and a noble dress, but without anything to distinguish him from any patrician's son.†

* No. 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11.

† Engel names the Picture, N. 1803, under the stupid title "Faust accompanies Gretchen from Church." In the *Urania Pocket Book* it is called "Faust, Scene in the Street: Faust, Margarethe, in the background Mephistopheles." The original is signed H. Näge, pinx. and N. Strixner del.

The picture did not remain unknown. The subject might have been expected to attract the public. It was then the time of the so-called "Taschenbücher," those small collections of still smaller new publications in literature, published annually, which could find room comfortably in the pocket—the *Musen-almanachs*, the *Uranias*, *Minervas* and *Calliopes*. They came, so to say, between the higher literature and the public, especially the still very sentimental female public of the educated classes. In *Urania*, a pocket book for ladies, for the year 1815,* this picture by Näge was published in a much smaller size, along with two others—"Gretchen pulling the daisy to pieces" and "Gretchen praying before the *Mater Dolorosa*."† The little volume contains three more copper-plates after Näge illustrative of *Egmont* (two engraved by Sary, one by *Schwerdgeburth*), and three illustrative of *Tasso* (after *Daehling*, engraved by *Hess*).

It is the evening in Martha's garden. Mephisto has found admittance to her society. Gretchen is also there, and Faust meets with her for the second time. A high wall surrounds the little garden, overlooked only by the tower and roof of a church. Among bushes and shrubs the two couples, the young and the old, walk about. Gretchen plucks the petals of the daisy. Faust stands behind her and looks over her shoulder at what she is doing, touching her dress with his beard and chin—a welcome opportunity of contact with his beloved. Gently he puts his right arm round her waist. Will she allow him to do so? A long white simple dress covers her nice figure.

Between this and the next engraving there lies the whole world of love. Faust and Gretchen have belonged to each other. Gretchen knows that she is going to be a mother. Before the statue of the *Mater Dolorosa* she seeks for comfort, kneeling, praying, a bunch of flowers in her hand which she puts into the pitcher beneath.

Even from these small copper-plate engravings we may see how the characters created by Goethe in words hasten to

* Leipzig und Altenburg, Friedr. Arn. Brockhaus.

† All three are signed H. Näge, del. C. A. Schwerdgeburth, sc.

appear in art; and the same year produced one more copper engraving illustrative of Faust—that by Schnorr von Carolsfeld, in the ninth volume of the Vienna edition of Goethe's works. But these small endeavours are left far behind by the drawings of Peter Cornelius.*

In the first cartoon God appears enthroned on clouds, angels at his right and left. At the right, under him, blooms the tree of science with the four faculties, and at the left there is the kingdom of darkness with the witches and magic. From that side Mephistopheles approaches. This is the Prelude in Heaven. At the foot of the cartoon Faust is sitting by the side of science, absorbed in the translation of the gospel of St. John. On the side of the wicked, Gretchen's mother looks with terror at the trinkets found by her daughter in the locked cupboard.

The second cartoon, which bears the dedication to Goethe, shows the Prelude on the Stage. The booth has been set up, the poet is sitting at a desk writing. The manager has a serious face, the comic actor makes suggestions to the poet, the scene painter is also urging something upon him, the prompter is sitting in his box, the lamps are lit, Mephisto has drawn the curtain a little aside and is looking through, and the spectators are waiting for what is going to happen, while behind the curtain arise all the characters whom the word of the poet is going to conjure up.

It is only with the third cartoon that we enter upon the true Faust drama. But, as the beginning of the drama is neglected in stage performances and art representations, this cartoon does not show us Faust in his despair, not the stiff pedant Wagner, nor the vision of the Spirit of Earth, nor the sounding of the

* *Bilder zu Goethe's Faust von P. Cornelius. Gestochen von F. Ruscheweyh, Frankfurt am Main, bey F. Wenner, 1816, Berlin, bey Reimer.* These are twelve cartoons, 78 cm. x 62, 5 cm. On Nos. 4 and 7 Cornelius's name is not wanting, as Engel states. No. 7 bears the two full names, P. Cornelius, del. 1811; Ferd. Ruscheweyh, sc. Roma, 1816. A smaller edition which gives the outlines only, *Umriss nach Zeichnungen zu Goethe's Faust von P. Cornelius. München, 1841. May und Widmayer*, is also good. Another edition is *Goethe's Faust nach Originalzeichnungen von P. Cornelius, Photographirt v. C. Abel, Frankfurt-a.-M. Keller (Engel, Faustschriften, N. 1808).*

Easter song, "Christ has arisen." It is the festival feelings of Easter Sunday into the midst of which the first true Faust-picture leads us, showing us also for the first time the person of the hero. It is Faust's walk on Easter Sunday—out of the old towered gate of the city, over the drawbridge which has been let down, the citizens stream. Ships are gliding quietly down the river. Young ladies and gay young men, the old fortune-teller, the honest citizen and the servant girl, all meet here. Among them, in handsome dress, Dr. Faust is walking, somewhat dim-eyed; half a step behind him Wagner is following, his famulus, known as a pedant by his features, the cut of his hair, the habit of his arms. He cannot be confused with anybody else. But Faust has nothing to distinguish him from other men, and there are too many figures in the cartoon, too many to be arranged into groups, and among this crowd the features are lost.

In the next picture Faust has entered upon his new career. He has formed a connection with the Evil One. Not knowing who he is, he has conjured him up and made a bargain with him. Mephistopheles has made a fool of the young student, and has then travelled with his new master to Auerbach's Keller in Leipzig, and there they have had a merry hour with the drinkers. Just now these are trying to cut off each other's noses, which Mephisto has made them believe to be ripe grapes. He cries:—

Irrtum, lass los der Augen Band,

and Faust and Mephisto are carried away through the air. Forgetting that the witch's kitchen *follows* the scene in the cellar, Cornelius has made Faust about twenty years younger, and given him a different beard. Mephisto and two of the drinkers have got the rather pointed chin, which Cornelius has also given to Martha and the wicked spirit in the Cathedral. Mephisto looks rather mischievous and not over-intelligent; he is neither the demonic spirit nor the gay cavalier.

The desire for love has entered Faust's heart. The picture in the magic glass has inflamed him. Then he sees Gretchen and addresses her. Although young and beautiful his face is somewhat too sedate. Gretchen is a scarcely grown-up girl. Her skirts are rather short and do not cover her ankles. In her

sweet little face there is almost an inclination to scream. Apparently she is frightened. One sees :

*Ach, denkt sie, hat er in deinem Betragen
Was Freches, Unanständiges geschn?*

But she has sufficient presence of mind to answer him rather pertly and to turn away. Mephisto raises his finger in the background as if saying, Halt! this is the shortest way to damnation! Unfortunately his fool's cap does not allow us to see how he pricks up his ears. Faust offers Gretchen his arm, and the young, simply-dressed girl contrasts well with the noble looking man. You can scarcely imagine her on his arm. It is an immense advance on Näke. This drawing surpasses his as far as Cornelius stands above him as an artist. And here, where everything gloomy, restless and daring is wanting, his art is on its proper place. Here also there is a cathedral in the background, but its pillars, reaching towards the sky, have something in them gigantic. It is as if they gave a vast background to the simple fact that a young man in the street addresses a girl who is walking alone. They seem to suggest the demonic power which love has in human life, a power that grows with the man on whom it seizes.

Mephisto and Faust have been in Gretchen's room, and left there the little box with the trinkets; Gretchen has found it and shown it to her mother, and she in turn has handed it over to the Church, which alone can digest dishonest goods. By means of a trumped-up story Mephisto has gained entrance to Frau Martha's house and arranged a meeting between Faust and Gretchen at night in Martha's garden. It is evening. Behind the house, surrounded by walls, the little garden lies. The church tower, a few old gable ends, and the bastion of the city wall, overlook it. Mephisto leads Martha about on his arm. The woman is longing for a second matrimony, but he always ingeniously escapes her advances. Faust walks by the side of Gretchen and is more and more strongly attracted by her. He is a little more daring in love than Näke's Faust in the same case. However soft he looks, he puts confidently his left arm round the waist of the girl, and tries to touch her cheek with his other hand. She keeps him off, however, but gently and

politely. Though still in her short skirt, she is now more grown up. Love has touched her, but she does not yet imagine how quickly she will sink fully into its power. As she devotedly inclines her head, she is the citizen-like ideal of a shy, humble woman, and though Cornelius has not created a type for Faust or Mephistopheles, he certainly has created the "Gretchen" of German art.

When we meet Gretchen again in our gallery, the die has been cast. She has belonged to Faust, and with the knowledge of the consequences the feeling of guilt has awakened in her heart. The conversation with Lieschen at the well has awakened her to it. A desperate woman, she kneels before the Mater Dolorosa praying,

*Ach weisse,
du Schmerzensreiche,
dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not.*

but she is still beautiful. The flowers which she has brought with her unfold themselves in the pitcher, the monk in the cross passage continues his walking, and the foreign bird on the edge of the well looks at his food.

But Gretchen does not yet suffer enough. Mephisto and her beloved serenade her with some songs, and immediately afterwards her brother Valentine is killed by Faust. A tumult arises, the two murderers fly, people run together from all sides, and Gretchen appears before her dying brother. The watchman looks with his lantern into the face of the dying man. Gretchen, a mature woman, her hands pressed on her bosom, cries,

Allmächtiger, welche Not!

and her brother curses her with his dying breath.

Again we find Gretchen in a sacred place, the cathedral, during the service. The old mediæval song, "*Dies iræ, dies illa*," is sounding, the minister reads the text, and the choristers kneel down. Gretchen is sitting on a bench, and the voice of her conscience is speaking to her in the form of a bad spirit, who stands behind her and whispers in her ear. A happy young mother is kneeling at the pillar, busy with two ruddy-cheeked boys, who are playing and far too happy to pay attention to the service. She contrasts with Gretchen, who

will also become a mother, but not an innocent one. The evil spirit whispers to her his "*Wehe*," the chorus sings again, and Gretchen breaks down fainting.

In the meantime Mephisto and Faust are journeying to the Mayday-eve orgies on the Blocksberg. The Will-o'-the-wisp dances. Ghosts flit round about. Faust wraps himself closer in his mantle and supports himself by his knotted stick; owls cry and witches pass riding on their broomsticks.

Again some time has passed. Gretchen has borne her own and Faust's child, and has murdered it to hide her shame. But the arm of justice has overtaken her; she is in prison. To-morrow she is to be beheaded. Faust happens to come to town and learns the evil news. At once he resolves to deliver her. On black horses he and Mephisto dash through the night; at mid-night they pass the gallows, round which witches and spirits are fluttering. "*Vorbei, Vorbei!*" warns Mephisto.

The twelfth cartoon shows Gretchen in prison. With Mephisto's help Faust has forced an entrance and is going to deliver his beloved; he finds her insane. She hardly recognises him. On Mephisto's magic words her chains fall off—but she cannot be moved to follow him. Mephisto calls them to hurry. Gretchen prays. Sneeringly Mephisto cries, "*Sie ist gerichtet.*" Then the wall divides, an angel appears and speaks the words, "*Ist gerettet.*" The voice, invisible in the drama, has been made visible by the illustrator. It reminds one of the end of Egmont, where Liberty appears in the same way. This invention is a happy one for the illustration, and Cornelius has created by it a fixed tradition. Of course Retzsch's copper-plates, which appeared in the same year, cannot show it; but Nauwerck, Hensel, Seibertz, follow him in opposition to the modern stage, which avoids apparitions where it possibly can.

Moritz Retzsch's Outlines to Goethe's Faust* appeared

* Moritz Retzsch, *Umrisse zu Goethe's Faust*, Stuttgart, Cotta 1816; second ed. 1820, third ed. 1828 (Engel, *Faustschriften*, N. 1809); fourth ed., re-touched by the author and enlarged by three new plates, Stuttgart und Tübingen, Cotta 1834. In 1836, by the same publisher, eleven outlines illustrative of the Second Part appeared (Moritz Retzsch, *Umrisse zu Goethe's Faust, Zweiter Teil. Elf Platten, nebst Andeutungen*, Stuttgart und Augsburg, Cotta 1836. About 1840 both parts appeared together.

almost at the same time with Cornelius's engravings, and have become far more popular than his drawings. They are smaller and cheaper, and the cycle they represent is more complete. Although outlines only, still they have thin and thick lines which enable light and shadow to be distinguished quite plainly. In 1816 Moritz Retzsch, at Dresden, was twenty-seven years old; and these outlines founded his fame, especially abroad, for very quickly steel engravings of his drawings appeared in London and Paris. Retzsch's Faust has something imposing and even majestic, as he gazes thoughtfully over the fields on Easter Sunday evening, when the poodle is drawing its circles round him, or when he is sitting at work in his study. He is not the typical Faust, but he is a far nearer approach to the typical Faust than we have yet had. He is Faust the thinker, but not Faust the stormy. He is too sane to take the phial with the poison down from the shelf, and it is a question whether the Easter song, "Christ has arisen," would touch him. After the drink in the witch's kitchen he is no longer Faust at all. When he gives the contract to Mephisto no one would imagine that it is a question of his immortal soul. The three cartoons added in the edition of 1834 have some more mistakes. Two of them are of quite a different character, in consequence of the stronger accent laid on the surroundings. The numerous spirits who sing Faust to sleep,* and the overgrowing leaves with their new technique in the second garden scene,† which remind the spectator that it has been drawn at the same time as some cartoons illustrative of the Second Part.‡ They fall out of the cycle, as Faust has a short, full beard in the garden, and is shaven in the next picture; as Mephisto, in the scene of the cutting off the noses,§ is quite a different devil, one of a higher type, with gentlemanly manners; while in the second garden scene|| he has sadly deteriorated. The Mephisto of the first edition surpasses that of Cornelius. He comes nearer to

* The proper place for this cartoon would be after N. 4 of the first edition, but, by a mistake of Retzsch's, it has been put before it.

† N. 19 of the edition of 1834.

§ N. 7 in the edition of 1834.

‡ N. 1, 5, 7.

|| N. 19 of 1834.

that meagre, red-haired, flaunting fellow with knitted eyebrows and red clothing, whom we can only imagine speaking with a hoarse and rattling sneer. Beside him Cornelius's Mephisto looks like an old woman. The Gretchen is not unequal to that of Cornelius.

The first picture—an awfully bad engraving, the worst of the whole collection—shows us God the Father surrounded by angels within a frame of clouds. God is an old man with long beard, wearing a Greek cloak and sitting on an invisible chair. The Prelude on the stage is wanting; neither does Retzsch lead us into the lonely study of Faust, nor show us any of his mental experiences. He does not portray the apparition of the Spirit of Earth, the conversation with Wagner, or the crowd at the city gate on Easter Sunday. We see first the doctor and his famulus when they return from their walk, and the poodle approaches. The principal weight is given to the Gretchen tragedy, especially in the first edition, where fourteen of the twenty-six drawings treat it. "Gretchen in the garden plucking off the daisy's petals," "The kiss in the garden house," and "Gretchen at the spinning wheel," singing,

*Meine Ruh ist hin
Mein Herz ist schwer,*

belong to the best scenes of this collection. In the last picture the "Voice from above," which calls "*Ist gerettet*," is invisible.

The outlines illustrative of Goethe's Faust, by Retzsch, are still the most popular illustrations to Faust which exist, not only in Germany, but in Great Britain and France too, although France has produced her own illustrations by Eugène Delacroix.

In 1825 a pirated print appeared in Germany,* but already five years earlier an English edition had appeared: Ret[z]sch's Series

* *Faust von Goethe in 26 Unrissen. Göttingen in der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung*, without stating the year (Engel Faustschriften N. 1809). In the copy of the Bode Collection Cartoon N. 22 (the scene on the Blocksberg) is wanting. Though not so fine as the originals, the engravings are not bad, especially for pirated prints.

of twenty-six outlines, illustrative of Goethe's tragedy of Faust, engraved from the originals by Henry Moses, and an Analysis of the Tragedy.* The engravings by Moses are very fine, some are better than the originals, particularly the first engraving, in which we find a remarkable change. The figure of God has been left out and the angels round about adore the Invisible. In the first picture of the witch's kitchen the woman on the magic glass is seen partially unclothed, only the lower limbs being draped, while in the original, though lying on the bed, she is fully dressed. She is a far more mature, even a voluptuous woman. Her left arm is thrown back over her head, as in the original, but in a passionate manner; her right arm is not lying on the bed as in Retzsch's drawing, but hanging down. While in the original she is a sleeping girl dreaming a pleasant dream, here she is a woman longing for love in feverish fancy. The scene of "Gretchen in the cathedral" is spoilt by too large and too dark shadows on the ground, which do not suit the light, outline drawing. When the Analysis of the Tragedy was sold out, "the publishers felt desirous to supply its place with a more careful abstract of Faust, which, while it served as a book of reference and explanation for the use of the purchasers of the plates, might also possess some claims to interest the general reader," and it was the defectiveness of this which induced Thomas Carlyle, who knew Goethe's writings at that time pretty well, to publish his Essay on Faust in the New Edinburgh Review of April 1822,† while the author of the first Analysis, George Soane, treated the subject which he had thus become acquainted with in a romantic drama.‡

The figure of God is also left out in the French edition of Retzsch's outlines, which appeared in 1823; the steel-engravings

* London, Printed for Boosey and Sons, Broad Street, Exchange, and Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street, 1820. W. Wilson, Printer, Greville Street, Hatton Garden, London. The work was published in two parts, the first in the beginning of 1820, the second on the 1st July of the same year. For the introduction the publishers' preface to the German edition is used.

† Reprinted in the Publications of the Eng. Goethe Soc. Vol. IV. p. 85.

‡ See above.

being by Trueb and Branche.* The engravings† are sometimes more beautiful than the originals, though they are only one quarter as large; and are made after the German originals, but, in common with the English edition, leave out the figure of God. This is at once apparent on examination of the first scene of the witch's kitchen and other cartoons. A very clever philosophical German literary critic, Karl Rosenkranz, regarded the invisible *Etre Suprême*, which the angels adore in this edition, as an argument showing that Frenchmen are more abstract in their ideas than Germans;‡ but, if so, Englishmen must be more abstract also. Karl Engel's statement, "The angels are kneeling before a white blot"§ is as misleading as possible. The leaving out of the figure is in fact a great improvement, as you see at once on comparing the engraving by Moses or Trueb with the original.

The outlines by Retzsch are found in some English translations of *Faust*.|| Their popularity is best shown by the fact

* I have not seen the edition of 1823, but only that of 1828, a copy of which is in the Bode Collection. I get the year 1823 from Engel, *Faust-schriften*, N. 1809. The edition of 1828 bears the title: *Faust, Vingt-six gravures d'après les dessins de Retzsch. Publié par Audot, Rue des Maçons-Sorbonne, No. 11, 1828, p. 3a-4b, Notice sur Faust.* 3b-4b are numbered (6), (7), (8) (15, 5 cm.: 12, 4 cm.) It does not call itself *Deuxième édition*, but a small book of the same size is added, and has a separate title: *Faust Vingt-six gravures d'après les dessins de Retzsch, Deuxième édition, augmentée d'une analyse du drame de Goëthe, Par Mme. Elise Voïard. Publié par Audot, éditeur du Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture, Rue de Maçons-Sorbonne, No. 11, 1828.* On pages 5-8 it contains the same "Notice sur Faust." (*Jean Faust, fils d'un paysan de Weimar ou de Kundling, naquit vers le commencement du seizième siècle, etc.*); pp. 9-31 contain the Analysis: *Faust. (Tout le monde connaît la belle et poétique analyse que madame de Staël a faite du chef-d'œuvre de Goëthe, etc.)*

† Thirteen by Trueb and thirteen by Branche. Engel omits to say that N. 22 is also by Trueb.

‡ Rosenkranz, *Zur Geschichte der deutschen Literatur, Königsberg, 1836, p. 260.*

§ *Faust-schriften*, N. 1810.

|| London, 1834; the Second Part (14 outlines) London, 1836; Birch's translation, London and Leipzig, 1839, with 29 engravings on steel by J. Brain, after Moritz Retzsch; the Second Part, with 11 engravings on steel by John Brain, after M. Retzsch, London and Leipzig, 1843; and others.

that they were even turned into caricatures, both in Great Britain and in Germany. The British caricatures are by Alfred Forrester, and appeared in his "Faust: a Serio-Comic Poem," with twelve illustrations by A. Crowquill (his pseudonym).* In Germany Retzsch's outlines have become the basis of the eleven caricatures to Faust by Anselmus Lachgern,† in which scenes from them‡ are distorted without too much wit. Faust looks like a bootmaker or a schoolmaster with spectacles. Gretchen is an ugly fat servant girl. Mephisto smokes a pipe. Faust takes the witch's drink like a pleasant draught. Gretchen finds in the cupboard a plate with a string of Frankfort sausages, and Mephisto urges on Faust, who is too cowardly to attack Valentine.

The visitor to Auerbach's Keller may also see some of Retzsch's pictures on the walls of the lower cellar.§ They are painted by the decorative painter, Heinrich Bey, of Leipzig.

In November, 1826, Goethe received through Coudray two of the drawings which the French painter Delacroix, then twenty-seven years of age, had undertaken for the French translation of Faust by Albert Stapfer. They represented Auerbach's Keller and the rush past the gallows at midnight. Goethe told Eckermann how much pleased he was with the great talent exhibited in these mere sketches, a talent which had found its proper incitement in Faust. He knew his fellow countrymen blamed Delacroix for his wildness, but he thought this of great use to him in the present case. He hoped to see the whole poem treated in the same way, and was especially curious about the witch's kitchen and the Mayday-eve orgies. He thought he could see from these two drawings that Delacroix had had much experience of life, for which Paris had given him

* Heinemann, Goethe's Faust in England and America, N. 22. Engel, 817.

† Bilder zu Goethe's Faust von Anselmus Lachgern. Leipzig, 1841, C. F. Doerffling.

‡ 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 16, 17, 22, 26 of the complete edition of 1834.

§ N. 6, 9, 17, 22, 24, 29 of the complete edition. N. 17 as a sort of *copie en contre-partie*. Faust and Gretchen are unchanged, but Mephisto and Martha appear on the left of the spectator instead of his right.

the best opportunity. No illustrations of Faust impressed Goethe so deeply as these two creations of the young French painter—a sign that his taste was not narrowed by any national boundaries but able to appreciate everything great and beautiful in foreign art and literature. When Eckermann said that pictures like these helped very much to the understanding of the poem, Goethe answered, “There is no question of that, for the perfect imagination of such an artist compels us to think the situation as he thought it himself. And as I must confess that Monsieur Delacroix has surpassed my own conceptions of the scenes, how much more will readers find everything living and surpassing their imagination.”* Eckermann has given us a very good account of the two pictures; some remarks in it are probably also founded on Goethe’s utterances. “Faust is riding a black horse running at fullest gallop, and seeming, like its rider, to be afraid of the ghosts under the gallows. They ride so quickly that Faust finds it difficult to cling to the horse. The rushing air has carried away his cap, which, held by the storm ribbon at his throat, flies far behind him. He has turned his face with timid inquiry to Mephistopheles and listens to his word. Mephisto sits quiet and untroubled, like a higher being. He does not ride a living horse, for he does not like the living. Besides he does not need it, for his will alone moves him as quickly as he wishes. He has only got a horse because he must be thought to be riding. And thus a skeleton, whose skin scarcely held its bones together, sufficed him to be swept away from the first meadow. This steed is of a pale colour, and seems to phosphoresce in the dark of the night. It has neither reins nor saddle, it does not need them. The supernatural rider is sitting easily and carelessly, turned towards Faust in conversation. The element of air streaming against them does not exist for him; he and his horse do not feel anything, none of their hairs move.”

Goethe’s opinion was that he had not imagined all these things so perfectly himself.

Of the other lithograph Eckermann says, “It was the wild

* Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe*. Nov. 29, 1826.

drinking scene in Auerbach's Keller I saw represented, and, as the quintessence of the whole, the most remarkable moment, in which the wine spilled flashes up as a flame, and the bestiality of the drinkers appears in the most various manners. All is passion and motion, and Mephistopheles alone remains in his usual gay quiet. The wild swearing and crying, and the drawn knife of the man who stands next him, are nothing to him. He has taken a seat on the table corner and dangles his legs; his raised finger is sufficient to smother flame and passion."

The lively impression which Goethe received from these lithographs was not weakened by time. In 1827 he gives a similar judgment in the periodical "*Kunst und Alterthum*": "Though the cartoons are only hasty sketches and treated in rather a rough way, they are full of *esprit* and expression, and fitted to have an immense effect. Probably the artist will also succeed in creating the rest of the wild, suggestive and strange situations, and if he knows how to accommodate himself in any way to the more tender, we may soon expect a wonderful work of art harmoniously interlocking that paradoxical poem."

When, then, in 1828, in "*Kunst und Alterthum*," the publication of the French translation of Faust with the seventeen drawings of Delacroix was announced, Goethe said, "This artist has perceived all that is originally gloomy in Faust just as it is, and accompanied the always restlessly striving hero with a like impatience of the pencil. He has felt at home here in a strange production between heaven and earth, the possible and the impossible, the coarsest and the tenderest, and among whatever subjects imagination can play its bold part, and walked amidst it all as if at home." In the added "Utterances of an Amateur in Art," all the pictures, though they can only be regarded as sketches, are said to exhibit power and *esprit* in the treatment, and some of them are praised particularly because of their happy invention. At the end the "Amateur" says, "If one should compare these cartoons with the endeavours of German artists to treat scenes from Faust, they may take an honourable place beside each other. A German (he means Cornelius) has

taken everything far more seriously and drawn the characters with greater care and in a more scientific way; and another (Retzsch), who has been better aware of the cyclical succession of the pictures, may have succeeded in leading the characters with more steadiness through the whole series.* The title-piece of this large edition shows the old Goethe, his shoulders covered with a furred collar, by Eugène Delacroix, and it is followed by seventeen lithographs, which are fastened in their respective places. The very first picture shows the peculiarity and power of this artist. It does not show us the Prologue in Heaven, which is little interesting, and even tiresome in all the pictures of it I know. But the wild, daring imagination produces for us Mephistopheles with wings and claws, just at the moment when, after his conversation with the Highest, he precipitates himself from heaven to earth. Beneath is a peaceful town, over which, just at the horizon, the full moon stands, her light reflected in a sheet of water—a most powerful aspect being achieved by the glaring light beside the close darkness.

*De temps en temps j'aime à voir le vieux père
Et je me garde bien de lui rompre en Visière.*

It is the French artist who leads us first into Faust's lonely study. Faust is in despair. The small light of the hanging lamp falls down on his pale face, which looks meagre, languishing and consumptive. On two books there lies a skull. Faust leans his hand on the table and stares before him. "*Pauvre crane, vide que me veux tu dire avec ton grisement hideux?*" On Easter Sunday Faust and Wagner on their walk are sitting by the road. "*Heureux qui peut conserver l'espérance de surnager sur cet océan d'erreurs . . . l'esprit à beau déployer ses ailes, le*

* The copy in the British Museum, which I used, as the Bode collection does not contain this work, does not bear the title at all which Engel gives in N. 936 in his *Faustschriften*. It is entitled: "*Faust, Tragédie de M. de Goethe. A Paris, chez Motte, Rue de Marais, N. 13; Sautet, Place de la Bourse, fol.*" This is what is on the cover. There is no white title-page. The name of the translator is not stated, but the *Notes de la préface*, p. 145, state: "*Cette traduction avait paru, pour la première fois en 1825, dans la collection des œuvres dramatiques de J. W. Goethe, que publièrent alors les libraires Sautet et Cie.*" It has 148 pages, and pp. 143-148 are filled by "Notes." It is a reprint of that translation which Engel gives as N. 933.

corps, hélas, n'en a point à y ajouter." It is rather bad, and "Faust, Wagner, and the poodle," "Mephisto as an itinerant scholar putting his left hand on his heart, while Faust rapidly rises from his chair," and "Mephisto and the student" are also very indifferent. "Auerbach's Keller," of which Eckermann gave us the description, is better:

*Au feu, à l'aide, l'enfer s'allume.
Sorcellerie! jetez vous sur lui . . . son affaire ne sera pas longue.*

The way in which Faust introduces himself to Gretchen is rather French. He does not offer her his arm, but puts it at once round her waist. Delacroix most of all artists has neglected the rejuvenescence of Faust, but Faust has an appearance rather too little agreeable. He is a mediæval adventurer to begin with, and from the first picture looks as if he was rather experienced in love affairs. He who has seen Delacroix's pictures before Goethe's Faust will look into the first monologue to find out from which of all his sweethearts he is now suffering. The French artist, who was supposed by Goethe to have so much "experience of life," cannot deny this. It urges itself forward in all his creations to the injury of the intellectual element. This Faust asks every highest pleasure from earth, but he does not care for the most beautiful stars of heaven. That which is gigantic in him is his passion—his impatience, as Goethe called it,—but there is nothing in these pictures suggesting that it is an impatience for knowledge. Probably Eugène Delacroix knew very well how one should introduce one's self to an old lady with whom one hopes to meet a young one. Mephisto, entering for the first time into Martha's room, is very good. He bows extremely politely, and the young girl rises and answers his greeting. But old Frau Martha remains sitting with the trinkets in her hand, and waiting to see what the stranger is like. Probably it is not the first time she has been called upon in that way. Gretchen herself is quite plain-looking and has a poor figure, and, if love were not blind, we could scarcely understand Faust falling in love with her. But this French Faust does not love her. He does not regard his connection with Gretchen as anything more than an episode in his life,

which in half a year will lie behind him. He has not the honest conviction of the German Faust when he says,

*Wenn ich empfinde,
Für das Gefühl, für das Gewühl
Nach Numen suche, keinen finde,
Dann durch die Welt mit allen Sinnen schweife,
Nach allen höchsten Worten greife
Und diese Glut, von der ich brenne,
Unendlich, ewig, ewig nenne,
Ist das ein teuflisch Lügenspiel?*

He knows from the first moment that he will betray the girl.

Not even "Gretchen alone at the spinning-wheel" awakens our sympathy. As far as the rhymes—

*Sans lui l'existence
N'est qu'un lourd fardeau.
Le monde si beau,
N'est qu'un tombeau
Dans son absence.*

are from what we feel, so far is this Gretchen from the type of her which Cornelius created, and to which Moritz Retzsch, without having ever seen Cornelius's drawings, comes so near. Faust stabs Valentine, while Mephisto wards off Valentine's stroke from Faust. After the murder both fly, while in the background people hold a light before the face of the dead man. Gretchen prays in the cathedral, the evil spirit behind her. Faust and Mephisto are on the way to the Brocken. On the the Blocksberg, amidst the Mayday-eve orgies, Faust gazes at the apparition that seems to him to be Gretchen. The hopes which Goethe had about this picture were not fulfilled, however suitable a subject this was to Delacroix's talent. And the witch's kitchen, regarding the representation of which the poet was curious also, is wanting altogether. The splendid scene of the rush past the gallows has been described by Eckermann. Even in the last scene the French Faust shows his violence. Delacroix chooses that very moment when Faust seizes Gretchen almost by force, and she, sitting on a bench, with naked breast strives against him.

It is true this artist has perceived all that is originally gloomy in Faust—but only that. He has not known how to

accommodate himself to the more tender or purely intellectual. These have become rough under his pencil. Of the earnestness of Cornelius there is no trace in his lithographs; but Satan's precipitation to earth, the scene in Auerbach's Keller, Mephisto entering Martha's room, and the riding through the night have never been surpassed. His Faust and Mephisto are two somewhat oldish and yet fast gentlemen, and his Gretchen stands just at the frontier of the East End.

I do not know whether the representation of Goethe's Faust in Paris in the Theatre of La Porte St. Martin, on November 8th, 1828, was influenced by these pictures. But when a critic says, "It is the Goethean Faust, it is Gretchen; but travestied, materialised, confined to earth and hell, everything intellectual wiped away,"* at least something similar may be said of Delacroix's figures, although he did not brutalise the drama as that representation did.

In the year 1826 the first sheets of Nauwerck's lithographs also appeared. In "*Kunst und Alterthum*" Goethe gives them honourable mention. "Herr Nauwerck," he says, "whom the Weimarian amateurs of art esteem and have long known as well affected to them, has proved himself in these cartoons to have *esprit* and a cultivated taste." The third cartoon shows Faust at his study table, while the immense figure of the Spirit of Earth arises, beautiful and wonderful.† Of the fourth cartoon (The Walk on Easter Sunday) Goethe says, "The variety of ages, classes and characters, that which is living and significant in this leaf, does honour to Herr Nauwerck, and indemnifies fully for some unimportant mistakes in the drawing." When in 1828 the second cartoons appeared, Goethe wrote in the same periodical, "We may assure you of the present sheets that they show a progress in the powerful as well as in the picturesque and in the distinct carrying of these out; also the

* Creizenach, *Die Bühnengeschichte des Goetheschen Faust*, pp. 27, 28.

† *Faust, eine Tragödie von Goethe. Dem Dichter ehrerbietigst zugeeignet von Ludwig Nauwerck.* Place and year not stated. The twelve cartoons appeared in three issues—1826, 1828 and 1831—at Hamburg. The title page shows the Prelude on the Stage, over and under which the words mentioned are found.

expression is more living and fuller of meaning." With regard to all the illustrations to his *Faust* which he knew, those of Cornelius, Retzsch, Delacroix, Nauwerck, Näke, and Schnorr, he finally says, "Thus those sheets induce us to lay before us and compare all the said endeavours, as well as some single works by Herr Näke and Schnorr, by which the relation of every special talent to the poem is shown. The reflections resulting from this are agreeably educating to the amateur of art, and perhaps in the future we might be inclined to communicate them." This promise, however, was never fulfilled. We also possess some remarks on Nauwerck's lithographs, by Goethe's friend Zelter, one of which is somewhat important. He writes, "Where I do not find that my conception has been reached is in the fifth cartoon, '*Wie wird mein Pudel lang und breit!*'" The scene is too light; a crescendo, a growing, is wanting. In the character of Faust I fancy a firm position, the upper part of the body drawn back. The whole is not terrifying enough. The left hand, which holds the book, is good. I know very well it is easy to say so now that all stands before us."

Nauwerck is the first artist who represents the apparition of the Spirit of Earth. Did Cornelius, Retzsch, and Delacroix think this would surpass their faculties or the limits of the plastic arts? Of Goethe's remarks in 1815 to Graf Brühl on the representation of the Spirit of Earth, Nauwerck of course did not know anything, or he would certainly not have made the Spirit a woman. Apparently it is his own idea to show only an immense head. It is a magnificent apparition, surpassed only by one other representation of the same scene, that of Zimmermann. Faust looks like a true philistine; he might be a bootmaker. He could never have said, "*Schreckliches Gesicht,*" or "*Weh! Ich ertrag' dich nicht!*" He is far too terrified. He is sitting at the writing-table, and above it the Spirit of Earth appears—a gorgeous woman's head, full of sovereignty, a crown on the forehead, untouched by anything on this small earth, a head as high as Faust's whole figure. The apparition makes a powerful impression, and looking on it one could easily understand how Zelter could write to Goethe

in 1831 that he admired the cartoons as surpassing his conception of the idea. The mouth seems to speak the words,

*In Lebensfluten, im Thatensturm,
Walt' ich auf und ab,
Wehe hin und her
Geburt und Grab.*

and as we see this apparition we comprehend far better than we can from that which our theatres usually show as "The Spirit of Earth," how Faust could say of it,

*Ach die Erscheinung war so riesengross,
Dass ich mich recht als Zwerg empfinden sollte.*

What Holtei said of the actor Durand, who played the part of Faust at the celebration performance for Goethe's eightieth birthday at Weimar—that he remained from beginning to end the honest blameless philistine, to whom it seemed a horse-labour to make people imagine him as Faust—may also be said of Nauwerck's Faust, especially as he appears in this first cartoon. We do not believe this man capable of striking a bargain with the Devil.

The rest of the characters have also something of the philistine. Mephisto is a new type. His face is peculiarly Jewish, and he seems to be gnashing his teeth in a most devilish manner. Gretchen is very unequal. In the scene where she is kneeling down in the grass and plucking the daisy to pieces, in that where she is before her murdered brother, and in that of the prison cell, she appears in three entirely different forms. Mephisto is without doubt the figure which is best delineated. It is a pity that none of the later illustrators of Faust have followed this track. He is neither the polished devil nor the malicious devil, but a sort of faun with bestial passions, especially in the witch's kitchen. The picture showing Faust and Mephisto on the way to the Blocksberg surpasses both the representation of this scene by Cornelius and that by Retzsch. Over the dark rocks Faust and Mephisto are flying, the Will-o'-the-Wisp gives light to their way across precipices and summits. Light springs only from the Will-o'-the-Wisp, which is represented very ingeniously, and from the eyes of an owl. In the final scene in the prison cell an angel appears, as with Cornelius; but the whole, and especially Faust's figure, has something too

effeminate and sweet, which is not in keeping with the grandeur of the situation.

Rapidly the illustrations of Goethe's *Faust* became more popular. Their popularity grew with the popularity of the poem. In 1828 and 1829 another pocket-book, called *Minerva*, published sixteen illustrations by Ramberg.* He was the first to represent the scene between Mephisto and the student, who looks like a boy of thirteen; the first, and the only one, to show us the fat, smug-faced priest putting the trinkets into his pocket, while Gretchen's mother sanctimoniously crosses her hands over her breast, and Gretchen turns away from her disappointed. "Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel" is a very sentimental, old-fashioned little engraving, just the right thing for a pocket-book, while during their "Conversation on Religion" Gretchen seems to me a little too familiar with Faust—for that purpose. Her one hand lies on his knee, her other is stroking his beard. "Gretchen before the Mater Dolorosa" has one great superiority over Cornelius's and Retzsch's drawings; it is not in the least theatrical. Gretchen kneels down leaning on the stone, quite broken by her guilt. More theatrical is the last cartoon with the angel's apparition. Very likely Goethe saw these illustrations too.

A few months before his death he received sixteen more pictures illustrating the first part of his great poem. They were drawn by Gustav Nehrlich, a painter, afterwards rather celebrated, who had sketched them at twenty-three years of age. His father had been a minister, but as his lungs were not very strong and did not allow him to speak continuously aloud and in public, and as he felt attracted very much to the plastic arts, to which he had devoted himself from his youth, he had given up the ministry, become a painter, and taught his son very early the technique of his art. At eighteen years of age this son had gone to Paris, and in 1827 to Munich. There, in

* *Minerva, Taschenbuch für das Jahr 1828, Zwanzigster Jahrgang, Mit 9 Kupfern, Leipzig, bei Gerhard Fleischer.* There were really only eight copper engravings, by different engravers, after drawings by H. Ramberg, in the *Minerva* for 1828, as N. 7 was wanting. It was given with the other seven in the Vol. for 1829.

the following years, he made these sixteen outlines, and his father, who had become acquainted with Goethe in 1815 at Karlsruhe, sent them to the poet in September, 1831. We possess Goethe's judgment on them. He wrote to the artist's father, in the name of the Weimarian Amateurs of Art, "These pictures are rich in characters and scenery, are mostly well invented, and have good motives. The expression is very successful, and I could name a number of heads very well done, endowed with *esprit* and life. The habits of the figures suit the action, and the limbs are of good form. . . . The design of the dresses is mostly good, some are to be acknowledged as very neat. Also one must not omit that sufficient care has been taken of the localities, the places have been chosen well, and the furniture represented is suitable to the time." There is no word said by Goethe about genius or anything like that. It is a letter written by a very kind man to the old father of a young artist, whom he thought it good to encourage. Nehrlich's illustrations to Goethe's *Faust* are no great work, and he never published them. He became quickly a very celebrated painter, and died, almost in his youth, in 1840, thirty-three years old. His *Faust* illustrations were published long afterwards. In 1861-65 they appeared accompanied by a text by Heinrich Düntzer. They are outlines only, like Retzsch's, but without light and shade; and as they are only the work of his youth, of course they do not belong to Nehrlich's best creations.*

Faust's appearance is rather poor; there is no shade of any greatness of conception. To the Spirit of Earth, who appears, as with Nisle and Seibertz, as a half figure, and not as a head only, this poor old man seems to say, raising his hand, "Be quiet, I know all you can tell me." The character of Mephisto is better. His ugly face has a bestial cynicism. Nehrlich's drawings, illustrative of *Faust*, were the last which Goethe saw, as he died in the spring of the following year, on March 22nd, 1832.

* I know only the first six plates of the edition: *Gustav Nehrlich's Zeichnungen nach Goethe's Faust, Mit erläuternden Worten von Heinrich Düntzer, Neuwied und Leipzig, J. H. Heuser*, and I have not even been able to find out whether the rest have been published.

III.—THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE FIRST PART AFTER GOETHE'S DEATH.

It was not only Goethe's poem of Faust from which artists could take their suggestions for the conception of characters and situations. There was far more than this. Some important suggestions of his, written and oral, not direct but through third persons, regarding the stage representation of Faust, and a series of pictures to illustrate the drama, were only made available after his death. Goethe never met an artist in his life to whom he could explain his own ideas on the illustration of his poem, and who followed them. All the illustrations he saw were already finished, and it is questionable whether the results of his own suggestions and those of some well-intentioned friends, of which I now have to speak, would have fully pleased him. Very likely not.

I have already mentioned the letter which Goethe wrote to Graf Brühl on May 1st, 1815. Graf Brühl was the *Intendant* of the Royal Theatre of Berlin, and Goethe told him of his endeavours to make Faust fit for representation. He had shortened the beginning very much, and even left out the conversation with Wagner; he had resolved to show the Spirit of Earth in a transparency, and thought a musical accompaniment absolutely necessary. Graf Brühl did not take up the idea of a representation of Faust, but another man did—Prince Anton Heinrich Radziwill. A son of an old princely family of Poland, and married to the Princess Louisa of Prussia, the daughter of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia and niece of Frederic the Great—he belonged to the closer Court circles. He was a remarkable man, possessed eminent musical gifts, and being filled with enthusiasm for Goethe's Faust, composed music for several scenes in it. In 1814 he called on Goethe at Weimar, and the poet wrote to Knebel regarding this visit, "Yesterday we were surprised by a quite particular appearance—Prince Radziwill, who plays a beautiful violoncello, composes himself, and sings to that instrument. He is the first true troubadour whom I have seen. A strong talent, an enthusiasm

even, one dares say, something phantastical, make him conspicuous; and all he utters has always an individual character. If his voice were more decided, the impression he made would be incalculable." The Prince recited to him those pieces of his composition which were then finished, carrying him along with him very happily; and the impression on Goethe was so great that he was induced to enlarge the scene between Faust and Gretchen in the garden-house of Frau Martha Schwerdtlein, and to compose another—two little devils and Cupid—specially for the Prince. He sent him even a Chorus of Spirits, to take the place of Mephisto's words, "*Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft.*" In 1819 Prince Radziwill brought about the first performance of Faust, in Prince Karl of Prussia's Castle of Montbijou, near Berlin; and mostly princes and princesses played the parts. They gave at first only scenes from Faust, but in the few other performances which followed a few more scenes were added. However, the First Part failed to be complete. In the meantime the musical compositions for Faust by Prince Radziwill were finished, and played at the Singing Academy of Berlin. When, after 1832, a large edition of the compositions was published by that Academy, some artists were asked to accompany it with a series of lithographs. Prince Radziwill himself gave them the descriptions, based on his experiences on the stage. Karl Zimmermann, Hensel, C. Schulz, Hosemann and Biermann took part in the work, and thus originated the "Scenes from Faust after the descriptions by Prince Anton Heinrich Radziwill."* The title-piece, which shows the aged Goethe surrounded by the characters of the poem, and which is drawn by Peter Cornelius, is followed by seven single scenes, "The apparition of the Spirit of Earth" and "Faust kneeling down on Easter morning," by Karl Zimmermann; "Mephisto

* *Scenen aus Goethe's Faust in acht lithographirten Bildern nach der Angabe des Fürsten Anton Radziwüll zu seinen Compositionen des Faust, gezeichnet von Biermann, Cornelius, Hensel, Hosemann, Fürst Ferdinand Radziwüll C. Schulz und Zimmermann. Lithographirt von: Eichens, Hosemann, Jentzen Loeillot de Mars und Meyerheim, Eigenthum der Sing-Academie. Zum ausschliesslichen Debit in Commission bei T. Trautwein in Berlin, breite Strasse N. 8. Pr. 6 Rthlr. Robert Winckelmann, lith.*

as an itinerant scholar coming from behind the Stove," by C. Schulz; "The Spirits singing Faust to sleep," by Hensel; "The Witch's Kitchen," by Hosemann; "Gretchen in her Room," by Biermann—the room after a sketch by Prince Ferdinand Radziwill; "The Scene in the Prison Cell," by Hensel.

Goethe had written to Graf Brühl that he would represent the Spirit of Earth in the following way, A colossal head with the features of Zeus should appear as a transparency, and an actor speak its part. This way offered the great advantage that the turning on and extinguishing of the light behind the picture made possible its instantaneous appearance and disappearance. This is the basis of the first picture of this cycle. Faust is standing upright, the magic book in his hand. Before him appears the august head of a beautiful old man, whose hair in curls goes over into flames gently waving. It is higher than Faust's whole stature. It is a formation of flames, and it bears in its face the tokens of a higher nature than Faust's. Unable to bear the sight of this waving sea of fire, Faust turns away his face, holding his right arm before his eyes. With majestic quiet the large clear eyes rest on him. The floods of existence, the storm of deeds, the changing, waving ardour of living, are symbolised by the whole sea of flames, which seem to be driven all in one direction by a strong yet mild power. The dark figure of Faust contrasts very impressively with the bright background of flames. His high stature, his long hair, his resolved face, give him something grand in appearance; and the energetic, almost passionate, turning away from the bright apparition shows the man of strong will. The unexpected splendour throws a shadow of pain upon his face. This is the "daring mortal who shakes the pit of hell," as Klinger and the puppet play say. He is perhaps a little too passionate for a man of fifty-four, but we bear with that far more easily than with a want of intellectual grandeur. This is a large step towards the type of Faust, as he lives in the modern mind. If the expression of intellectual suffering were given to the features, it would be the modern Faust—and this we have in the next lithograph. Faust has seized the poison, then from the

night service of the near cathedral the Easter Song sounds. He clasps his hands and kneels down, tears in his eyes.

*O tönet fort, ihr süßen Himmelslieder,
Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder.*

This is what I called the thoughtful "Christ's head" above. The fur-trimmed gown gives the figure a certain noble appearance; and, looking at Faust's face, one has at once the feeling that this man does not care very much about the mean sorrows of the day—that he lives in a higher mental sphere. All that is passionate in him has gone, it has become still in his heart; and, though only for a short time, he bows his head before the mental power of revelation. It would be of the highest interest to know how much of Pius Alexander Wolf, who played the part of Faust at those Berlin performances, is in this Faust. Faust the stormy, who has daringly conjured up the world of spirits, and tries still to defy it, and Faust the man of strong feeling, who raises his eyes devoutly to the lighted windows of the cathedral, seem to be two different men, and are yet the same.

As this cycle is by five different artists, the same type has not been followed throughout the whole. Only Hensel has repeated its character in the fourth lithograph.

After the walk on Easter Sunday Faust has returned home, and, in the third lithograph, is standing before his desk. The lamp is burning; a death's head, an hour glass, a globe, all kinds of retorts and bottles are standing on the desk. Faust has begun to translate from the New Testament, and the poodle has become restless; he has conjured it, and an itinerant scholar appears.

Wozu der Lärm? Was steht dem Herrn zu dienen?

It is a third Faust we see here. He is Faust the thinker, who has wandered through the world of the possible and the impossible, who has learnt to bridle his passions and his desires, and is now astonished by nothing. He has still something of the Christ's head, but without any marks of suffering; he is not only Faust the thinker, but also Faust the man.

When he afterwards lies down on his back on the couch, and the peace of pleasant dreams has entered his face, the Christ's

head appears again, but peaceful, not suffering. While Mephisto, in the last leaf, with his sharp features, thin moustache, and peaked beard, his meagre face and penetrating eyes, has something human in him; now that Faust sleeps and does not see him, he becomes pure devil. Fiendish delight on his face, he spreads his hands over Faust as if mesmerising him.

*Er schläft. So recht, ihr lustigen Jungen,
Ihr habt ihn treulich eingesenzen.*

Hosemann, in the next lithograph, has conceived Mephistopheles somewhat differently. He has no beard, but a hellish grin, and the way in which he puts on a look of indifference and yet squints with one eye at Faust, who is looking in the magic glass, from which a beautiful naked reclining woman looks at him, half astonished, her face turned over her shoulder, is very significant. Faust's great step is behind him. He has become young again, noble and handsome. It is the same Christ's head, but younger and mixed with a slight touch of worldly pleasure, and yet pure. The way in which he looks at all that naked beauty shows more *naïve* admiration than desire.

At the Berlin performances of Faust, Prince Karl of Mecklenburg had played the part of Mephistopheles. What was his appearance? His conception? Was he the devil with the French peaked beard, or the one with the faun-like grin? And Frau Stich, who represented the character of Gretchen, what sort of Gretchen was she? Was she that rather trifling girl who dresses her hair, or the enchanting woman who kneels with bare feet on the ground of the prison cell in despair, arms and breast uncovered, struck with the words "*Sie ist gerichtet*," and falling backwards? We do not know. And the angel who appears behind her with a flaming sword; and Faust who stretches out his arms for her; and Mephisto, who here in night and loneliness appears as the naked devil with claws, a serpent round his body as a girdle, clinging to Faust's leg and seizing with his left hand Faust's neck chain; were they all like these? Did Mephisto spread thus with his right hand the magic cloak over both, to carry Faust away with him through the twilight of the rising morning?

We possess a still smaller cycle to the First Part of Faust—

if it can be called a cycle at all—by Wilhelm von Kaulbach; three pictures, "Gretchen going to Church," "Gretchen before the Mater Dolorosa," and "Mephisto appearing before Faust as an Itinerant Scholar."* Goethe does not show us Gretchen going to Church, and thus this is no illustration to Faust in the proper sense. But the despairing girl wringing her hands, while in the background the other girls are having their gossip at the well, is all the more so. Small though the cycle is, it shows us both the old Faust and the young Faust. It is a perfectly new character which rises before our eyes, and yet the old one. It is the Christ's head we know from Klinger's novel, and from Zimmermann and Hensel; but transformed into a man of Teutonic origin, with fair hair and beard. The rejuvenescence is most happily represented. Faust does not become a youth of twenty, but of twenty-eight. Thus the leap does not offend or even strike one so much. The long simple cloak which Faust wears in the first picture, and the gesture of conjuration, give him still a greater likeness to Christ; and this feature has been so impressive that most of the illustrations which follow have adopted it. It is Kaulbach who has created the figure of Faust in the modern plastic arts, who has invented the type which has been retained by his successors as well as by the stage. No great actor originated it in his "make up" for the part, but all have followed the artist's creation.

It is a rather strange fact that all these illustrators of Faust have chosen the simplest and most prosaic form of illustration, and not availed themselves of another method, which possesses not only a charm of its own, but leaves also fuller play for the artist's imagination and allows wider limits to his art than does reality, which must reckon scrupulously with time and space; a method possessing a double advantage in the case of a poem like Faust, in which the wonderful plays so momentous

* The last engraved by Weber. *Druck der Kupferdruckerei der Königl. Kunst Academie zu Düsseldorf v. C. Schulgen—Bettendorff in Goethe's poetische und prosaische Werke. Stuttgart und Tübingen, Cotta, 1833*, which contains one more illustration to Faust. *Gretchen at the spinning-wheel, Fellner inv. Ths. Phillibronn, sculps., London. Gedruckt bey Felsing in Darmstadt.*

a part. Cornelius only touches it in his two title pages to Faust illustrations, his own and those after the descriptions of Prince Radziwill. It is the form, in which arabesques are made the basis of each cartoon, and their free spaces filled with smaller pictures. This method makes it possible to group a whole circle of scenes around a most important one, to put together what are in close relationship, and to show references and correspondences which can be expressed in no other way. This method has been chosen by Engelbert Seibertz, whose Faust illustrations surpass all others that the nineteenth century has produced. For nine years the artist was engaged upon them, from 1843 when, at Prague, he drew "Faust sleeping," till 1851, when he produced the last six plates to the Second Part. The First Part alone occupied him from 1843 till 1849, though six of the thirteen engravings illustrative of it originated in 1848 at Arnberg, where he was working in that year. Not all of these drawings are equal. "Faust sleeping, surrounded by the Friendly Spirits," the only drawing of 1843, is the least perfect. There are too many details, and they overbalance the centre of interest, the sleeping Faust. "Faust in the Witch's Kitchen," of 1844, has the same mistake, and in "Faust drinking the Magic Potion," of 1846, both main figures and arabesques are accented in the same way, though a remarkable progress is shown. All the others make the principal characters stand out marvellously, and subordinate to them scenery and frame work; with the exception only of the Blocksberg scene, the most unhappy subject of all the artists, in which the large number and variety of the figures spoil everywhere the impressiveness of the picture. One might compare the method of representation in these drawings with Otto Devrient's so-called Mystery Stage, which shows three different stories, and so allows a representation without too many changes of scene. Besides both are alike in valuing the *connection* of the story more than any other cycle of pictures, or any stage performance. While the others cut up the poem into single pieces, these give a chain of continuance. Cornelius, Nauwerck, and Schwerdgeburth have drawn "The Walk on Easter Sunday," the scene before the door with all its crowd. Retzsch has

drawn Faust looking over the spring landscape thoughtfully, while the poodle approaches. Seibertz gives us nearly the same scene, but in a far more significant moment. Faust looks here too over fields and forest, river and town, but he stands on the top of a hill in the evening light, and, longingly looking away into the distance, raises his arm and sighs,

*Ja wäre nur ein Zaubermantel mein!
Und trüg' er mich in fremde Länder.
Mir sollt' er um die köstlichsten Gewänder
Nicht feil um einen Königsmantel sein!*

This is the most significant moment for Faust in the whole walk, but it requires an artist with a special faculty to hit upon happy moments like this. The figure of Faust has been strongly influenced by the same figure by Kaulbach, but is still more impressive. It is the same Teutonic Christ's-head, but with the lines of the thinker on the forehead in the beginning, and afterwards the same head, but twenty years younger. At the same time it is the strong man of action, not the pale consumptive. It is not so well expressed in the earlier drawings, but quite distinctly in the later. Perhaps Seibertz became acquainted with Kaulbach's pictures only after having drawn the first of his own.

Thick fog surrounds the small medallion in which old Faust is sitting, a large book on his knees, his arm on the back of the chair, brooding with eyes that seem to despair on human knowledge. But, above, this fog turns into clouds, and over the clouds there is a rainbow; and on the rainbow God is sitting dressed like a mediæval priest, and looking down rather pitifully at the bowing Mephistopheles; angels are at his sides, and over him those winged children's heads which represent angels in the mediæval pictures of Italian art.

Flowers and flames, both striving upwards, frame the apparition of the Spirit of Earth, before which Faust falls down on his knee, his left fist clenched, and covering his eyes with his right hand because he cannot even bear the vision.

The arabesques reach up as pillars and join above in a Gothic arch, where Faust and Mephisto are striking their bargain by shaking hands. Mephisto gives both hands; Faust gives only

one, pointing upwards with the other. The Mephisto of Carl Schulz, the tall figure with meagre face, thin moustache and pointed beard, is very well developed. The ends of the moustache are well turned up. He has become the true cavalier, somewhat like a modern German lieutenant, in his most self-conceited, trifling manner, which is yet reserved and kept within certain conventional limits of its own.

The kiss in the green arbour with leaves and roses shows us Gretchen for the first time. Faust kisses her, and she clings lovingly to him with her arms round his neck, enchanted by the almighty charm of first young love. Five little vignettes surround this drawing, "Faust addressing Gretchen in the street," "Gretchen showing Martha her new riches," "Gretchen plucking the daisy's petals," "Mephisto speaking of his heart to Martha," and a hot and wild embracing at a nightly hour. As the kiss in the arbour is the summit of the whole Gretchen tragedy, so it stands in the middle of this cartoon, and it is questionable whether there exists any sort of illustration which does more justice to the poet's creation than this.

Seibertz's illustrations to the First Part of Goethe's *Faust* appeared in 1854.* They have spread over all Europe. Six of the plates were added to the Swedish edition of *Faust* by Johan Anderson, there are three German editions adorned by them, and an American edition contains some of them also.†

An entirely unique position is taken by twelve other illustrations to *Faust*, the drawings by Paul Konewka.‡ These are silhouettes. Thus they belong to a species of art which is

* *Faust. Eine Tragödie von Goethe. Mit Zeichnungen von Engelbert Seibertz. Mit 25 Stahlstichen und 34 in den Text gedruckten grossen Holzschnitten, Stuttgart und Tübingen Cotta. (Erster Theil, 1854; Zweiter Theil, 1858.)*

† *Faust*, by Goethe. Translated by Bayard Taylor. Illustrated by E. Seibertz, A. Liezen-Mayer, and L. Hofman. New York, 1876. Folio.

‡ 12 *Blaetter zu Goethe's Faust erfunden von Paul Konewka. Holzschnitt von J. Vogel. Schrift von R. Falk. Silhouettendruck von Gebrüder Fickert, Berlin, Amster und Ruthardt, 1866.* English editions: *Illustrations to Goethe's Faust.* By P. Konewka. London, 1870. *Illustrations to Goethe's Faust.* By P. Konewka. The English text (being only a few lines to each silhouette) from Bayard Taylor's translation. London, 1871.

generally liked in comic pictures, but to which people are not inclined to award a deeper impressiveness. The absence of every contour within the figures makes a greater expressiveness of the outlines, and, if they are to express anything, very often a distortion, necessary, on which the comical effect of the pictures is mostly based. Konewka possessed a very rare and individual endowment. It was as narrow as he was great in it. Though he tried his art in modelling clay, and painting in oil and in water colours, and also in engraving, he has all his life remained a cutter of silhouettes, though the greatest of them all. He has deepened the silhouette, to give it afterwards a world-wide distribution by wood-cuts. Among all his compositions, besides the pictures for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the so-called *Stuttgarter Bilderbogen*, his twelve silhouettes to Faust and his "Walk of Faust on Easter Sunday"* take the first place. Konewka died in 1871, at thirty-two years of age, but even if he had lived longer he would always have remained a silhouettist.

After the nature of silhouettes, only single characters are represented, without full scenery. Great as the variety of his characters is in his "Faust's Walk on Easter Sunday," in his cycle to Faust he never shows us more than two characters in one cartoon, often one only. But the moments at which they are taken are remarkably well chosen, and always characterise the respective individuals, though they may often show them only in slight connection with the action. Faust is the worthy old figure of Seibertz, with longer beard only, and after having become young he looks like an entertaining knight. Mephisto is the sneering old fellow with bare head and chin, and always enjoying other people's pain.

Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren.

With these words Faust comes before our eyes. Surrounded by a green branch of leaves and flowers, putting his nose into an old piece of paper, Wagner reads,

*Man sieht sich bald an Wald und Feldern satt,
Des Vogels Fittig werd' ich nie beneiden.*

* *Paul Konewka, Spaziergang aus Goethe's Faust. Fries in Silhouetten. Berlin, 1865. Ansler und Ruthardt.*

The rapier put boldly behind him, Mephisto shakes hands with Faust to strike the bargain. On his fingers Mephisto tells the young scholar, who listens eagerly and even devotionally,

*Das Erste wär so, das Zweite so,
Und darum das Dritt' und Vierte so,
Und wenn das Erst' und Zweit nicht wär,
Das Dritt' und Viert wär nimmermehr.*

Sitting on the back of a chair, accompanying the points with the fingers of his left hand, Mephisto sings in Auerbach's Keller,

*Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen grossen Floh.*

Little Gretchen turns away offended when Faust addresses her, and in silence is adorned by Martha with the trinkets. Open mockery in his face, but hat in hand, Mephisto flaunts with Martha through the garden. In childish concern for his soul, Gretchen questions Faust about his religion, goes sadly about when she has committed her fault, and, despairing, wears her chains; while Valentine walks round fiercely.

Some more celebrated names of German art are connected with the illustration of Goethe's Faust, though they did not create complete cycles, such as Otto Schwerdgeburth, Makart, and Gabriel Max; and there are a large number of single illustrations by others.*

Otto Schwerdgeburth has given us a beautiful oil painting of the Walk on Easter Sunday, without doubt far the best representation of this scene. The original, which was painted in 1864, is in the Wallroth-Richartz Museum at Cöln, and a beautiful engraving of it by Nicolaus Barthelmess was given by the *Kölnische Kunstverein* to each of its members for the years 1869 and 1870.† Makart has painted Faust and Gretchen in the prison cell. The girl is leaning on her beloved one in despair, but her appearance is more that of an Iphigenia than the simple daughter of a pawnbroker. Gabriel Max began in 1867 a cycle of Faust illustrations for a splendid edition of the poem, but when he had made ten drawings his power became exhausted, although he had only reached the

* A list, almost complete, is given by Engel, *Faustschriften*, N. 1797-1828.

† *Druck von Schwan und Steifensand in Düsseldorf.*

Mayday-eve orgies. He was the first, however, to put the strongest accent on the beginning of the drama. Seven of his ten drawings are devoted to the time before Faust meets Gretchen. We see Faust alone in his study, as with Delacroix—Faust conjuring up the Spirit of Earth, Faust about to take the poison, and Faust touched by the Easter song, Mephisto waiting for the student, Faust sleeping, and the witch's kitchen; but all that surrounds the meeting between Faust and Mephisto is wanting; we never see both together in Faust's apartments.* Ary Scheffer, the French painter of German origin, has created a Gretchen cycle. Originally he apparently intended to illustrate the whole of Faust, for in 1832 he painted a "Faust in his Study"; but all the eight other paintings deal with Gretchen. In the Blocksberg scene, in which Gretchen is not the principal character however, she appears also.

The seventies and eighties have produced two more complete series of illustrations to the First Part of Faust, published with two large and splendid editions of the poem. These are the cycles by August von Kreling and Alexander Liezen-Mayer, both professors and directors in academies of art, the former in the Royal School of Art at Nürnberg, the latter in the Royal School of Art at Stuttgart. Each is a representative of a different style; the former has a sort of philosophic touch, with an inclination to the symbolic and that which is gloomy in the poem, as Goethe said; the latter accentuates the decorative element, is a master of silk and velvet, of mediæval dresses and figures.

From 1874 to 1877 there appeared at Munich a splendid edition of the First Part in folio, with fourteen large pictures and a number of illustrations within the text, by August von Kreling.† The cycle is formed by fourteen photographs after pictures in oil, and seventy-eight wood-cuts after drawings by

* The unfinished cycle was published by G. Grote, Berlin: *Faustillustrationen von Gabriel Max. Zehn Zeichnungen, in Holz geschnitten von R. Brendt* amour und W. Hecht. Mit einführendem Text von Rich. Gosche, 1879.

† *Faust von Goethe, Erster Theil. Mit Bildern und Zeichnungen von A. v. Kreling, Director der Königlichen Kunstschule in Nürnberg. München und Berlin. Friedr. Bruckmann's Verlag.*

Kreling. Of all Faust illustrations, these perhaps adhere most closely to the peculiarities of Goethe's thoughts. But some play with secrets, and contain occult symbols and references scarcely to be discovered by the average spectator. They sometimes forget that effect in poetry and effect in the plastic arts are based on quite different foundations and ruled by different laws. Probably when Kreling painted these pictures it was a long time since he had read Lessing's *Laocoon*. Very often there are too many details, put together from different lines of the poem, and not springing from the one source of a uniform idea of the picture.

In the *Prelude on the Stage*, the aged Goethe is sitting at the table and still writing at his poem. The workmen are busy round about nailing up a piece of drapery; a hand sets the board with the pentagramm aright; and the prompter, sitting in his box, snuffs the candle. The comic actor and the stage manager, a martial-looking figure, in urgent attitudes are beside the poet's table; the manager lifts the curtain a little and accompanies his utterances by pointing to the audience. The apes from the witch's kitchen roll balls; Gretchen is there, admired by Martha and greeted by Valentine. Faust is sitting in the dark on a chair, and studies a manuscript. Cornelius has represented the same subject, but the mass of detail has not overwhelmed the general idea.

Mephistopheles falling from heaven to earth, reminds us very vividly of Delacroix's lithograph, though the town below him is wanting.

Wagner before the door of Faust's room with a candle in his hand, is no proper illustration to Goethe, who has no such scene, any more than Kaulbach's "Gretchen going to Church." But Wagner is characterised in a masterly manner. From this single view of him we know perfectly well that he cannot say anything else but that which he says to Faust.

The extension of the cycle over more than eighty pictures naturally compels the artist to represent some scenes which are neither of any importance to the poem nor offer happy moments for illustration.

About the same time when Gabriel Max began his *Faust*

cycle, Alexander Liezen-Mayer set to work, and the *Diamant Ausgabe* of Goethe's Faust* published six cartoons of his in a very small size, and was followed by an octavo edition in 1872; but only in 1881 were the original cartoons exhibited at Dresden, and the firm of Stroofer and Kirchner at Munich undertook the work of publishing a splendid edition of Faust based on them, which, edited in four languages, has spread over half the world.† Gretchen at the spinning wheel in a dress of velvet—very unlike the real Gretchen, Gretchen in Martha's garden dressed in beautiful white silk, Mephisto and Martha walking in a hilly park, not in a simple city garden,—these are typical instances. There is no distinction whatever between Faust's and Gretchen's apparent rank in life when they are standing in the shadow of the old tree, Faust with his arm round Gretchen's waist. Why did Faust not marry this noble lady? "Faust and Mephisto leaving Auerbach's Keller" is a powerful picture, but apparently very strongly influenced by Seibert's representation of the same scene, of which it is a sort of *copie en contre-partie*.

The decorative element has begun to reign, and to suffocate the ideal merit of the pictures.

IV.—THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE SECOND PART OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

While Goethe, in writing the First Part, did not think of any performance of Faust, he had in view representation on the stage while composing the Second. And when, in January, 1827, nothing was finished but the "Classical-romantic-Phantasmagoria" Helena, he said to Eckermann, "All is sensual, and when thought as on the stage will impress everybody." Although he distinguishes the appearance from the deeper sense, he yet thinks that the appearance alone will please the majority of the spectators. The large part which is taken by the masquerade at

* Berlin, Grote, 1869.

† *Faust, Eine Tragödie von Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Erster Theil. Illustriert in 50 Cartons von Alexander Liezen-Mayer. Mit Ornamenten von Rudolf Seitz, etc. München und New York.* It was followed by an edition in quarto.

the Emperor's Court, and by the classical Mayday-eve orgies—one-third of the whole Second Part—makes us forget only too easily how lively and impressive many of the other scenes are. It is the illustrations which have first endeavoured to conjure up the whole treasure of powerful imagination that is contained in it; and, though small in number, they have done a good deal to destroy the legend of the impossibility of digesting the Second Part. Goethe never saw any illustration to the Second Part, for the only complete piece of it which was published in his lifetime—*Helena*—was not illustrated till the whole Second Part appeared, and this was only after Goethe's death. In proportion as the First Part is more popular in Germany than the Second, so many more illustrations, or even cycles of illustrations, have been suggested by it. No single artist has taken the Second Part alone for his subject of illustration, but both the artists who have treated it—Moritz Retzsch and Engelbert Seibertz—did so in continuation of their cycles illustrative of the First Part; and the few single illustrations to it are also found within larger collections of drawings illustrative of Goethe's works. The only character in the Second Part which has been represented by several artists is *Helena*.

When in 1849 the festival of Goethe's hundredth birthday was celebrated at Dresden by the first representation of the Second Part, there had already existed for fourteen years a cycle of illustrations—that by Retzsch; and that by Seibertz was to come within another decade. It was Karl Gutzkow, then *Dramaturg* at the Royal Theatre at Dresden, who cut some pieces out of the Second Part and put them together as a separate play "*Der Raub der Helena*." * From the selection of scenes which he, or somebody inspired by him, names in the "*Dresdner Anzeiger*," one cannot tell whether he follows Retzsch or not. The "Conjuration of Paris and Helena at the Emperor's Court," "Faust sleeping in his study," and the "Appearance of Mephisto as Phorcyas," are the principal points in both, but they are also the principal points in the

* W. Creizenach, *Die Bühnengeschichte des Goetheschen Faust*, Frankfurt, 1881, p. 51-52.

evolution of the action of the poem, and there is nothing to show that Retzsch's selection has any relationship to this performance. However, it is almost certain that Gutzkow knew the illustrations of the Dresden Professor, who was then still alive.

In 1827 the "Intermezzo in Faust," "Helena," had been printed, and in 1828 the first fifteen hundred verses of the Second Part had followed, with the remark "to be continued." But they gave so incomplete an idea of that which would follow that Retzsch, who then had certainly in view some drawings for the Second Part, could scarcely begin. But when in 1832, after Goethe's death, the whole of the Second Part appeared, he set to work almost immediately, and by 1835 he had drawn eleven plates illustrative of it, which were published by Cotta in the following year,* and again appeared, together with the twenty-nine plates illustrative of the First Part, about 1840. They show remarkable progress in the art of drawing, and are in nearly the same style as the three plates added later to those of the First Part which I have described above.

Faust's appearance seems to have been somewhat heightened. As in that illustration to the First Part in which he gives Gretchen the sleeping drink for her mother, he has a beard, and a rather longer one. He grows older, but the process is not at all well represented. He has become about sixty years older between the seventh and the eighth pictures. Mephistopheles is not very remarkable, and the only important figure besides Faust is Helena, who appears, however, only three times. As a whole the scenery is more complete than in the illustrations to the First Part.

Some time has passed since Gretchen's death. Faust has found peace again, and is now sleeping, though not very well,

* *Moritz Retzsch, Umrisse zu Goethe's Faust, zweiter Theil. Elf Platten, nebst Andeutungen Stuttgart und Augsburg. Verlag der F. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung, 1836.* English Editions: Goethe's Faust, Part II., illustrated by eleven outline illustrations by M. Retzsch, London, 1836; and "Faust," a Tragedy in two parts, by J. W. von Goethe. The second part, translated into English verse (with notes and remarks) by J. Birch, Esq., embellished with eleven engravings on steel by John Brain, after M. Retzsch. London and Leipzig, 1843.

in the shadow of the forest on a green slope, surrounded by Sylphs. Ariel announces the rising of the sun,

*Felsenthore knarren rasselnd,
Phöbus Räder rollen prasselnd,
Welch Getöse bringt das Licht!*

Brightening the East the sun rises, and the Sylphs fly.

In the next engraving Faust has already performed what Mephisto could not perform. He has descended to "The Mothers" and fetched the tripod. He has just come from appearing again at the Court of the Emperor. The vassals are assembled, and on the stage stand Paris and Helena, he disapproved of by the gentlemen, and she by the ladies. Helena kisses the sleeping Paris; and Faust, who still holds the magic key of Mephistopheles in his hand, is about to address the Greek beauty.

Furchtbare Gunst dem Knaben!

he says to himself, and Mephisto calls to him from the prompter's box,

*Ruhig! Still!
Lass das Gespenst doch machen, was es will.*

The business at the Emperor's Court has come to a very bad end. Faust has fallen in love with his own creature. When Paris carried her away, he has rushed towards her, and the key has turned its magic power towards him. He has fallen down, while the spirits dissolved into smoke. One should think this the more grateful task to an artist, but Retzsch has preferred to represent the kissing scene. Mephisto has borne the unconscious Faust on his shoulder to his home, and laid him down there. He has then penetrated into Wagner's laboratory, and before his eyes the masterwork of Wagner's art, the Homunculus, has formed himself in the phial. Mephisto asks him to show his art on the sleeping Faust, and Wagner looks still very much interested at his own creature.

We next meet Faust and his friend from below, conducted by the Homunculus, flying through the air to the classical Mayday-eve orgies on the Upper Peneios, where griffins and emmets, arimaspes and sphinxes, sirens and nymphs, and all the mythical beings of Greek antiquity are gathered together. The sleeping Faust is being carried by Mephistopheles. In the

background is the town of Pharsalia, the air is lighted only by the Homunculus. The full moon stands in the firmament without splendour and half covered by a cloud.

From there we wander to the Under Peneios. There Faust asks the centaur Chiron to bear him across the river, the floods of which shine through the thicket of the forest, and on which nymphs are being teased by swans.

The fantastic world of the classical Mayday-eve has disappeared, the Palace of Menelaos at Sparta has risen and sunk again, and Helena has come to Faust's mediæval castle. He is enthroned with her in the inner court, and both enjoy their happiness in sweet conversation. Round about are their suite. Faust has just said to Helena,

*Durchgrüble nicht das einzige Geschick,
Dasein ist Pflicht und wärs ein Augenblick,*

when Phorkyas enters, vehemently reproaches him because of his idle flirting, and reminds him that Menelaos is approaching with his army.

Euphorion, Faust's and Helena's son, has been born and has grown up to be a young man. He dances with the girls through the forest. Faust and Helena are looking thoughtfully at his wildness. The girls fly and he catches the wildest of them and lifts her on his arm to overcome her resistance. Then she turns into flames and disappears into the air.

Euphorion is dead. After the last goodbye to Faust, Helena has followed him, and Faust has mounted to the clouds carried by her clothing. He has come down amidst the mountains, has won a victory for the emperor, and in reward has been gifted with the whole sea-coast. He is now dwelling within his own kingdom. His hair has grown white, he has grown old, and walks, leaning on his stick, in the midst of all the riches which belong to him. Mephisto and the three powerful fellows bring him eighteen ships with rich freight, which they have stolen. Faust makes no acknowledgment of this; he only listens angrily.

His death and the trains of devils and angels form the end—three pictures having far too many outline figures without the slightest impressiveness, scarcely more than pure professional drawing.

Four years after Retzsch's illustrations to the Second Part there appeared in Wilhelm von Kaulbach's Gallery to Goethe's complete works a picture, "Faust, Helena, and Euphorion,"* which is remarkable in more than one respect.† The Helena of Goethe's Faust is a beautiful woman, at least we are told that she is; but she neither possesses special features to awaken our sympathy nor has such an interesting part in the poem as to show us the manifold sides of her character. She does not even speak the language of love with Faust as Gretchen does; but all her thoughts and feelings are as alien to us as the metres of the verses of the intermezzo "Helena." We neither laugh nor weep with her, she is no human creature like us, and yet she is the only character of the Second Part which has attracted artists and inspired them to represent it. Is it because she represents Greek Antiquity with its beauty? Is it because its ideals of the human form have not yet died out? Or because she is a sort of companion and foil to shy Gretchen? Or just because there are so few new impressive characters in the Second Part? Kaulbach, who first represented her alone, seems to have taken her as a counterpart to Gretchen; as a higher, nobler, grander woman, more worthy of Faust's love, and at the same time as warmer of temperament, more fervent in love. Under the trees of the south, amidst roses and grapes, Faust and Helena are sitting,—not the young couple of the First Part, who, touched by love for the first time, are still half ashamed of the slight caresses they exchange, and though attracted more strongly by each other every moment, only yield slowly to the overwhelming power of that almighty attraction,—but close together in a warm embrace. Helena has put her arms closely round her beloved and presses him to her breast, Faust's left hand lies around her neck and a hot kiss unites them, while Euphorion, lyre in hand, soars up from his mother's knees into the air, and an envious figure looks through

* Stuttgart und Tübingen, Cotta. 1840-1841.

† Another representation of Helena is found in the *Goethe Gallerie, Charaktere aus Goethe's Werken. Gezeichnet von Friedrich Pecht und Arthur Ramberg, Fünfzig Stahlstiche mit erläuterndem Text von Fr. Pecht, Leipzig, 1863. Brockhaus.*

the rose trees of the background. Helena's face is partly hidden by Faust's, but her figure is beautiful with mature beauty. Faust's head is that Christ's head with fair hair and fair beard, which we already know.*

Retsch's illustrations to the Second Part do not form any complete cycle which might exhaust the picturesque opportunities lying in it. One can scarcely even say that all the chief moments are represented. Some summits of the action are rather neglected, while some scenes of no importance are shown. In both directions much more has been done by Engelbert Seibertz, who has also illustrated the Second Part. Except the first of his drawings, which originated in 1849, all the other eleven were made at Arnsberg in 1850 and 1851, though one bears no place or date. In the last two drawings his creative power had apparently fallen off. His whole soul was no longer entirely devoted to his work. Three of the plates† are engraved by Martin Storz, the rest by Adrian Schleich. The first ten plates are as beautiful as those of the First Part, although the first of them suffers a little from the too many figures, with the pale lines of which Faust's well-distinguished darker figure contrasts very happily. In every respect they are a continuation of those to the First Part, and, if there it was a great advantage that the artist chose the freer form of arabesques for frames to the large and small pictures, it is still more so in the Second Part, in which the wonderful plays a far more momentous part than in the First, and where, with a single change of the scenery, we pass through more than two thousand years. A few of these pictures treat the same subjects as Retsch's, but, just as the right moments are generally better selected, so the figures are better characterised.

* *Galerie zu Goethe's sämmtlichen Werken, nach Zeichnungen von W. Kaulbach und seinen Schülern in Stahl gestochen, Stuttgart und Tübingen, Cotta, 1840-41.* There are also an English and a French edition of Kaulbach's Faust pictures, *Goethe Gallery, Female Characters of Goethe*, from the original drawings of William Kaulbach; with explanatory text by G. W. Lewes, München, 1872. Bruckmann. *Les Femmes de Goethe, Dessins de W. de Kaulbach, avec un texte par Paul de Saint-Victor.* Both editions have photographs.

† 4, 8, 11.

The first picture, like Retzsch's, shows us Faust sleeping. The second is double. The under half shows "The Mothers,"

Göttinnen thronend in hehrer Einsamkeit,

in gloomy darkness; while the upper half represents just that moment when Paris seizes the beautiful figure of Helena and Faust rushes towards him. A frame of icicles surrounds the staring goddesses outside of time and space, while a cloud of smoke, rising from two crashing bombs, frames the wonderful representation before the Emperor and his Court.

A single pillar bearing the ends of two Gothic arches divides the house of Faust into two parts. In the one Faust lies sleeping on his bed, dreaming of love and Greek beauty; and Mephisto looks round the pillar into the other room, where Wagner is sitting, a pair of spectacles on his nose and a pair of bellows in his hands, watching the phial. His stupid cunning face has not its like; this is characteristic. Retzsch's sketch of nearly the same scene is far behind this, as characterising is not generally his strongest point. Each of the Gothic arches bears a medallion: the first shows that scene from the First Part, in which Mephisto makes a fool of the young student; and in the second the student, now a follower of Fichte's subjectivism, argues the devil out of reality, and Mephisto is sitting in his chair rather ashamed that he—does not exist.

The journey to the classical Mayday-eve is very similar to Retzsch's outlines. Faust and Chiron are found in a small picture beneath it. Faust is riding on the centaur, who has brought him through the Peneios near Olympus; before him lies the temple, out of which Manto steps,

Blick auf, hier steht bedeutend nah,

Im Mondenschein der ew'ge Tempel da.

The splendour of the mediæval Gothic palace opens; Helena is being received in Faust's castle. The procession of the Greek girls has just arrived. Faust comes down the stairs in a court dress of the middle ages; by his side kneels the watchman of the tower, Lynceus, who, struck by the sight of Helena's beauty, has forgotten to announce the approaching procession. He is in chains. Faust offers Helena his hand, and gives her power to punish the disobedient servant; and

she, after having listened to his excuse, sets him free. At the foot of the drawing two Sphinxes and a Moira are sitting, representing the riddle, what the scene means.

The next picture is of nearly perfect beauty. In the scene "Faust and Helena with Euphorion," by Wilhelm von Kaulbach, the creator of the type of Faust, there is a hot embracing, thirsty for the delight of love. But here, on the contrary, there is only still beauty. Helena is sitting on Faust's knees, her lower limbs covered with a light dress. On her knee, between the parents, Euphorion is standing in the beauty of a child. An arbour of roses winds its branches round about, and geniuses of love and song are standing on the arabesques. But the parents do not think of new embracing, but look at their child, the incorporation of their love.

Faust's and Mephisto's arrival in the army of the Emperor, the battle, and Faust's investiture, are not very happy subjects for an artist. Mephisto is acting, Faust is receiving the reward; there is nothing grand in the idea, and so the pictures are weak also.

Faust grows old. Seibertz shows him also in the company of Mephisto and the three powerful fellows. They are standing on the coast. Lynceus, the watchman, sings of Faust,

Dich grüsst das Glück zur rechten Zeit.

But Faust is still discontented. The bell of the neighbouring chapel disturbs him,

*Mein Hochbesitz, er ist nicht rein :
Der Lindenraum, die braune Baute,
Das morsche Kirchlein ist nicht mein.*

It is midnight. Four grey women appear: Scarcity, Guilt, Sorrow and Need are their names. Three of them do not find an entrance. Only Sorrow does; she breathes on Faust. He grows blind.

In the next cartoon Faust has already said the fatal word. Conscious of having thrown open tracts of country on which millions of men may dwell by free labour, and foreseeing their happiness, he has said,

*Im Vorgefühl von solchem hohen Glück,
Genieß' ich jetzt den höchsten Augenblick.*

At once Lemures take him and lay him on the ground. For the condition is fulfilled under which alone he could die. He has found satisfaction.

There remain only the devils and angels fighting about his soul.

Further developing the system of arabesques, the Dresden painter, C. Vogel von Vogelstein, has painted the First Part of Goethe's Faust in thirteen smaller and larger scenes united to one large picture, which is meant to be the window of a public building;* and he has been followed by another painter, Hermann Junker, who in this way has represented both parts in one picture, giving sixteen scenes.† Following the idea of Otto Devrient, whose stage redaction of Goethe's Faust laid special weight on the continuity of the whole poem, he also tries to express the value of the single scenes by giving them certain places and a certain size, but this endeavour is a very unhappy one. He puts his own meaning into the poem, and without a commentary few will find out the meaning of the single parts. Of the sixteen scenes nine are taken from the Second Part: Faust with "The Mothers" rushing towards Paris and riding on Chiron, Euphorion's flying, the battle, old Faust looking over his country, the entrance to hell, Faust raised by angels and the glorification. The conception of every single point is a retrogression compared with Seibertz's engravings.

Recently, Max Klinger has promised a large collection of illustrations to the Second Part, in a splendid edition of it, which should be the continuation of the edition in quarto of Liezen-Mayer's First Part; but, so far as I know, it has not yet appeared. The picturesque treasure of the Second Part has not yet been brought to light, notwithstanding all that has been done by Seibertz in this direction, and we still wait for the artist who shall find the formula to conjure it into being.

* A steel engraving of it is published in his book: *Die Hauptmomente von Goethe's Faust, Dante's Divina Comedia und Virgil's Aeneis. Bildlich dargestellt und nach ihrem inneren Zusammenhange erläutert von C. Vogel von Vogelstein.* München 1861.

† A wood-cut, with an explanation by the painter himself, is found in *Ueber Land und Meer*, 1891-92, N. 24.

ON GOETHE'S SONNETS.*

BY CHARLES TOMLINSON, F.R.S.

WHEN Hannah More expressed to Dr. Johnson her surprise that the poet who could write "Paradise Lost" should have written such poor sonnets, the Doctor replied:—"Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones."†

The lady proved herself to be an incompetent judge of Milton's sonnets by adopting the Doctor's estimate of them. In his *Life of Milton*, Dr. Johnson took a Church-and-King estimate of one who owned no allegiance either to Church or to King; and hence he never missed an opportunity of disparaging his poetry. He thus refers to sonnets, some of which are among the noblest productions of the English language: "Of the best it can only be said that they are not bad, and perhaps only the eighth and twenty-first can be entitled to this slender commendation."‡ He then goes on to object to the form of this class of composition, on the ground that "the fabric of a sonnet, however adapted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours, which having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed."

Posterity has not sanctioned the above estimate of Milton's Sonnets in particular, or of the English sonnet in general; for with the exception of the Italian, there is no language in which this form of poetical composition has been more frequently adopted than in our own. But it is a matter of regret among lovers of Italian literature that the structure of the English

* Read at the North London Branch of the Goethe Society, on 22nd January, 1890.

† Boswell's "Life," ch. lxxx. (Croker's Edition).

‡ "Lives of the Poets." If by the eighth is intended that beginning with "Captain, or Colonel," and by the twenty-first the one addressed to Cyriac Skinner, the Doctor must have been more short-sighted than usual.

sonnet should have been so very irregular, even from the Muses of our greatest poets. The sonnets of Shakspeare and of Spenser consist each of three quatrains and a couplet. Drummond introduced the Italian form, and justly earned for himself the title of the "Scottish Petrarch;" but his example was not followed, or apparently even understood, since most of his successors, with the grand exception of Milton, seem to have regarded the sonnet as a poem in fourteen lines, capable of being arranged in any order, according to the taste or caprice of the writer. Milton, who had travelled in Italy, and wrote its language with elegance and ease (as witness his Italian sonnets), penetrated into the secret of the sonnet's structure, and thus produced some of the best, if not the best, examples in our language. Wordsworth has written a larger number of sonnets than any other English poet, and it may fairly be said that his best examples are those in which he adopts, consciously or unconsciously, the Italian form.

The Italian sonnet attained its highest development in beauty, refinement, and precision, under the inspiration of Dante and Petrarch. The form had been settled long before by the Provençal poets and the Italian troubadours, thousands of whose sonnets have been preserved. I have seen most of those that have been printed, and the theme is always "Love—still Love." But with respect to the form, that is sufficiently definite. Each sonnet consists of two quatrains and two tercets. The quatrains must not contain more than two rhymes, nor the tercets more than three. The rhymes in the quatrains are generally arranged so that the terminal word of the first line shall rhyme with the fourth, fifth, and eighth lines, and the terminal word of the second line with the third, sixth, and seventh lines. This arrangement may be concisely expressed in the following formula:—

1	2	2	1
1	2	2	1

in which the same figures express the corresponding rhymes. In some cases the rhymes in the quatrains are alternate, thus:—

1	2	1	2
1	2	1	2

The usual mode of arranging the rhymes in the tercets may be expressed thus:—

	3	4	5
	3	4	5
varied by—	3	4	5
	4	3	5
or by—	3	4	5
	3	5	4

The tercets may also contain only two rhymes, in which case they follow in alternate sequence, thus:—

3	4	3
4	3	4

Before proceeding further, let us illustrate the above conditions by an example from Petrarch, at least so far as translation may be supposed to represent the exquisite finish of the original.

SONNET COXLI.—*Levommi il mio pensier in parte ov'era.*

On wings of thought I soared to regions where
 She whom I seek, but here on earth in vain,
 Dwells among those who the third heaven gain,
 And saw her lovelier and less haughty there.

She took my hand and said—"In this bright sphere,
 Unless my wish deceive, we meet again;
 Lo! I am she who caused thee strife and pain,
 And closed my day before the eve was near.

"My bliss no human thought can understand;
 I only wait for thee and that fair veil
 So loved by thee, now by the grave retained."

She ceased, ah why! and why let loose my hand!
 Such chaste and tender words could so prevail,
 A little more, I had in heaven remained.

If an Italian critic were to pass judgment on this translation, supposing the sense to be accurately rendered, and the form correct, he would take exception to the rhymes, as not being sufficiently varied; that is, they play too much on the vowels *a* and *e*; for if these be made use of in the quatrains, the tercets ought to deal with *i*, *o*, or *u*. The best Italian sonnetteers attend to apparently even so small a condition as this. They also insist that the rhymes shall fall naturally into their places, without any appearance of being forced; nor must an expletive

be introduced for the sake of a rhyme. The second quatrain must not be allowed to run into the first tercet, but close with a full point. The sonnet being thus arranged according to the Italian method, it follows that it cannot end with a couplet, nor is it proper to close it with an Alexandrine.

But there are other conditions necessary to the structure of a perfect sonnet. The language must be choice and effective—every word in its place—not a word in excess, or in defect, or inappropriate. Moreover, the thought must be clearly worked out without too much imagery or simile, and it must wind up impressively, or according to the Portuguese maxim, “be closed with a golden key.”

In the conduct of the Sonnet, the subject should be proposed in the first quatrain, illustrated by an example or simile in the second, while the first tercet should prepare for the conclusion, which ought to be naturally and logically expressed in the second.

It cannot be pretended, even among the classic examples, that every sonnet is constructed on so rigid a principle; but bearing these conditions in mind, it will assist anyone who attempts to write in the sonnet form, by giving purpose and clearness to his thought. An example will, however, be better than precept. One of Petrarch's sonnets is addressed to Malatesta, Lord of Rimini.

SONNET LXXXIII.—*L'aspettata virtù, ch'è'n voi fioriva.*

The budding virtues that appeared in thee,
When Love first thought to bring thee 'neath his power,
Now bear a fruit well worthy of the flower,
And my best hopes all realised I see.

Therefore, my heart suggests the thought to me,
To write thy deeds, so that thy fame may soar;
The sculptor's art is feeble to secure
To his skilled marble immortality.

Think you that Cæsar or Marcellus lives,
Or Paul or Africanus finds his fame,
In works the anvil or the mallet gives?

Time's finger doth their feebleness proclaim,
But oh! my friend! the poet's art sublime,
To men gives fame, that scorns the touch of time.

In the first quatrain the poet pays a tribute to the virtue or bravery of his friend, as a reason for the desire expressed in the second quatrain to write something in his praise that may endure longer than marble. Then the examples in the first tercet prepare for the conclusion in the second, which is strictly syllogistic:—

That which confers lasting fame endures for ever,
The work of the poet endures for ever,
The work of the poet confers lasting fame.

The universality of Goethe's genius was such that no form of literary composition escaped his notice, or even presented any difficulties to his facile pen. His residence in the land of the sonnet naturally led him to try his hand at it, and as naturally to adopt the Italian form. He has written seventeen sonnets, all of which are correctly divided into quatrains and tercets; but it is easy to see that he composed these sonnets rather by way of condescension, and with some small amount of contempt for the restraint which the form imposed upon his Muse. In the eleventh sonnet he refers with some scorn to the "Sonnet Mania" (*Sonettenwuth*), and in the fourteenth the writer exclaims, "You love, and yet write sonnets and couple rhymes!" (*Ihr liebt, und schreibt Sonette. . . . Reim suchen sie zusammenpaaren*), as if the structure of the poem were so difficult as to exclude the passion of love or its inspired expression in poetry. The fifteenth sonnet seems to reflect Dr. Johnson's remarks on what he deemed the artificial treatment of Milton's beautiful poem, "Lycidas." He says: "Passion runs not upon remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethusa and Mincius, nor tells of rough Satyr and Fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief." So Goethe, probably in allusion to Petrarch's care in polishing his sonnets, makes the maiden, in the fifteenth sonnet, doubt the sincerity of laboured lines, for what the heart feels cannot endure the shaping of the file (*labor limæ*).

*Ich zweifte doch am Ernst verschränkter Zeilen!
Zwar lausch ich gern bei deinen Sylbespielen;
Allein mir scheint, was Herzen redlich fühlen,
Mein süßser Freund, das soll man nicht befeilen.*

No sane critic would suppose that there is any magic influence in quatrains and tercets that will enable a bad poet to write good poetry. Rightly understood, the conditions under which the best Italian sonnetteers have placed the sonnet, serve to assist the writer in giving a more accurate expression to his thought. Those who object to this restraint, object to an example of method of a striking character. They object, in fact, to order, design, and the finished result produced thereby. They fancy that the poetic power ought to be as free from shackles as possible, in order that the divine afflatus may have free play. Petrarch did not reason in this manner. In his solitary wanderings amid the beautiful scenery of Vacluse, he jotted down the poetical thoughts that were inspired by Nature, or by his own heart or imagination at the time. He thus produced many a sonnet in the rough, and afterwards, during weeks or months, would take one up from time to time, and endeavour to give perfection to the form, being careful at the same time to employ the best words without defect or excess, frequently changing one word for another, until he was at length satisfied with the finished result. In this way we can account for the exquisite harmony of these sonnets, the number of which amounts to three hundred and seventeen, of which there are only twenty that do not refer to Laura. The two hundred and ninety-seven Laurian sonnets are divided into two unequal parts, *Laura in Vita* and *Laura in Morte*, the former including upwards of two-thirds of the number. Yet in so extensive a series on one subject, there is very little repetition, scarcely any two sonnets being poetically alike, and the series not running in sequence as in Wordsworth's Duddon Sonnets, seeing that each sonnet is complete in itself, and can be separated from its surroundings without injury. The whole collection is a wonderful tribute to the virtues and graces of a lovely woman, from the time when she first appeared before the poet amid the beautiful scenery of Vacluse as a young girl (*tenero fiore*, "a tender flower") and died unmarried at the age of thirty-four:—

E compì mia giornata innanzi sera.

("And closed my day before the eve was near.")

Goethe's habit of mind would prevent him from thus patiently working out an exquisite miniature, and his sardonic humour would be likely to intrude even into the sentiment of a sonnet. He would assure the Maiden of eternal fidelity, and yet have an excellent appetite for his dinner.

*Nirgends kann ich sie vergessen,
Und doch kann ich ruhig essen.**

Which may thus be rendered:—

The thoughts of her I never can resign,
Yet with the best of appetites I dine.

This mocking humour appears even in the titles of some of the sonnets before us. In the third sonnet, where the lover writes, the title is *Kurz und Gut* (Short-and-Good); in the eighth, *Die Liebende schreibt* (The Lady-love writes); in the ninth, *Die Liebende abermals* (The Lady-love once more); and in the tenth, *Sie kann nicht enden* (She can't leave off). This sort of levity would be regarded as profane by the classic sonnetteers of Italy, and would be classed among such productions as those of Berni, whose caudated sonnets are full of humour. But Goethe in the greater number of his sonnets really intends to be serious, and even sentimental; but his sardonic humour will burst through all restraint, and even deal in such commonplace objects as his overcoat buttoned up to the chin, in his second sonnet, in which he purposes to steal away in disguise from his damsel, but happening suddenly to meet her, he tries to evade her, but relents, throws off his disguise and embraces her. There is a sort of comic flavour in this treatment which is not in harmony with the theory of the sonnet. And again, he is evidently thinking of Petrarch when he refers in his eleventh sonnet to "those lachrymose people who rhyme in fours and threes," that is, quatrains and tercets. In his notes on Italy, and in his Italian correspondence, I do not find that he anywhere notices Petrarch. He had no sympathy with the "melodious tears"[†] of the Italian poet. Indeed, in one of the

* *Glück der Entfernung*, Werke I. 40.

† "Watering the tree which bears his Lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

Byron, *Childe Harold*.

sonnets before us, he distinctly disdains any such sympathy. The following is the sonnet referred to:—

XVI.—EPOCHS.

(*Epoche.*)

In characters of fire, on Petrarch's breast,
 Deeply inscribed, before all days, this day
 Good Friday was. So, in my heart, I say
 Is advent of eighteen hundred and seven impressed.
 Love dawned not then, for She had long possessed
 My heart, wherein her image graven lay;
 Though from my mind in prudence driven away,
 My heart to hers returns at Love's behest.
 In Petrarch, Love soared infinitely high,
 Unrecompensed alas! and far too sad;
 Perpetual Good Friday his heart's woe.
 May the sweet advent of my love be glad
 With jubilee of palms continually,
 And make, for me, an endless May-day glow.

Now let us contrast this with Petrarch's Good Friday sonnet, and we shall find ourselves breathing in the more rarefied air of one of the higher peaks of Parnassus.

SONNET XLVIII.—*Padre del Ciel, dopo i perduti giorni.*

Father of Heaven! forgive my misspent days,
 My nights, all passed in many a vain desire,
 Which wastes my heart in love's unholy fire,
 Thinking of charms which, for my ill, I praise.
 Vouchsafe to guide me into holier ways,
 To higher thoughts, that higher life inspire,
 So that my cruel enemy retire
 In rage, finding in vain the snares he lays.
 O Saviour mine! 'tis now the eleventh year
 That I to this unholy yoke am tied—
 (Who yield the most, feel most the weight and loss);
 My grief, howe'er unworthy it appear,
 O pity! deign my erring thought to guide
 To this—that Thou to-day wert on the cross.

This sonnet was written on a Good Friday, in remembrance of the Passion-week of 1327, when Petrarch first saw Laura, as recorded in his 176th sonnet.

Mille, trecento ventisette appunto

Sull'ora prima il dì sesto d'Aprile.

(In 1327, also on the 6th of April, at the hour of prime; that is, six o'clock a.m.)

We come now to the consideration of Goethe's sonnets in the order in which they are printed. As already remarked, they are seventeen in number, and are preceded by a motto :—

Liebe will ich liebend loben.

Jede Form sie kommt von Oben.

Lovingly will I praise Love,
Every form of it comes from above.

The first sonnet is the most sustained, poetical, and at the same time the most obscure of the whole collection. It may reasonably be supposed to allegorise human life, from its impetuous youth rushing on from pleasure to pleasure, unmindful of the beauties of Nature and Intellect by which it is surrounded; or if mindful of them for the moment, still seeking ever renewed and renewing excitement, until consuming itself, as it were, in its own energy, it is brought to a pause, and then at length the stars of Heaven are reflected on its surface; that is, it feels a divine influence, and a new and better life begins.

I.—MIGHTY ASTONISHMENT.

(Mächtiges Ueberraschen.)

A stream escapes from cloud-capped rocky height,

Eager to form a union with the sea;

What scenes soe'er upon it mirrored be,

It seeks the valley with resistless flight.

But Oreas* plunges prone with demon's might;

Wood, mountain, follow her in whirling glee,

Narrowing the bed, arresting the passage free,

And in the tumult finding her delight.

Splutters the wave, starts back and shrinks distressed,

Swells up the hill, absorbing its own self,

Damming the current e'en to its very source;

It wavers, rests, into a lake compressed,

The stars reflected, see the rocky shelf

Washed by the glittering wave—a new life's force.

SONNET II.—In this sonnet we descend from the lofty heights on which the first had placed us. We have here a specimen of the Author's light and happy style. He treats of Love, not as a high and noble sentiment capable of exalting both the lover and the beloved; but rather as a caprice, a pleasant toy, to be

* The Oreades were nymphs of mountains and grottoes.

taken up and laid down as the whim of the moment suggest. In this sonnet the lover attempts to escape from the lady in disguise, but happening to fall in with her, his capricious love returns; they embrace, and for the moment become reconciled.

II.—A FRIENDLY MEETING.

(*Freundliches Begegnen.*)

Wrapped to the chin in a cloak's ample fold,
I hied me down the steep and rocky way
To wintry meads; my restless mind's dismay
Urged me to flight, for reasons manifold.

When suddenly, a new dawn I behold;
A maiden came—a heavenly sight you'd say—
One bright as those dear Dames in poets' lay;
My yearning now was stilled, and I consoled.

And yet I turned away and let her go,
And wrapped myself more closely in my dress,
As if, perverse, of greater warmth in quest;

And yet I followed her—she stood—and so
I could no more restrain me, I confess,
Away disguise! she lay upon my breast.

SONNET III.—In the third sonnet, the real man appears. He cannot be faithful to the object, or if he endeavours to be so, he becomes not only wearied, but tormented. He therefore resolves not to visit his mistress. But his heart suggests a contrary behaviour, and he thinks he can satisfy his heart's yearning by composing a song. The song is ready, and it is intended for his heart alone, but somehow, the lover goes to his mistress, and sings the song to her. The effect is very pretty and the result graceful.

III.—IN SHORT.

(*Kurz und Gut.*)

Must I devote myself to thee alone?
I might, at length, therein pure torment find,
Hence, from to-day, to my new course resigned,
I go not near the fair accustomed one.

But how can I to thee, my heart! atone,
If in grave case I'm to thy leading blind?
Well! hither come! our ills together joined,
We will express in clear, sad, loving tone.

Mark how it goes. The poets signal waiting,
 The practised lyre rings out melodiously
 Its prelude to Love's tender offering.

The song is ready whilst thou art debating.
 But how is this? In my first ardour, I
 Thought we flew hence before herself to sing.

SONNET IV.—In this sonnet the lady speaks, and so far as the theory of the sonnet is concerned, this is perhaps the best in the collection. It deals with one idea, and works it out to a satisfactory, although a somewhat quaint, conclusion. In the first quatrain, the lady compares her lover with his marble bust, and finds them equally cold, although the marble has the kindlier expression. Illustrations such as the difference between the foe and the friend are properly handled in the second quatrain. In the first tercet the speaker prepares for the conclusion by asking to which of the two she shall attach herself, to the man or to his bust, and she decides for the latter, until the man shall become so jealous as to snatch her away from it. All this is very complete, and well worked out.

IV.—THE MAIDEN SPEAKS.

(*Das Mädchen spricht.*)

So grave art thou, Beloved! thou lookest so
 As doth thy image, cut in marble there;
 In that, in thee, no signs of life appear,
 But e'en the stone displays a kindlier glow.

Behind his shield conceals himself the foe,
 The friend should come with open face and fair;
 I seek thee, thou dost shun me everywhere,
 Be constant as this work of art doth show.

But which one of the two shall I now seek?
 Must I endure a coldness from each one?
 This, so-called dead, thou living, as we see,
 And not to waste the words I fain would speak,
 So long a time will I embrace this stone,
 That thou wilt tear me from it jealously.

SONNET V.—This sonnet is entitled *Wachsthum* (Growth). The poet wanders with a little girl over field and mead, and fancies how pleasant it would be to have such a daughter. In the second quatrain, the child has grown up into a girl, with some knowledge of the world, and of domestic economy. The

poet then imagines how delightful it would be to have such a sister. In the first tercet the girl has grown into a lovely woman, and the inflammable poet is enamoured of her beauty, and makes advances, which are repelled with an indignant glance. In the second tercet the would-be lover retires abashed, as before a princess. It will be noticed that the poet partly addresses the lady, and partly soliloquises, the soliloquies being marked by inverted commas. This sonnet is a happy example of an elegant trifle.

V.—GROWTH.

(Wachsthum.)

Oft, as a happy child, o'er field and mead,
 Thou sprang'st with me, on many a morn in spring,
 "For such an one to build, would pleasure bring,
 "With all a careful Father's loving heed."
 When thou to look into the world wast led,
 Thy joy was in domestic catering.
 "I could trust her, she me, in everything;
 "With such a sister I were safe indeed!"
 "But nothing could arrest that growth so fair,
 Love's tumult glows already in my heart;
 Shall I embrace her and thus soothe my pain?"
 Ah me! as Princess dost thou now appear!
 Thou stand'st so much above me and apart
 That I abashed before thy glance remain.

SONNET VI.—This is fancifully inscribed *Reisezehrung* (Viaticum). The poet is so enamoured with the bright glances of his lady-love, that he is willing to give up all the comforts of life for the sake of the lustre of her bright eyes; and thus deprived of things that make life pleasant, he can travel through the world, everywhere meeting with bright glances, and always ready to fall in love with the owner. The sentiment agrees with the poet's practice; its expression is somewhat strained and artificial; and the sonnet cannot be said to have any particular merit.

VI.—VIATICUM.

(Reisezehrung.)

Were I to wean me from her glances bright,
 They would adorn my life, ah! nevermore;
 Fate to propitiate we have no power;
 I know it well, and stepped back with affright.

For me were closed all sources of delight,
 Since I began to wean me from that store
 Of things that folk as needful reckon o'er;
 Nought but her looks were needful in my sight.
 I gave up much—the zest for food—wine's glow,
 Sleep—social converse—comforts such as these;
 Not much remained of what most men approve;
 Thus travelling through the world I calmly go,
 Needing what everywhere is had with ease,
 And that most needful bring I with me—Love!

SONNET VII.—The subject is handled with a natural simplicity which produces a charming effect. The lover takes a passionate farewell of his mistress, and embarks on a sea-voyage. As distance separates him from the beloved object, the well-known scenery engages his affectionate contemplation, until lost in the blue distance. He is now out at sea, and the desolate feeling of solitude and separation from all he loved produces heart-ache. But as the darkness increases, the stars of heaven shine out upon him, and he is consoled. The reader may carry out the suggestion with profit.

VII.—LEAVE-TAKING.

(*Abschied.*)

Some thousand kisses I, insatiate, had,
 And yet, at last, must part with only one;
 The bitter task of separation done,
 The well-known shore alone can make me glad;
 Its mountains, hills, and streams and dwellings made,
 While plainly seen, for me a happy boon;
 E'en gladdening the eye though in blue distance gone,
 And lastly, with the daylight, sunk in shade.
 At length, when as the sea shut in my gaze,
 My strong desire upon my heart fell back,
 To gain what I had lost, with much annoy;
 Just then there seemed to shoot down heavenly rays,
 Which made me feel that nothing I could lack,
 And that I had whate'er I did enjoy.

SONNET VIII.—In this and the two following sonnets, the lady writes to her lover, who is apparently in one of his cold fits. Her language is tender and touching, and all three sonnets display a genuine feeling based upon a knowledge of

human nature in general and of the female heart in particular. In the sonnet before us, the lady expresses in the first quatrain the delight of loving and being loved, and in the second quatrain the agony of separation and neglect. In the first tercet hope seems to revive; and in the second the appeal to her lover has an unmistakeable pathos.

*Mein einzig Glück auf Erden ist dein Wille,
Dein freundlicher zu mir; gib mir ein Zeichen.*

VIII.—THE LADY-LOVE WRITES.

(Die Liebende schreibt.)

If but a look from thine eyes into mine,
A kiss from thy lips on my lips impressed,
Whoe'er experience of them has confessed
Can he a greater pleasure hope to win?
Afar from thee, estranged from my own kin,
My thoughts move on in one dull round compressed,
Till at one hour—the only one—they rest,
And then the tears their saddened flow begin.
All unawares the tears dry up again,
I think, he surely lives in this retreat,
And should'st thou not into the distance reach!
Hear but the whisper of Love's gentle strain,
To make my will as thine is bliss most sweet,
Give me some loving token, I beseech!

SONNET IX.—This sonnet also truly expresses the language of the heart. Woman's constancy, as opposed to man's levity, finds its expression in loving terms. She feels in her perfect fidelity that her whole being is complete in itself—

Mein ganzes Wesen war in sich vollendet

But doubting the constancy of her lover, she writes with a faltering hand, professes that she has nothing to say, and yet in her heart's fulness, wishes to say much. She vaguely hints at present suffering in contrast to the happy past, when the two hearts were united. Here again the pathos is unmistakeable.

IX.—THE LADY-LOVE AGAIN.

(Die Liebende abermals.)

Why put I pen to paper once again?
Thou must not, Dearest, thus close question me,
For really I have nought to say to thee,
Yet will this scrawl in thy dear hands remain.

Since I can't come, this missive shall make plain
 What no beginning nor yet end can see,
 My true heart's undivided fealty,
 Its ecstasy, its hopes, its bliss, its pain.
 Nothing henceforth will I to thee confide,
 How my true heart inclines to thee for aye,
 Where all my thoughts, dreams, will, and wishes meet;
 So I gazed on thee, standing by thy side,
 I nothing said, what could I have to say,
 Since my whole being was in itself complete?

SONNET X.—In this sonnet the lady is less tender, and is partly satirical. She reminds her lover of the pet phrases he was accustomed to address to her, and which formerly filled her with delight, and made her to herself for ever fair, since she was so in the eyes of her lover.

X.—SHE KNOWS NOT HOW TO FINISH.

(*Sie kann nicht enden.*)

Were I to send a blank sheet unto thee,
 Instead of words upon the surface white,
 Thou mightst, perchance, for pastime, something write,
 And send it back, thus much delighting me.
 As soon as I the envelope should see,
 With curious quickness, as is woman's right,
 I'd open it, that all might come to light,
 And read what once thou spokst enchantingly.
 "Dear child!" "My pretty Heart!" "My only Life!"
 How didst thou my heart's longings kindly still
 With words that spoilt me with their sweetness rare!
 E'en with thy whispers was the paper rife
 With which thou lovingly my soul didst fill,
 And madst me e'en to myself for ever fair.

SONNET XI.—Here we are again introduced to the volatile mocking lover, who makes light of the tender passion, and would flee from it as from a pestilence, and also from those poor devils who write in quatrains and tercets. Nevertheless, Nemesis overtakes him, and he is so bewildered with the madness of love and the sonnet mania, that he is well-nigh deprived of thought, memory, and feeling.

The style of this sonnet is the mock heroic, and the effect is comic. I know nothing among the best sonnets of Italy or

Spain that is quite so broad as this. When indulging in a familiar style, a subdued and elegant tone is required; but such a production as the one before us would be relegated to the comic poet.

XL—NEMESIS.

When epidemics rage throughout the land,
 Prudence suggests that one should go away;
 Yet have I oft, with loitering and delay,
 Escaped from many an influence at hand.
 Though Love has oft beguiled with soothing bland,
 At length I would not yield unto his sway,
 Would with those tearful folk no longer stay,
 Who make their rhymes in quatrains and tercets stand.
 But on the scorner falls due punishment,
 As if the snake-torch of the Fates were here,
 Chasing from hill to vale, from land to sea.
 I hear the Genii's mocking merriment;
 But sonnet-mania and Love's maddening care,
 Make a blank page of all my memory.

SONNET XII. is probably addressed to a child, with a box of sweetmeats as a Christmas present. The sentiment is prettily worked out, and the moral slightly, but sufficiently, conveyed, to the effect that the smallest gift should be valued for the sake of the feeling which prompted it.

XII.—A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(*Christgeschenke.*)

Sweet darling! here within this casket lie,
 In various forms and colours, many a sweet,
 They are the fruits for holy Christmas meet,
 And made to give to children lavishly.
 For thee, with pleasant converse, I would try
 To make poetic sweetmeats for the treat.
 But why such idle things do I repeat?
 Hence! all attempts to blind with flattery.
 But there is yet a sweet thing that doth speak
 From soul to soul, enjoyable afar,
 Which can float on until it comes to thee.
 And if o'er thee some friendly memory break,
 As if joy twinkled in each well-known star,
 The smallest gift thou'lt not despise from me.

SONNET XIII.—The warning which is the theme of this sonnet has a droll effect. If at the Last Day we must give account of every idle word, the lover warns the lady that she has kept him in suspense for so long a time, and he has prattled such multitudes of words into her ear, that unless she soon repents, his account will require a whole year instead of a single day; therefore he calls upon her to spare the world the suffering of a whole year of judgment instead of a single day.

XIII.—WARNING.

(Warning.)

When the dread trump announces the last day,
 And all the things on earth their course have sped,
 Then every idle word that we have said
 We have to give account of as we may;
 How will it be with all the words, I pray,
 Those loving words which I to speak was led,
 When for a smile from thee I had such need—
 If in thine ear alone they die away?
 Hence, dearest! question thou thy conscience well,
 How long thou'st been in hesitating mood,
 So that the world such suffering may not fear.
 If I must count up, and excuses tell,
 For all the things I prattled as I woo'd,
 The last day will become at least a year.

SONNET XIV.—This and the next sonnet are peculiar in construction. In each case two sets of speakers are concerned. In Sonnet XIV. the second speaker occupies the second tercet, and in the next sonnet both tercets. There are examples in Italian and Spanish sonnets of a dialogue carried on between two interlocutors, in sonnet form, although the case is not common. In the sonnet before us, the first speaker expresses astonishment that two persons should be in love with each other and yet write sonnets. The difficulties of the structure are then pointed out, and the labour of overcoming them is compared to the effort of Sisyphus in rolling uphill the stone which always rolled down again as soon as it reached the top.

To this invective the lovers reply by justifying their conduct, since, as they might have said, the intense feeling of a Dante or a Petrarch, as expressed within the limits of a sonnet,

produced so concentrated a heat as to be capable of melting even what is figuratively called the hardest of objects, namely, the human heart.

XIV.—THE DOUBTERS.

(*Die Zweifelnden*)

You love and yet write Sonnets ! Double woe
On such a whim ! the heart's language thus to find
In seeking rhymes in couplets fast to bind,
Children ! believe me, the will is powerless so.
Scarcely as yet speaks out the heart's full flow
Quite unrestrained—'tis to reserve inclined ;
Now storms of passion through its chords may wind
And then to night and stillness it may go.
Why plague yourself and us, on the steep way,
Uprolling, by degrees, the ponderous stone,
Which backward drags again so wearily ?

The Lovers' Answer.

Not so ; on the right road are we, we say,
Would we of all things melt the hardest one,
Love's fire must glow, indeed, all powerfully.

SONNET XV.—In this the Maiden speaks first, in censure of the Sonnet, and the work of the file (*labor limæ*) required to bring it into shape. She then describes the ardour of the true poet, and the words that flow from him moved by the real inspiration of deep feeling.

The second speaker, in reply, cannot resist his sardonic vein. He compares the fine frenzy of the poet to the practice of artillery, and the work of the sapper and miner, when an explosion takes place, and blows them all to bits. This treatment also belongs to the mock heroic.

XV.—THE MAIDEN AND THE POET.

1.—The Maiden (*Mädchen*).

I doubt a laboured line's sincerity,
Yet like to listen to thy wordy play ;
But the heart's honest feeling, I should say,
Sweet friend ! should not be filed so carefully.
Lest he fatigue, the poet is wont to try
And rack his inmost soul in every way ;
The fever of his wounds he well can stay,
And deep ones heal with words of witchery.

2.—The Poet (*Dichter*).

See, darling ! how with the artilleryman it fares :
 Skilled how to measure out his thunder well,
 He excavates his labyrinthine mine.

More strong the elemental force appears ;
 He is blown to bits, he and his arts malign,
 Scattered in air, before he aught can tell.

The Sixteenth Sonnet, in which a comparison is drawn between Petrarch and the writer, has already been quoted and commented on.

The Seventeenth, and last, Sonnet is a charade in which two words are concerned, and it is a remarkable example—probably unique in riddle literature—of the word-play being almost as applicable in the translation as in the original.

I am indebted to Dr. Eugene Oswald for the following remarks which he has been so good as to communicate to me:—
 “The two words of the charade are *Herz* and *Liebe*. They are “compounded into *Herzlieb*, and form at once a term of “endearment, and the name of one for whom Goethe had a “strong affection, namely, *Minna Herzlieb*, the foster-daughter “or niece of the publisher Fromann, of Jena, where there is “still a firm of that name. She was in the essential features “the original of the Otilie of the ‘*Elective Affinities*.’”

XVII.—CHARADE.

They are two short words and easy ones to speak,
 We name them oft, and that much pleasure brings,
 Yet we by no means clearly know the things
 Of which the words do but the symbols make.

It answers well if young and old we take,
 And boldly burn them by the fire that springs
 From each. When one the two united sings,
 A blest delight he causes to awake.

Now seek I pleasure on them to bestow,
 And ask that I with them may happy be ;
 I hope in silence, yet I hope to win ;
 To lisp them like the names that we love so,
 In one united image both to see,
 And in one being to embrace the twain.

In conclusion, I wish to remark that I have thus far kept

myself within the limits of a purely literary treatment of Goethe's Sonnets. I have avoided any reference to the *Bettina von Arnim* controversy and the questionable statements contained in the *Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*. It is idle to consider whether the passionate love-letters of the lady to the poet were worked up by him into Sonnets, or whether these Sonnets formed the basis of the love-letters. Those who care for such things will find the subject discussed in Mr. Lewes's "Story of Goethe's Life" (Book VII., Chap. 3). The Sonnets must rest upon their own merits as poems, without reference to the circumstances under which they were composed, even supposing it were possible to free those circumstances from the faltering hand of uncertainty.

I do not think that these Sonnets are worthy of Goethe's great fame. Had they been written by a less exalted muse, they would long since have been forgotten. The immortal works of an author may keep afloat for a time his meaner performances; but these, too, must at length pass into the ocean of oblivion into which all works of mediocrity are destined to sink.

Postscript—28th January.—After the reading of my paper, Mrs. Coupland was so good as to direct my attention to two Sonnets by Goethe, at the beginning of the poems entitled *Epigrammatisch*. One of them is a Sonnet on the Sonnet, in which the Author again lays down some of the hard conditions of this class of composition, and finds himself in uneasy restraint therein. He would rather work on a whole block of wood than have to take the separate pieces and glue them together; that is, the quatrains and tercets, and bring them into harmonious relation. That he was able to do this is proved by the second Sonnet on the relation of Nature and Art. Every student will be in sympathy with the sentiments so well and so concisely expressed.

THE SONNET.

(*Das Sonett.*)

To take up Art again, and work therein,
Is a sacred duty we impose on thee;
Thou canst, like us, bestir thee earnestly,
In measured cadences by rule and line.

E'en to restraint of rule thou dost incline,
 If the true spirits move thee powerfully;
 And whatsoever their behaviour be,
 The work perfected doth at length remain.

So, in artistic Sonnets, I'd be led
 To express in rhyme the best that feeling could,
 In pride of practised speech, rhythmic and true.

But here I find no comfortable bed:
 I'd rather work on a whole block of wood,
 Than piece by piece the wood together glue.

NATURE AND ART.

(*Natur und Kunst.*)

Nature and Art each other seem to flee,
 Yet unawares each bath the other found;
 Distaste for either I no longer owned,
 And both appear with equal charms for me.

In honest work alone success can be;
 And if with method we ourselves have bound
 With mind and hand to Art, then will abound
 Within our hearts the glow of Nature free.

Such the effect all Culture doth impart;
 Who scorns both law and method, strives in vain
 To gain the purer heights of perfect Art.

He knits himself who great things would attain;
 In self-control is shown the Master's part;
 Only through law can we our freedom gain.

Mrs. Coupland is of opinion that among the seventeen Sonnets in the Essay, some were addressed to Minna Herzlieb; such, for example, as No. V., *Wachsthum*. The Fromanns adopted Minna as their own child when she was about twelve years of age, and Goethe constantly visited that family in Jena. "My grandfather, Dr. Seebeck, lived in Jena at that time with his family, and had much intercourse with Goethe, besides being intimate with the Fromann family."

THE PESSIMISTIC ELEMENT IN GOETHE.*

BY R. M. WENLEY, M.A., D.Sc.

*Nichts taugt Ungeduld,
Noch weniger Reue;
Jene vermehrt die Schuld,
Diese schafft neue.*

EXCEPTIONALLY great men are, from the nature of the case, often unfortunate in their critics. Looming large upon the field of intellect and morals, they afford a tolerably attractive target—one easily hit, if not easily pierced. Yet, when the shot strikes, the damage is sometimes more apparent than real; the mark is scarcely affected. Genius, in other words, presents a liberal outline, but the value attaching to the various spaces within it is not determined by hard and fast law. Accordingly, many criticisms of Goethe, as of Browning and Tennyson, while not without aim, are liable to be discounted on close inspection. They reckon for less than had been thought at first sight. One has heard it reiterated to weariness, for example, that Goethe's plays are failures; "his situations are often dramatic, his characters are seldom so." The judgment is doubtless as obvious as that Dante and Balzac did not write comedies. Yet the stern seer of the *Divina Commedia* and the lusty humourist of the *Comédie Humaine* did not misname their works. Even a masterpiece of the "drama proper" may be dramatic in two senses. The oftener we see *Hamlet* put upon the stage, the more convinced do we become that every representation furnishes only another commentary on the text. The play is altogether admirable for theatrical purposes maybe, it is also beyond acting. This spiritual element, which escapes even the most consummate stage-craft, justifies the titles bestowed by Dante and Balzac; and in this sense too, despite the defects all too easily detected by criticism, Goethe is a great dramatist.

* Introductory Lecture read before the Glasgow Branch, 21st November, 1892.

Tasso is perhaps the limpest among those works which one must needs estimate, because its hero is not so much a man as a series of moods. Nevertheless, it cannot justly be divested of the higher dramatic interest. Again, the very magnitude of the issues at stake in *Faust* inevitably renders the drama "a series of episodes," and causes Faust himself, not to mention Mephistopheles, to stand apart from the flesh and blood incidents which constitute the work-a-day world. The separation, however, has little more than appearance; for he who momentarily seems remote from my life is, just on this account, closely related to mankind.

Some considerations such as are thus suggested must lend justification to our present subject. Goethe, conventionally known as undramatic, is also conventionally called optimistic. In both cases the criticism embodies a half-truth only.

At bottom pessimism in its several forms is nothing more than the statement of the practical or moral difficulty which is formulated theoretically in that somewhat amorphous body of doctrine familiar as agnosticism. Thought, curiously enough, as it increasingly apprehends the amazing complexity of the world-order, tends to become timid concerning its own position and credibility. Mind, particularly if regarded, as it commonly is, from the standpoint of isolated individuality, appears a very little thing. The mighty forces that surround it cannot, surely, permit much free play. True, it is a witness, *the* witness, to their operation, but only because it is part and parcel of their larger sweep. Of the ultimately real, of the last power which either pervades or determines the universe, this subtle selfhood, rigidly attached to a tiny brain, must plainly remain in ignorance. Knowledge can only be of effects, never of causes, for the organ of thought is itself one only among myriad results. When set over against the world, mind is powerless to answer any question respecting reality. Similarly, in the moral sphere, men, because they are impervious individuals, appear to be subject to limitations which, in the lapse of ages, ever press heavily and more heavily upon them, crushing aspiration and blasting in every direction those roseate hopes of self-satisfaction with which Humanity has been wont to delude itself. Human nature can-

not escape misery, sin and death—evil in all kinds—any more than finite intellect can grasp truth or know reality.

I heard a voice "believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep.

The modern poet cannot choose but face these spiritual issues. And Goethe, though with less consciousness than was characteristic of him in most cases of difficulty, did not avoid this one. Not indeed that he addressed himself specifically to it at any time: rather it furnishes a *leit-motiv* that recurs again and again with identical tone in varied themes from its first clear suggestion in the sufferings of Werther till its final disappearance in Faust's apostrophe to the "fleeing moment."

For our present purpose then we must turn to Goethe's work as a whole. In one aspect it presents a somewhat unusual problem. The prose writings, no less than the poems, possess peculiar significance. Both are organic to a certain view of life which gradually unfolds itself from period to period, not, however, simply undergoing change, but expanding. The poet's constancy to his own ideals was remarkable. After the return from the first Italian journey—sooner some would say—he consistently clung to a definite conception of his mission. From this time forward he had "the shape's idea," no doubt under many and widely different forms. Nor was it his companion for an ecstatic moment, for a day or a year only, it mastered him thenceforward and always till the end. The slow growth of *Meister* and of *Faust*, the commentaries on the main thought afforded in *Die Natürliche Tochter*, *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* and *Das Märchen*, bear witness to wonderful persistence in a special kind of constructiveness. No doubt there is little of Shakespeare's unobserved inspiration, yet, on the other hand, Milton's conscious tending of his muse is conspicuously absent. Goethe plainly recognises his own self-reliance and its ground, he does not on this account strain himself while at work. In contemplation he goes far towards self-conscious philosophising, in realisation he commonly falls back upon the naïve perceptions of the artist. In an attempt to connect him with a prominent phase of that modern thought which he epitomised so remarkably

this is an important point. For his intuition of the "plastic stress" that

Sweeps thro' the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,

was exceptional. His *daimon* was not, like that of Socrates, an inner voice peculiar to himself, but an experience, subtle maybe and incommensurable, of unity with a mystic force "above all earthly control." This sub-conscious stream of tendency accounts for not a few of the puzzling difficulties that he presents. The Mothers and the Tripod, to mention familiar instances, are symbolic intimations of a pervasive energy that sways the poet yet eludes his analytic grasp. The revelation, if such it can be termed, is so incapable of intelligible characterization that it at once recalls the professed world principles which find privative expression only—Schopenhauer's *Blind Will* and Hartmann's *Unconscious*. The perplexing juxtaposition of symbolism and extreme devotion to nature, the impossibility of saying absolutely that Goethe was subjective or objective, and the dialectic movement connecting these aspects, are due to the presence of this vaguely apprehended but ubiquitous essence. An antithesis runs through the greater works, and it may be said that the emphasis is now on the realistic, anon on the supernatural, now on things, again on self, always with the reservation that the one is conveyed concretely, while the other is generally clothed upon by a suggestion. Further, the poet's unrest, his desire for fresh experiences, and the mobility of his most plastic imagination, which permitted itself to be entirely possessed by sensuous impressions, fitted him to be a willing instrument of this uncomprehended motive-force. He felt himself one with nature, and the pulse of the mighty universe throbbed in his heart as truly as in the awakening life of spring. "The older I grow, the more surely I rely upon that law by which the rose and the lily blossom."

Nature

. makes each form by rules that never fail,
And 'tis not force, even on a mighty scale.

There can be little question that many of the coarse and ignorant criticisms passed upon Goethe have been occasioned by this sinking of self in the ocean of the world-soul. But the

evident satisfaction he derived from communion with the spirit of *Naturkraft* is so plainly the joy of the part exulting in the good it shares with the whole that criticism is disarmed beforehand by a kind of benevolent eudæmonism. But, although Goethe thus freely yields himself to an influence not unlike Schopenhauer's grim will, with its peremptory "die and be damned," he cannot be regarded as a vapouring mystic. The pessimistic element is a tendency in him, never a fixed or predominating quality. Indeed his activity might be taken as typically human, even granted the restrictions which "art for art's sake" sometimes imposed. Endeavour stamps his literary career. His optimism, so called, was no cheap product of a lazy habit of contentment, although the struggle that finally wrought it out found theatre in the realm of thought rather than of character.

The tragedy, as it could not but be at the beginning of our century, had relation to knowledge more than to that moral diremption that has pressed so hard in recent years. Notwithstanding, Goethe did not simply acquiesce in a preconceived idea of the goodness of life, despite temperament and worldly circumstances which had conspired to smooth his path. If the sense of sin did not overwhelm him, he at least had comprehended, as few others, the disappointments to which man's ardent desire must here submit. Neither a philosopher nor a person of profound religious convictions, he occupied a middle place, and sought an imaginatively conceived solution of the moral riddle. While, therefore, under few delusions about the difficulty of living, and well aware of the issues raised by the duality of human nature, he gave himself to no jaundiced despair, nor pinned faith to any jaunty scheme of salvation. His lukewarm appreciation of Christianity may be—I think was—due to constitutional inability to face pain. Goethe had never passed through the darkness that can be felt whereout rises the stricken cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But this valley of humiliation, though it be the blackest, is not the only dark place of the earth, and he had sojourned in other regions gloomy enough. The lack of this complete experience may have dwarfed his character as a man, it enhanced, or

perhaps we had better say, did nothing to detract from, his achievement as a poet. For, as every artist who is to be consummate needs must, he grappled with a problem whose whole difficulty did not appear. Thus, unalarmed, so to speak, he was able to survey it serenely before reducing it to the finite shape which best suited its expression. To preserve the balance here indicated is the main difficulty now before us. Goethe's optimism truly was won, but the conflict and the victory received poetic expression mainly because his pessimism had not touched that depth wherein the overpowering sense of need for salvation begets self-regard so intense as to be necessarily incompatible with any limited or artistic representation of infinite interests. Self-detachment is, on the contrary, the mark of our poet's temper no less than the earnest of his ultimate success.

The pessimistic element in Goethe assumed distinct phases at different stages in his career, and, although I have no desire to treat the subject by reference to strictly defined periods, a clear sequence must be noted. The youthful time of revolt, mainly negative and consequently indefinite in its aspiration, saw little more than the setting of a problem. Then for a space, at Weimar amid the whirl of court society, inner misgiving was nigh stifled. In Italy too the poet was so continually externalising himself, not only in the mere acquisition of fresh ideas but in the composition of his specially litæresque works, that the higher moral issue bore no immediate interest. Changed circumstances, connected probably with his undoubted discontent on return to the fatherland, and with the cool reception accorded to his new dramas, threw him back once more upon self. Careful study of natural phenomena led him to perceive the inner unity of the world, and, thus affected, he proceeded again to attack, almost *ab initio*, the obstinate uncertainties imbedded in *Werther*, *Prometheus*, and the first part of *Faust*. By way of optics, botany, zoology, and the overmastering destiny of *The Elective Affinities*, he arrived finally, in *Meister's Wanderjahre*, and especially in the second part of *Faust*, at a positive, if poetical, reply to the life-question in which there always is a pessimistic admixture.

The intellectual environment of Germany in the third

quarter of the eighteenth century, marked as it was by absence of national pride, and by a certain spiritual, not to say moral, poverty, largely determined the early direction of young Goethe's thought. The author of *Candide* was no pessimist. Indeed his doubting mood is but the other side of his omniscience. The very mockery which he levelled against human nature, the vials of wrath that he poured upon optimism, testified to his own clear, if somewhat narrow, perceptions. For the most part, however, his downrightness, proclaiming that "the Supreme Intelligence which has formed us willed that there should be justice on the earth, in order that we might be able to live on it a certain number of years," was void of effect. His oracular utterances had no inner touch of sympathy, and they passed overhead unheeded. Not so his scepticism. It exhausted the mental atmosphere, preparing men's minds, Goethe's like the rest, for the entry of a new order of beliefs. The later Mephistopheles is the Voltairean spirit embodied—the knowledge that good, bad, and indifferent are at the last—nothing. Emptied thus of positive creed, Goethe chanced upon Herder, came to hear of Rousseau, and fed on him throughout the *Sturm und Drang* period. Like the other sentimentalists, of whom Byron is the type, and to whom our own Burns may be affiliated, Goethe did not fly to the conclusion that this is the worst of all possible worlds. But, after his own sufficiently bitter fashion, he wallowed in that slough of disappointment where Jean-Jacques wept floods of tears and Cain and Manfred cursed. Social conventions and the aims which the world would force ready made upon the individual tortured his sensitive soul. How to be rid of them, how to find a smoother path, were difficulties that seethed within him. Götz, Werther, and Prometheus are the central figures whom the poet accompanies through a struggle wherein the moral schism is never brought within measurable distance of healing. So far, accordingly, it is a pessimistic stage. Götz is a hero because he strives to be loyal to his own higher judgment amid perplexities caused by the social and political usages of the sixteenth century. The world oppresses him, but he stands forth to resist it even to death. Goethe in the first enthusiasm

of youth thought he saw here the kind of leader whom his own Germany required. Hence he endowed his creation with a powerful and generous spirit, so that Götz stands forth alone, the one completely dramatic character in the Goethe gallery. He lay too near the young poet's soul to be aught else. Yet, for all this, he fails, and, whatever our sympathies may be, the gloomy conclusion is the truer art. The mediæval knight of the iron hand felt, in all their keenness, the disappointments due to restraint. To have been set free from the restrictions incident to his age would, at the same time, only have permitted him further license to oppose—to limit—others. The success of Götz' mission would have offered no anodyne to Goethe's moral unrest; for, even at the best, the straitening of individual aspiration had but been shifted from one man to his neighbours. In *Werther* an identical issue is raised, but, thanks to the intervention of the egoism of Madame de Warens' lover, it finds more immediate application to the author himself. In *Götz von Berlichingen* the very excellence of the dramatic representation tends to obscure the poet's personality; in *Werther* circumstances are altered, and here Goethe experiences the full force of that discontent which, half devilish in Voltaire, excessively human in Rousseau, was to become almost divine in his own *Faust*. In *Werther* he is still among the *Kraftmänner* or semi-professional mourners over the misery of living. Its pessimism is of the unreasoning sort,

The nympholepsy of some fond despair,

and not yet of Schopenhauer's inevitable kind. Reflective, it is nevertheless lyrical, self, not the universal order, is involved. "That the life of man is but a dream, has come into many a head, and with me, too, some feeling of that sort is ever at work. When I look upon the limits within which man's powers of action and inquiry are hemmed in, when I see that all effort issues simply in procuring supply for wants, which again have no object but continuing this poor existence of ours, and then, that all satisfaction on certain points of inquiry is but a dreaming resignation, while you paint, with many-coloured figures and gay prospects, the walls you sit imprisoned by—all this,

"Wilhelm, makes me dumb. . . . It is told of one of our most distinguished men that he viewed with dissatisfaction the spring again growing green, and wished that, by way of change, it would for once be red. These are specially the symptoms of life-weariness, which not seldom issues in suicide, and, at this time, among men of meditative, secluded character, was more frequent than might be supposed." One can afford to smile at this kind of thing, knowing full well that "he will come out of it." At the moment, however, he does not. Werther fails along with Götz and for similar reasons, though more intense. He is as unstable as the knight was, in a manner, stable. His whole being wears the aspect of a kaleidoscopic display of sensations. Dwelling thus in the moment, he is never satisfied, and desire, unquenched by fleeting joys, demands further freedom. The revolt is not, as with Götz, against some clearly defined convention, it is that peculiar to the pre-revolution era. Vague craving to escape from civilisation as a whole, desperate longing to be done with restraint, liberty to commune with self in some refined internal realm, these are its marks. Indomitable in purpose, weakness is yet its privilege, for the purpose is no more than a negation. The solution of the moral problem possible to such a temperament is illusory in an even deeper sense than it was before with Götz.

Rousseau might here speak for Werther. "I have never been fitted for civil society where all is *gêne*, obligation, and duty. My independent temper makes me incapable of the subjections necessary to him who would live with men."* Accordingly, if the success of Götz had been but a shuffling of disappointment from one person to others, Werther's would have implied unfaithfulness to human nature itself. The difficulty of living is not fairly faced here, but an essentially impossible attempt is made to empty life of the constituents from which perplexity springs. Götz fails because crushed by an external order with which he will not league himself, Werther, more modern, falls to pieces of his own inner inanity. In his anxiety to outflank finitude, he strips himself of everything that could aid him, and, at the last, finding the world

* *Réveries*, vi.

nowise kinder, and unconscious of the spendthrift prodigality with which he has impoverished his own spirit, makes an end of self. Neither the life of action nor of thought serves to save from despair and defeat if certain terms remain unobserved. *Götz* could not but be condemned, *Werther* could not but commit suicide. In both cases the difficulty of living proves victorious. The equation contains a surd, and pessimism appears to triumph; but, as a matter of fact, the source of error has not yet been located. The dramatic power of the play and the wonderful intuition of nature of the romance are possessions for ever. Neither states the prime question of individual life in a manner which affords even a prospect of solution. Goethe used *Götz* as the vehicle to express one kind of revolt, the mediæval, *Werther*—hence its greater popularity—mirrored dissatisfaction as it was at the end of the eighteenth century. Both were thus limited by special conditions, and therefore could not grasp the discontent which is inseparable from human nature as a whole. Yet, even this Goethe accomplished, though in a fragmentary manner, about the same time.

Prometheus, if restricted, is not specialised after the same fashion, and the inner disruption, so characteristic of self-conscious finitude, is boldly, yet briefly, stated. The awful depth of the spiritual gulf is plumbed, and although the hero perceives no means of bridging it, knowledge of its extent marks a distinct advance. *Prometheus*, somewhat after Goethe's own style, is a demi-god, recognising to the full his dignity, and showing this appreciation in the same kind of spirit as Aristotle's ideal man. The egoism, so inseparable from pessimism, particularly in its modern phases, here finds vivid exemplification. The story justifies it. *Prometheus*, taking his stand upon selfhood, but not presuming, sets himself in opposition to the only other personality capable of thwarting him. The classical form adopted by Goethe limits the scope of the conflict, but it is the widest possible in a certain kind of civilisation. *Prometheus* is set over against Zeus. His enemy, although a god, is unable to do more than curb him, he cannot aid him to realise all that he feels himself capable of becoming. The external order of

the sky god directly collides with the internal order of a single spirit. So far as the ancient classical world was concerned, this constituted the cardinal opposition. The deeper agony of a fight with fate itself did not then come within the bounds of self-consciousness. For, as Homer makes Thetis say:

How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
 How more than wretched in the immortal state!
 Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
 The Fates ordain
 He never, never must return again
 To this cureless grief
 Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief.*

Despite this Greek limitation, the struggle is really more acute than in *Werther*, at least the accidental element has been largely eliminated. The baffled fury of the lover will pass away, the aspiration of the demi-god must remain. In *Prometheus* the temporary gives place to the permanent. Human nature, under one of its universal and necessary aspects, stands revealed. The Titan is no mere iconoclast, no puling sentimentalist crying for he knows not what. On the contrary, he is a creator, but, as his relation to Athene shows, he is not simply a maker of men.

And thou art to my spirit
 What it is to itself.
 Even from the first
 Thy words have been celestial light to me.
 Ever, as if my soul spake unto itself,
 It opened wide,
 And harmonies, born with it at its birth,
 Rang forth, from out itself, within it,
 And a Divinity
 Spoke when I seemed to speak,
 And when I thought Divinity did speak,
 I spoke myself.
 And so with thee and me,
 So one, so intimate,
 Endless my love to thee!

Prometheus, like all who share the human spirit with him, is a creator of ideals. His self-consciousness, by its own inward determination, can project itself beyond the cramped boundaries

* *Iliad*, xviii., 71-101.

of the material body and the finite world. "Oh God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space." But, in spite of this, these truly are limitations. Be the ideals what they may—be they never so pure and beautiful and just—gross matter wars against them, the ruler of Olympus has sent forth his fiat, and they cannot be realised in their completeness. Yet, because he thus appeals to an inner conviction, Prometheus does not go under with Götz and Werther. Pessimistic he may be in his recognition of the world's cursed spite, this but enables him the more completely to comprehend the scope of the crisis. He cannot breathe the breath of life into his creations, nevertheless they *are his* creations and he will not depart from them. The difficulty of realising ideals, the distressing obstacles upraised by things, the imperfection to which aspiration seems inevitably doomed, all these weigh upon him and infuse a certain sadness into his being. So far he has sounded the depths of despair and is therefore a pessimist. At the same time, sustained, as all men may be, by a kind of indwelling Divinity, he is able to bid despair defiance. From this state Goethe, in his early period, saw no release, and *Prometheus* remains a fragment sublime in the resistance of its hero, but imperfect, because resistance is no effective deliverance from the ills that are. Zeus may successfully thwart another creator, but he cannot filch away his creative power, and the subject may defy the lord who can partly give and partly take away, but who is powerless to subdue. Accordingly, there is no defeat in *Prometheus* as in *Götz* and *Werther*, far rather a distinct issue is presented, and the manner of statement is such that a reply is not rendered quite impossible from the first. The truth is that the presentation is still too symbolic. The need of a real man, in a sense of a man of sorrows acquainted with our grief, has neither been fully felt nor sufficiently supplied. Until a truly human personality is brought into apparently hopeless conflict with a deity who is greater than Zeus, the requirements of the solution of the problem cannot be appreciated. *Prometheus* is therefore properly a fragment. Neither human enough nor divine enough, its personages do not embody the entire import of the question of questions with

which humanity and every separate member of it must one day grapple if life is not to fail or pass empty away.

We must remember, further, that the setting of this poem is not purely Greek. Traces of Goethe's studies in Spinoza are evident throughout. The absolute necessity of the natural order, on the one side, and the presence of ultimate reality, or God, in the human spirit, on the other, bear witness, not only to the influence of the Jewish thinker, but also to a distinctive interpretation of his doctrines. For Goethe no more accepted Spinoza *simpliciter* than he appropriated anything else without passing it through the transforming medium of his own mind. The power that sets the seal of necessity upon nature and rouses the sleeping divinity in man, is no abstract substance, but some principle akin to the originating reason with which Goethe's philosophical contemporaries have familiarised us. So in *Prometheus*, despite the Greek form, the possibilities of a higher standpoint lie scattered. More definite expression is given them in those lines from *Faust* written about the same period.

The God who throned within my breast resides
Deep in my inmost soul can stir the springs;
With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
But hath no power to move external things.

Goethe's individualism appears here—his interest in the particular, the specialised, the self-sufficient. But it is not unaccompanied by the thought, meantime crude and amorphous, that in a *cosmos* one part cannot say to another, "I have no need of thee." All are at least seen to be under the same condemnation, and thus a kind of connection is already constituted between them. Each is bidden heal himself, yet in the very process of introspection, which is the indispensable preliminary, the disease is found to be epidemic, and the plague of loneliness is not added to that of self-loathing. Thanks to the intervention of Spinoza, Goethe is put on the way of escape from the hopeless schism between the individual and the social consciousness of *Götz*, from the aimless self-sufficiency of *Werther*, and from the inexorable silence of an external order that scorns man's call for succour of *Prometheus*. Zeus was foredoomed to be

dethroned by Spinoza, and the inner infinity, already revealed in the Titan, was destined, after much darkling struggle, to find a kindred deity ruling the universe. Prometheus, divested of his symbolic trappings and reduced to the less striking level of frail mortality, will at last suffuse the dull, dark world with the light of hope by his confident appeal to the higher self. But, ere this consummation be attained, the poet has many a lesson to learn concerning the order of nature, in which necessity, born of an impersonal god, appears to hold supreme sway.

To the relation between Spinoza and Goethe much attention might be profitably devoted did time permit, and it is so important for the present subject that it cannot be altogether omitted. Caro is correct in the main when he says that there are more differences than analogies between the philosopher and the poet.* Though a large influence in Goethe's mental development, the author of the *Ethics* was not the master of a disciple. *Götz* and *Werther*, and, from one point of view, *Prometheus*, savour of Rousseau; *Prometheus*, from another side, and the works of Goethe's middle period, owe something to Spinoza. For, as our Chairman has shown, "the extreme antagonism of Spinoza's method of thinking to his own contributed to the attraction. He saw in Spinoza his intellectual complement, whom he could enjoy without being in any way tempted to go beyond himself."† Spinoza's *Ethics*, if not his system as such, imparted direction to Goethe's thought. The mere revolt against natural order of the earlier characters was replaced by attentive consideration presented under one aspect in *Meister's Lehrjahre*, under others in the specially scientific studies, and in *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, to be latterly supplanted by the idea of coöperation so eminently illustrated in the second part of *Faust*. The collision between individual aspiration and external fact was removed from the æsthetic or merely sentimental sphere by the advent of Spinoza, mainly because the foreignness of the world-order thereafter ceased to be its chief characteristic. Man's double nature,

Created half to rise, and half to fall,

* Cf. *La Philosophie de Goethe*, p. 188.

† *Essays on Literature and Philosophy*, by Prof. Edward Caird, Vol. I., p. 69.

which had so smitten Goethe and his age with its disease of inner warfare, found in Spinoza's *Ethics*, not a cure assuredly, but a principle of explanation. For a time, then, Goethe emphasizes the element of discord in life, chiefly by way of description and diagnosis, to the exclusion of that personal realisation of hopelessness so marked in the youthful period. Thus the hindrances to his presentation and solution of the moral enigma were not poetical or artistic only, they were due in part to a peculiar philosophy. Emotion, not conviction, is the prominent quality; there is an expansive intuition of order, but no clear recognition of reason without attuned to reason within. The beauty and exceeding sublimity of the world's ceaseless dynamic march are compensation sufficient to "the single life" for its relative and inevitable nothingness.

*Weltseele komm, uns zu durchdringen!
Dann mit dem Welteist selbst zu ringen,
Wird unsrer Kräfte Hochberuf.
Theilnehmend führen gute Geister,
Gelinde leitend, höchste Meister,
Zu Dem, der Alles schafft und schuf.*

Die Entsagende, then, after the most approved methods of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, seems to be the logical conclusion. Some unknown essence, like Absolute Substance or Blind Will or the Unconscious, breathes forth emanations in human form, and for the sake of this chimæra man must become humbly self-sacrificing.

In such a doctrine there is indeed, just a tincture of truth, and this is at the root of the mysticism from which Goethe never escapes in his treatment of the problem of existence. The vagueness with which we grasp the "why" of Faust's deliverance, and the many obscurities incident to the later *Wilhelm Meister*, testify to Goethe's instinct for the "noble lie" of poetry, and to his sympathy with Spinozistic indefiniteness respecting the ultimate Power in the universe. But, on the other hand, Goethe, as the heir of later generations, transcends Spinoza. So far from giving himself over to quietism, he rather enjoins, and practises a large, healthful activity. Life is stormy, he intimates in the *Geheimnisse*

fragment, and affords no sphere for simple acquiescence. Man must struggle, for

*Denn alle Kraft dringt vorwärts in die Weite,
Zu leben und zu wirken hier und dort ;
Dagegen engt und hemmt von jeder Seite
Der Strom der Welt und reißt uns mit sich fort.
In diesem innern Sturm und äussern Streite
Vernimmt der Geist ein schwer-verstanden Wort :
Von der Gewalt die alle Wesen bindet,
Befreit der Mensch sich, der sich überwindet.*

All effort, be it artistic, scientific, or religious, which leads the individual to break the prison-house of self, is good. Throughout the rest of his career, Goethe emphasizes now the semi-panthestic tendency, again the duty of energetic living, and at last, in his completed world-poem, gives them a species of inner unity. In any case, the immediate result of Spinoza study is that he ceases to "whine, put finger i' the eye, and sob," and stands forth upon a higher plane. The comparative coldness with which *Iphigenie*, *Tasso*, and the rest were received, proved that the *Kraftmänner* and the *Hainbund* no longer counted him for their own. Henceforward his wavering, or pessimistic, mood, was to be of a different sort. Those critics who allege that the Italian journey did little or nothing to exorcise the Wertherian spirit, or that, disappointed by the reception accorded to the so-called classical poems, Goethe turned from literature in disgust, miss the line of development that his mind was inevitably taking. The inflow from without upon the single soul, as described in Meister's *Lehrjahre*, revealed very little respecting the *kind* of the material thus received. So the study of science was unavoidably undertaken. This, in turn, led to the emergence of the idea of Fate, or, as it should rather be termed, Chance, for a time so prominent. While, once more, further self-scrutiny, in the light of this very conception of Chance, resulted in an optimistic conclusion founded on a better understanding of the conflict forced upon mankind by external circumstances.

The first effect of devotion to Spinoza and science was to widen and deepen the pessimistic element in Goethe's work. This was occasioned in natural course by the poet's changed

standpoint. Not that he ever abandoned the attitude that has gained him the name of "poet of the individual." But it is no longer the individual as such whom he treats, the threads of each "man's destiny now become woven into the tissue of universal phenomena." The works composed under this new influence have often been termed "prurient," "debauched," and so on through the whole gamut of would-be injured innocence. They are susceptible of another interpretation, one which, perhaps, better consorts with a critic's own "mental chastity." Goethe's excursions into the field of physical science confirmed him more and more in the belief, first acquired in the department of history from Herder, that the world is a vast organic whole of which man constitutes one portion only. Inspection of nature revealed the extraordinary network of relations that binds every phenomenon in its place, and endows it with the character it possesses. No single thing is aught in itself; indeed, were any one to be fully understood the universe would have to be comprehended in its entirety as a preliminary. Each phenomenon is itself a point of unity and forms one of a numberless series which, when linked, make the cosmos that we know. Obedient to certain laws, all fall into line, and none can by any means save itself from being caught up in the universal process. Such salvation, if possible, would spell destruction. Every object implicitly bears its own ideal—conformity to a type—within itself, and except in submission to all-pervading law, self-realisation must be missed. But a mere natural phenomenon has no power to detach itself from circumstances, and, accordingly, in so far as the collocation of necessary influences is complete, it conforms to its type. When conditions are unfavourable it becomes imperfect, not necessarily exceptional. This *Naturkraft* appears in the guise of a diffused impersonal force which energises in a predetermined manner, so that man, beast, and thing are alike fashioned by its irresistible power. So far the conclusion is baldly deterministic, and furnishes a basis for fatalism in the intellectual, and pessimism in the moral, order. To a certain extent the poet's temperament swayed him towards such a view. Extraordinarily impressionable and of a passive rather than a creative imagination, he

felt strongly, like Meister, the inrush of influences from sources external to self. Regarded thus, he may be said to have often experienced a species of dæmonic possession. But, as it so continually is with Goethe, this is a partial truth. Bound by unalterable laws nature might well be, man, in the poet's own person, is never utterly helpless. "Goethe was one of those 'who are wavering because impressionable, but whose wavering 'is not weakness.' " * Swayed he might be, surrender he never did. The inexorable system of the universe with its infinite dynamic force, often seems as if it would overwhelm the individual. This pessimistic thought, nevertheless, really contains the seed of its own destruction. The very rigidity of the world is man's opportunity, for he can here learn the lesson of his own infinity and its *conditions*. Goethe was saved from fatalistic despair by his power of self-detachment. He was able at one moment to present himself a living sacrifice to the natural order, at the next, having thus caught some glimpse of the mystery, he was observing his own relations to the world, and forming resolutions for their rearrangement. By study of science he substituted for Zeus a Spinozistic deity, but endued with the breath of life, if not of soul or reason. By self-examination he set Prometheus aside, and in his stead placed man ready to cease bootless defiance and prepared to learn the terms of coöperation. This is the essential import of a certain much abused moral indifference. Goethe was Greek in his conception of the superiority of man, and clung most consistently to this ideal. The self-dependence which he so assiduously cultivated, at the expense of missing many both of the darker and sweeter experiences to which flesh is heir, proves this. On the other hand, his eagerness to witness the unbroken flow of that irresistible force, the undercurrent of the universe, illustrates the modern side of his mind, and this so strongly as to recall Schopenhauer's absolutely un-Greek admiration of the formless. But Goethe never surrendered himself to systematic fatalism in theory, any more than his most inconsequent fellow-citizen did in practice. The Greek superiority was still proof against the Song of the Parcæ even in its most terrible form—

* Lewes' *Life and Works of Goethe*, p. 150.

the non-mythological naked reality of scientific conclusions. Science and poetry are accordingly made to meet together, and the insight of the latter so lights up the tendencies of the former, that the rapidly thickening gloom of changeless sequence dissipates itself in the radiance of a developing order. Man, beginning to comprehend himself, renounces individuality, and thus in a manner magnetises circumstances so that they obey him.

Some such interpretation as this supplies the key to the social romances. To call them immoral, and so forth, is not to the point, just as it would be silly to declare that milk ought to be sold by the yard. They present a problem, or, rather, illustrate Goethe's notion of the solution of a problem with which his scientific and other inquiries had acquainted him. He had realised the extent of the purely physical process, and had arrived at certain convictions about its inevitableness. He possessed, at the same time, a tolerably conscious idea of his own sufficiency to self. The two required reconciliation, and the social romances are experiments in this direction, just as *Götz*, and especially *Werther*, were experiments on another and lower plane. The cruel indifference of natural law to man's hopes and fears might well lead him to cynicism or defiance, to pessimism or despair; how is he to free himself, to defy defiance, to doubt despair away? *Die Natürliche Tochter*, *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*, *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, and *Faust*, taken together, afford a reply. In the earlier of these works there is a tendency to emphasize the element of Fate, in the later, baffling circumstances and man's reaction upon them receive equal illustration, and are finally brought to a species of unity. Within our limits it may be possible to perceive this by brief reference to *the Elective Affinities* and to *Faust*, which stand somewhat in the same relation to Goethe's final stage as *Werther* and *Prometheus* to his earliest.

Die Wahlverwandtschaften is a representation, perhaps the classical one, of that social phase of which Caroline Schlegel was the typical personal embodiment. It has been said of the work that "the poet will by it once again, as in *Werther*, expose "a disease of the time. But it is alive because the poet had "himself surrendered to the prevalent disease, and had not yet

"risen out of it into a clear atmosphere." This judgment, as so often happens with reference to Goethe, is partly true, partly false. In its ascription of life to the romance, and in its allegation, that the author had not yet reached certainty, I believe it to be just. On the contrary, as I have tried to show above, it must be held false in its contention that the poet had parted with his personal freedom. The book, like *Werther*, has a *souçon* of reminiscence about it, and partakes of the character of an experimental commentary. Here, however, the latter predominates greatly over the former, hence the comparative contrast to the earlier tale. It is a study in the submergence of wayward individuality by Destiny. Prominence is accorded throughout to the pessimistic element—the victory of irrevocable law over human aspiration. The title strikes the key-note. The categories applied are those of chemistry, persons being likened to elements which, by the inner principle of their being, fly to their affinities even to their own destruction. Edward and Charlotte, as we first meet them, seem to be ideally situated with respect to all those surroundings which assist in the maintenance of the family relation.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Yet, for all this, Edward's failure to comprehend his essential responsibilities is sufficient to break up an outward estate, be it never so securely based. The restrictions of common prudence are very considerable, but, as a material element, the hero is fated, and gives himself over to his destiny. The presence of this unseen and appalling determination is further heightened by Charlotte's intuition of coming ill, that opposes itself to the pleading of her early lover, and in the magnetic, or unconsciously attractive, character with which Ottilie is endowed. Moreover, the chemical analogy is closely worked out, particularly in Edward's case. He is a compound; free in himself, he is yet limited by the marriage tie. The freedom, which is fate, displays itself whenever Ottilie comes within range, and, by his own act, he aids the purpose of the destiny that cannot but destroy him. Hence the terribly deep and gloomy feeling

which pervades the story. The hero, if such he can be called, blunders to his ordained doom, as it were, Fate looking on the while with impassive irony. His *choice*, to go to the wars, is a deliberate invitation to Chance to work out salvation on his behalf, and he is not disappointed. Preserved to return in great glory, he interprets this as a permit from his blind deity to unite himself with his affinity. But Fate is not yet done with him, and, for reasons that he cannot fathom, any more than he has ever fathomed aught, Otilie is torn from him; and he too, self-sundered by his attraction, and rendered useless by her death, is ground to pieces between the upper millstone of his own obstinacy and the nether one of the order to which he has opposed himself. The work is most carefully planned, and in its every part is calculated to lend effect to the combination of folly, destiny, and disaster that constitutes its climax. It is a delineation of self-assertion having a far larger sweep, and much deeper relations than *Werther*. But, like the early work, the failure in which it culminates has subtle spiritual causes. To this point pessimism prevails. Yet, in contrast to the ignorance of the sentimental stage, Goethe here plainly knows what the chief reasons for Edward's defeat are, and is, therefore, so far on the road to optimism that he sees how man may, by his own fault, hand himself over a victim to nature's stern dispensation. He reads this nature, too, in a wider sense, making it include social relations. He is perfectly aware that men are not chemical elements, and that, when they act as if they were, they condescend to a lower sphere, and must take the consequences. Human endeavour, as he tries to illustrate, cannot, if true to itself, become the plaything of chance. Self-determination is its vocation, society affords it opportunity in social institutions. Thus, self-assertion like Edward's, being no more than a species of contempt for opportunity, stultifies self-realisation. The predominance of destiny, and the pessimistic conclusion are, accordingly, to be regarded, not as final, but only as intimations that the liberation of the individual cannot be accomplished in this way. Schooled by Spinoza and by science in the merits of "uniting with the many," Goethe, in fact, condemns, perhaps out of the fulness of personal

experience, an attempted union with one in despite of the many.

Faust at once sums up and supplements all that had preceded. The temporary pessimism is even deeper than that of *The Elective Affinities*, for it is experienced by a person, not by a mere general term. Its struggle is severer than that of *Werther* or of *Wilhelm Meister*, for neither a youngling nor an immature character is presented, but a man of formed and independent ideas, strong to battle for his own opinions. Its promise of a solution in some kind is brighter than that of *Prometheus*, for a descent has been made from the mythological to the modern, from the equivocal circumstances of the demi-god to the unmistakeable difficulties of the man. The thought which pervades Goethe's life-long work is that of the isolated soul and its self-wrought salvation. The poem is a series of incidents strictly subordinated to the main theme, which is nothing less than the transformation of particular ideals by reflection on the results which accompany the heedless assertion of personal wilfulness. The question to be answered is that of "the right moment" at which to "unite with the many." The hero is at the same time a person—hence our interest in him; a type—hence his rapid transitions; and an allegorical embodiment of *Culturgeschichte*—hence his puzzling immensity. In the first a large pessimistic element is present; the individual is necessarily self-seeking, and, accordingly, is doomed to failure. In the second, too, pessimism has a place; man passes once and again through the valley of the shadow. In the third pessimism at length finds its proper office as an indispensable portion of a greater unity; the organic relations of humanity, regarded as a whole, afford proof that the judgment of the world is also its justification. There is a conflict within the hero himself which for the time being entails defeat; it is succeeded by a larger collision between the single man and the social shapes that surround him, this also results disastrously; as a consequence the necessity for bringing himself into line with his fellows dawns upon the egoist, and the necessity itself finally disappears in the freedom of characteristic vocation.

For a long time, nay, until we well nigh despair, Tragedy

seems to have marked Faust for her own. Yet, not in spite, but by the very fact, of his double being he indicates the subtle comedy in which he has borne so great a part. As the theme demands, the treatment is subjective—in the first part entirely, in the second to a considerable extent. True, a clear-cut personality occupies us, but “the play’s the thing” in respect of inner nature alone. Man, be he who he may, brings the struggle of life to birth himself.

*Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann allzuleicht erschaffen,
Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh ;
Drum geb'ich gern ihm den Gesellen zu,
Der reizt und wirkt und muss, als Teufel, schaffen.*

For all the mediæval lore, the classical episodes, and symbolic incidents too, the method is thoroughly modern, it may be termed evolutionary. Be the occurrences never so bewildering in character, be their diversity almost absolute, the same idea pervades them, they are consciously designed to supply the poet's answer to his own universal problem.

*Wer ruft das Einzelne zur allgemeinen Weihe,
Wo es in herrlichen Accorden schlaegt?*

If this be true, then, the presence of a pessimistic element is inevitable. The individual and the universal need to be brought together, and, ere this consummation, the black darkness of moral doubt must cover the earth.

Self looms so large in common life that the aspiration with which it is fraught issues in selfishness. To extend individuality becomes the chief aim. On all sides the physical body and men and things oppose a stubborn and, in the main, successful resistance. The self-seeker is thrust back disappointed into his own little circle. The greater the energy spent upon externalising self, the more complete the collapse, till, sometimes, suggestions of self-destruction cannot be stilled. Disruption in the inner sphere, if crystallised by isolation, precipitates pessimism. And this is the first state in which Faust appears. Through many years he has denied himself all that the majority account bliss, and has taken learning for his sole mistress. But the progress of his thought has done no more than reveal its own futility and the complete illusoriness of its search. Intel-

lect cannot arrive at truth; magic can but call up the formless; death is not yet, nor is it the end—the Easter bells are pealing. Let aspiration itself be accursed, let the momentary satisfaction of sense suffice. Baulked of truth, helpless to realise the divinity within, convinced too of the relentlessly chaotic character of the force that sweeps through the universe swallowing up every individuality, man cannot do better than sell his soul to the Devil. The Evil One *has* the earth for his kingdom, and can in any case afford the only satisfactions possible here. The future, cancelled meantime by the negative conclusions of thought, may safely be left to take care of itself. Faust, spurned by the Earth Spirit—the *Naturkraft* of Goethe's scientific studies—cannot but enter into league with Mephistopheles. On knowledge denying itself this very modern devil appears, and, in an inverted world, strives to satisfy self-stultifying aspiration. The pessimistic element is so overwhelming that man, its author, presents it with a selfhood as distinct as his own, and proceeds to bargain with the strange comrade. The immensity of the blunder is cause at once of deepest tragedy and of broadest humour. The gifts of personality and of a power of initiation to Mephistopheles, the spirit who would destroy the medium in which alone ideals can be realised, is in the sternest sense tragic. Yet this demon is a creation, and as such, is bound to his creator whom he must aid to his own despite. The unconscious irony of Faust, when he enforces his behests on Mephistopheles, partakes of that high humour which informs only the greatest dramas. Goethe, therefore, leaves an easy way of escape from the pessimism, now so dear to many, which concludes that "every created being is worthy of ruin, hence it were better if nothing were created." Mephistopheles cannot stand to his bargain. He may give and give again of sensual delights, satisfaction will certainly be as far off as at the beginning. And when, at the close of the first part, he is found coöperating in a work rendered holy by Faust's self-reproach, the direction in which the man's way of deliverance lies ceases to be doubtful. The modern devil, he of pessimism, is so constituted that he cannot but outwit himself. What he had accomplished for damnation is already so far

undone at Margaret's death that he is actually enlisted in the service of an ideal. What this implies it is the office of the second part to show. Here the pessimistic element gradually disappears, and is at no time revived with its former intensity. The lavish symbolism employed doubtless indicates that much still remains unfathomable, yet a particular revelation of the import of this universe is pictorially conveyed. The rush to possess himself of Helen, and the death of Philemon, are Faust's last concessions to the spirit incarnate in Mephistopheles. Schooled by hard experience, his career is thenceforward concentric to a new ideal, and he annuls his bargain with evil by negating evil itself. The good overflows all when the conditions of self-realisation are understood, and aspiration finds fit expression.

*Zum Augenblicke dürft'ich sagen,
Verweile doch, du bist so schön!*

Man has here overcome pessimism by the perception that, for him, time and eternity are one.

"The greatest men," Goethe makes Otilie say, "are always connected with their age by some one weakness." The maxim can be applied to himself with unusual aptness. His reply to pessimism faces two ways. It inculcates resignation, coupled with an activity which consists in devotion to the most stable ideals. Something of the inwardness of the Reformation has penetrated him, he is also permeated with the naturalism of the Renaissance. The two influences, which beget the two constituents of the answer, form a working partnership in his mind, they are hardly brought together in an organic unity. Eclecticism, praiseworthy in its comparative freedom from prejudice, characterises the poet's attitude.

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone. . . .

I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ; . . .

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

It is not sufficient to say that Goethe's deliverance from pessimism was poetic or imaginative, rather than philosophic or rational. A definite and restricted body of opinion prompted his imagination whither to look in moments of insight. Accordingly, the vision perceived is itself peculiar. Mystic trappings incident to a bygone conception of deity obscure the manner of Faust's deliverance. And necessarily so. For, Goethe, who was a stranger to deep sense of sin, could not apprehend the mediatory power of a God able to save. Divine presence in the world he admitted, divine love he partially knew, but divine justification, setting its seal to the essential goodness of this earth as dwelling place for a being constituted like man, he failed to appreciate. Here lies the weakness in which he is linked to his age. Yet, perhaps for this reason, he has done more than any other modern writer to show what an adequate conception of deity involves for mankind on account of the problems and difficulties by which life is so crossed.

Dear is the minstrel, even to hearts of prose;
But he who sets all aspiration free,
Is dearer to humanity.
Still through our age the shadowy Leader goes;
Still whispers cheer, or waves his warning sign,—
The man who, most of men,
Heeded the parable from lips divine,
And made one talent ten!

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Borton, Miss, 33, Alfred Place West, Thurloe Square, S.W.

*Boulton, Mrs., Tew Park, Enstone.

*Braby, F., F.C.S., F.G.S., Bushey Lodge, Teddington.

Bradley, Andrew C., M.A., Professor of English Literature, The University, Glasgow.

Breul, K., M.A., Ph.D., Englemere, 19, Chesterton Road, Cambridge.

Brown, Miss, 1, Granby Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

*Browning, Oscar, M.A., King's College, Cambridge.

Buchholz, Emil, Mottingham House, Eltham, Kent.

- Bucknall, Roger Le Duc, 9, Chapel Road, West Norwood, S.E.
 *Bury, J. B., M.A., F.T.C.D., 10, North Great George's Street, Dublin.
 *Buss, Miss, Myra Lodge, King Henry's Road, N.W.
- *Caird, Prof. E., LL.D., D.C.L., The University, Glasgow.
 Campbell, Mrs. Douglas, 266, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
 Cann-Lippincott, R. C., Over Court, Bristol.
 Carey, Miss E. J., 13, Colosseum Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
 *Carter, R. T., M.A., 1, Cecil Road, Clifton, Bristol.
 *Cash, Mrs. Bankshill, East Heath Road, Hampstead, N.W.
 *Chadwick, Miss M., Park Cottage, East Sheen, Mortlake, S.W.
 *Chevelay, Miss H. M., Ladies' College, Huddersfield.
 Church, H. J., St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge.
 Colville, James, M.A., D.Sc., 14, Newton Place, Glasgow, W.
 *Cooper, Miss L. M., 9, Queen's Gate Place, S.W.
 *Courmoundouros, Miss, Batheaston, Bath.
 *Coupland, W. C., D.Sc., M.A., 10, Maitland Park Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.
 *Crome, Capt. C. F., Depôt, Hampshire Regiment, Winchester.
 Crowe, Mrs. F., 58, South Street, Greenwich, S.E.
 *Crowther, A., Mount Pleasant, Lockwood, Huddersfield.
 Cuthbertson, Miss R., 11, Broom Park Terrace, Deunistown.
- *D'Amman, C., Ph.D., Blenheim House, Kew Gardens, S.W.
 Dicks, Mrs. Henry, 39, Brunswick Square, W.C.
 *Dicks, Miss Eveline, " " "
 *Dittel, Professor Theodore H., Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill.
 Dobie, Dr. William, Townfield House, Keighley.
 Dörter, Heinrich, 31, Kersland Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 *Dowden, Prof. E., LL.D., D.C.L., 1, Appian Way, Dublin.
 *Duffield, W. B., 5, Portman Street, Oxford Street, W.
- Eggeling, Professor Julius, M.A., Ph.D., 15, Hatton Place, Edinburgh.
- *Feis, Jacob, 69, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.
 Ferrier, G. J., 11, Darnaway Street, Edinburgh.
 Fiedler, Dr. George, Professor, Mason Science College, 77, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 Frame, Mrs., 11, Bowmont Gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 Frölich, E., 21, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
 Fyfe, J. A., 48, Grant Street, Glasgow.
- Galbraith, Miss, 91, Finchley Road, N.W.
 Galloway, Miss Janet, Queen Margaret College, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 Gardener, Miss Isabella, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 *Garnett, R., LL.D., British Museum.
 Gaupp, Dr. Otto, 2, Lambert Villas, Brixton, S.W.
 Gersdorf, W. von, 21, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
 *Girton College, Cambridge (Miss Welsh).
 Glünicke, Captain G. J. R., Borussia House, Bedford.
 Greenwood, H., LL.D., M.A., The Limes, 70, Southwood Lane, Highgate, N.
 Grevel, H., & Co., 33, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
 Gridley, C. Oscar, St. Goar, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.
- Hagemann, Miss, 6, Lancaster Place, Belsize Park, N.W.
 *Hale, C. D. B., 8, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, W.
 *Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg, Count, 9, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.
 Heine, Dr. Adolf, 41, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
 *Heinemann, W., Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.
 Henschel, G., 50, Clarendon Road, Holland Park.

- *Herford, Prof. C. H., Litt.D., Hillside, Aberystwyth.
 *Herkomer, Prof. H., M.A., R.A., Dyreham, Bushey, Herts.
 *Hertz, Miss, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.
 Hickson, Miss, 6, Chalcot Gardens, South Hampstead, N.W.
 Hill, Miss C., 27, Thurlow Road, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.
 Hill, Miss A., 1, Thurlow Houses, Thurlow Square, S.W.
 Hirschfeld Brothers, Publishers, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, E.C.
 Hodge, Miss M., 38, Aytown Road, Pollockshields, Glasgow.
 Hodge, Harry, 27, Montgomerie Drive, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 *Hofmann, O., Devonshire House, Buxton.
 Holland, Miss B., 5, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W.
 Hüni, Alfred, 6, Westbank Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
- Jenkins, Mrs. C. S., 13, Cranley Place, South Kensington, S.W.
 *Joachim, Mrs., 13, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.
- Kahn, Augustus, B.A., 107, Mildmay Park, N.
 *Kamp, Miss, 45, York Street, Portman Square.
 Kiep, Johannes, 4, Hughenden Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 Kiep, Mrs. Johannes, " " "
 Kiep, Karl, Lismore House, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 King, Mrs., 13, Eton Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.
 Kirby, W. F., 5, Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.
 *Kolkmann, J. W., Langham Place, W.
 Köppern, Otto, 20, Glasgow Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 Köppern, Mrs. Otto, " "
 Krause, Gustav, 11, Story Street, Hull. " "
 *Kroeker, Mrs. K. Freiligrath, Cedar Lodge, Honor Oak Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
- *Lange, Franz, Ph.D., Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, S.E.
 *Lawrence, Miss M., 18, Whitehall Place, S.W.
 *Lawson, Mrs. H., 37, Grosvenor Square, W.
 *Lee, Miss Jane, Old Hall, Newnham College, Cambridge.
 Lentzner, Karl, Ph.D., St. Katherine's House, Broad Street, Oxford.
 *Lewes, Professor Vivian B., Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E.
 *Leycester, Rafe, 6, Cheyne Walk, S.W.
 *Library, National, Dublin (care of Messrs. Hodges, Foster, and Figgis).
 *Library, Trinity College, Dublin (Dr. J. K. Abbot, *Librarian*).
 *London Library, 12, St. James's Square, S.W. (R. Harrison, *Librarian*).
 *Lyster, T. W., M.A., 10, Harcourt Terrace, Dublin.
- Macdonald, George, M.A., 14, Kingsborough Gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 *Macgowan, W. S., M.A., L.L.M., Cambr. Univ., The College, Cheltenham.
 Macgregor, Miss Jane N., 26, Lynedoch Street, Glasgow, W.
 Maclaren, Miss J., Ardenshaw, Pollockshields, Glasgow.
 Macrosty, Henry W., B.A., 24, Beauclerc Road, Hammersmith, W.
 *Mahaffy, Rev. Prof., J.P., M.A., D.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
 Manning, Miss E. A., 35, Blomfield Road, Edgware Road, W.
 Marshall, Andrew, 17, Kersland Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 *Martin, Sir Theodore, K.C.B., 31, Onslow Square, S.W.
 *Matheson, Mrs. T., 15, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.
 *Matthews, Mrs. Augusta N., 15, Stanley Gardens, W.
 *McCallum, Miss, High School for Girls, Burrage Road, Plumstead, Kent.
 McLelland, Mrs. A. L., 4, Crown Gardens, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
 *Metoalfe, Miss F., Highfield, Golders Green, Hendon, N.W.
 *Meusch, R. A., 7, Tancred Road, Harringay, N.
 *Meyer, Hermann, 55, Threadneedle Street, E.C.
 *Meyer, Kuno, Ph.D., 57, Hope Street, Liverpool.
 Michels, Dr. Ernst, 6, West Street, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

- *Miller, Rev. G., 97, St. George's Square, S.W.
 Miller, W., jun., Devonshire Club, St. James's Street, S.W.
 *Moenich, Oscar, 8, Coleman Street, Gresham Street, E.C.
 *Momerie, Rev. Prof. A. W., M.A., D.Sc., St. Ermin's Mansions, S.W.
 *Mond, L., F.R.S., The Poplars, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.
 *Mond, Mrs. L., " " "
 *Montefiore, C. J., 18, Portman Square, W. " "
 *Moon, Robert O., 32, Egerton Gardens, S.W.
 *Morgan, Miss, Clunbury Lodge, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
 *Morie, Rt. Hon. Sir R. B. D., G.C.B., D.C.L., H.M. Embassy, St. Petersburg.
 *Morris, Rev. A. B., F.L.S., 18, Eildon Street, Edinburgh.
 *Muirhead, J. F., M.A., 9, Beaconsfield Villas, Dynham Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
 *Müller, Professor F. Max, M.A., 7, Norham Gardens, Oxford.
 Müller, Christian, 21, Townshend Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 *Mullins, W. E., M.A., Preshute House, Marlborough.

- Niecks, Professor, 73, Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh.
 *Northcote, The Hon. Sir H. Stafford, Bart., M.P., C.B., 7, Seamore Place, Mayfair, W.
 Nutt, Alfred, 270, Strand, W.C.
 Nutt, Mrs. Alfred, Broceliande, Gayton Road, Harrow.

- Ohly, Dr. Carl, County School, Bedford.
 *Orsbach, Rev. E. von, Mottingham House, Eltham, Kent.
 *Oswald, Dr. Eugene, M.A., 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.
 Oswald, Miss, " " "
 *Owen, Rev. J., East Anstey Rectory, Dulverton, Som.

- Petherbridge, Miss Mary, Sidgwick Hall, Newnham, Cambridge.
 Petrusch, Miss B., 79, Wendover Road, Harlesden, N.W.
 *Plattner, R., 46, Museum Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

- *Rausch, Thankmar, 44, Sheen Park, Richmond, Surrey.
 Raven, Miss Annie M., Cherry Cottage, Kew, S.W.
 *Reform Club, 104, Pall Mall, S.W. (C. W. Vincent, *Librarian*).
 *Robertson, J. G., 10, Valeview Terrace, Langside, Glasgow.
 Robertson, Mrs., 8, Park Street East, Glasgow, W.
 Rogers, A. 38, Clanricarde Gardens, W.
 Rottenburg, Fritz, 33, Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow, W.
 Rottenburg, Paul, Holmhurst, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
 Rottenburg, Mrs. Paul, " " "
 Rottenburg, Louis, " " "
 Rule, Miss Louisa, 7, Montgomerie Crescent, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 Rule, Miss Helen, " " " "

- Schmidt, Alfred, 12, Hillsborough Square, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 Schmidt, Mrs. Alfred,
 *Schubert, E., 11, Wilton Terrace, Camberwell Grove, S.E.
 Schulze, Samuel von, 94, Hope Street, Glasgow.
 Schwann, Miss Marion, Park House, Wimbledon Common, Surrey.
 *Scott, H. D. Colvill, The Mount, Brookwood, Surrey.
 Scott, Mrs., 43, Kersland Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 Scott, Miss Mary, 2, Park Quadrant, Glasgow.
 *Shields, Cuthbert, C.C.C., Oxford.
 Slendal, Miss Rabie Henderson, Woodrow Road, Pollockshields, Glasgow.
 Smith, Miss H. M., B.A., The Polytechnic Institute, 103, Borough Road, S.E.
 Snodgrass, Mrs. John, 23, Park Circus, Glasgow, W.

Steezman, H. E., 33, Renfield Street, Glasgow.
 Stevenson, Mrs. Hugh F., 8, Belmont Crescent, Glasgow.
 *Stirling, Stewart, F.R.C.S.E., 6, Clifton Terrace, Edinburgh.
 *Swanwick, Miss Anna, 23, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

*Tatton, R. G., M.A., 29, Cadogan Terrace, S.W.
 Tebb, Mrs. Henry, 4, Dynevor Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 *Thorne, L. T., Ph.D., 8, Dynevor Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 Thorne, Mrs. L. T., " " "
 Thorne, Alfred, 52, Fortess Road, N.W.
 *Tille, Dr. Alexander, Queen Margaret College, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 Tille, Mrs. Alexander, 11, Kersland Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 Tomlinson, Prof. C., F.R.S., 7, North Road, Highgate, N.
 Tozer, Basil, Mottingham House, Eltham, Kent.
 *Trechmann, E. J., B.A., Ph.D., The University, Sydney, N. S. Wales.
 Tuch, Max, 7, Ashton Place, Hillhead, Glasgow.

Underwood, Miss Laura, 2, St. James Place, Hillhead, Glasgow.

*Vaughan, E. L., M.A., Eton College, Windsor.

*Walhouse, M. J., Villa Ryana, 28, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.
 *Ward, Prof. A. W., Litt.D., LL.D., 7, Ladybarn Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
 Watson, Miss Agnes L., Yanefield, Bearden, Glasgow.
 Watson, Walter, 18, Solent Crescent, West Hampstead, N.W.
 *His Honour, Judge Webb, LL.D., 5, Mount Street Crescent, Dublin.
 Webster, Miss, 2, Athole Gardens Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
 Weiss, Professor F. E., B.Sc., F.L.S., Owen's College, Manchester.
 Wenley, R. M., M.A., D.Sc., 8, St. Albans Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

*Wesley, W. H., Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, W.
 Wiener Goethe-Verein, 9, Eschenbacher Gasse, Vienna.
 *Williamson, Mrs., 43, Elms Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
 Wright, Miss S. Fannie, 4, Denington Park Mansions, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Wright Miss Ada, " " "

Zimmermann, Robert, 3, Victoria Crescent, Dowanhill, Glasgow.
 Zimmermann, Mrs., " " "
 Zimmermann, Miss, 20, Westbourne Terrace, Glasgow. "

NOTICE.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the names of intending Members.

Without any alterations of the Rules, it may be recommended to members to practically augment their subscriptions, by introducing members of their household, or relatives, as members of the Society. The present Members' Roll shows that this has been done in some instances; it may be sufficient to call the attention of the members to the desirability of benefiting the Society by imitating the example thus given.

RULES.

[As finally settled at the Annual General Business Meeting on
February 29th, 1892.]

- I. The Society shall consist of two classes of Members—
 - (a) Those subscribing one guinea per annum, thereby obtaining Membership in the Weimar *Goethe-Gesellschaft* and receiving its publications; and
 - (b) Those subscribing half a guinea per annum, and obtaining all the privileges of membership except those of enrolment in the German Society and receipt of its publications.

All subscriptions are payable in advance on the 1st of January in each year.

II. The General Business Meeting of the Society in February shall elect a Council composed of fifteen Members, of whom at least two-thirds must be resident in London or its vicinity; who shall appoint a Treasurer, a Secretary or Secretaries, and an Executive Committee. This Committee shall consist of not more than three Members besides the Treasurer and Secretary.

III. The Council shall meet quarterly to receive the Report of the Executive Committee, and to discuss matters affecting the welfare of the Society. The Executive Committee shall carry on the administration of the current business of the Society in the intervals. Extraordinary Meetings of the Council shall be called by the Secretary whenever the Executive Committee think it necessary, or on the requisition of five Members of the Council. Any Member appointed to serve on the Executive Committee without being already on the Council, to become *ex-officio* a Member thereof.

IV. The Council shall elect a President and Vice-Presidents; the Vice-Presidents shall be permanent; the President shall be elected for a term of three years.

V. The President and Vice-Presidents shall be *ex-officio* Members of Council.

VI. The affairs of the Society shall be transacted, and its

Meetings held, in London ; but the Council is authorised to form Branches, and appoint Local Secretaries.

VII. The Meetings of the Society shall be held, as nearly as possible, in February, April, June, October, November, and December.

VIII. The Meeting in June may be reserved for the President's Address, and shall, in that case, be open to the public on such conditions as the Council may determine.

IX. The February Meeting shall be the Annual Business Meeting—(1) To receive the Report and Financial Statement of the Council ; (2) to elect the Council and two Auditors for the ensuing year ; and (3) to discuss any matter connected with the conduct or constitution of the Society, of which a fortnight's previous notice has been given in writing to the Secretary.

X. Nominations of candidates for election on the Council, or as Auditor, signed by two Members, shall be sent to the Secretary a fortnight before the Business Meeting ; but no London Member of the retiring Council who has failed to attend one-half of the Meetings to which he shall have been summoned, shall be eligible as a Member of Council for the ensuing year.

XI. One week previous to the Business Meeting notice shall be sent to each Member of the business to be transacted thereat. Elections (in the event of a contest) shall be by means of ballot papers distributed at such Meeting.

XII. For General Meetings of the Society, ten Members ; for Meetings of the Council, a majority of the London Members ; and for those of Committees, three Members, shall form a quorum.

XIII. At all Meetings the Chairman has a vote ; and, if the votes be equal, also a casting vote.

XIV. Every Member (whose subscription shall not be in arrear) shall be entitled to a copy of the Society's publications, either gratuitously or at privileged rates.

XV. At all ordinary Meetings of the Society, Members may introduce friends.

XVI. The Council is empowered to fill up all vacancies that may occur during their tenure of office.

REPORTS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

(A.) FEBRUARY, 1892.

The year 1891 opened somewhat gloomily for the English Goethe Society. A certain lassitude had set in. After the public meeting of June 5th, 1890, when Professor Blackie gave his Presidential address, neither of the statutory general meetings, due by Rule VIII., in October and December were held, and in London the North London Branch alone gave signs of activity. The proposed revision of Rules was postponed, and the dissolution of the Society was mooted in November. At the end of the calendar year five members of the Council resigned their seats, and they were not replaced. In January the remaining Council members declared it undesirable to accept nominations, and "numerous resignations of membership" were announced.

The sixth volume of the Transactions (the publication of which had been resolved on in November) of the English Goethe Society was posted to members on February 23rd, 1891.

At the General Business Meeting of Society, on February 27th, 1891, no new Council was elected. It was resolved, that subject to the consent of the Manchester Branch, the seat of the Society be transferred to Manchester, and that in that case in Rule II., the words "the work and thought of Goethe and his literary contemporaries" be substituted for the words "Goethe's work and thought."

The Manchester Branch did not accept the proposal.

The General Meeting, due by Rule VIII. in April, was not held.

At an adjourned General Business Meeting of the Society on May 8th, it was proposed by two members of the former Council "that the English Goethe Society be dissolved," but after considerable discussion the motion was negatived. It was, on the contrary, resolved that the scope of the Society should be widened, necessary modifications in its management and rules should be made, and an interim Executive Committee of three was appointed. The choice fell on Messrs. Oswald, Thorne and Weiss. Without wishing to belong to the Committee, Mr. Alford consented to act as Treasurer, Mr. Nutt to continue the functions he had before fulfilled, notably in respect of the relations of the English Goethe Society to the Weimar Goethe Gesellschaft. The honour of the Secretaryship was conferred on Dr. E. Oswald. There was at this time a small balance in hand of about £5.

The Committee soon learned that they had entered on a task of great difficulty. They found it necessary to reject the suggestion that a circular should be sent out to ask members individually whether they wanted to remain in the Society. In its then dormant state such a step could hardly have had any other result but a rich crop of resignations, for which it would almost have been an invitation. They also rejected the idea, suggested to them, of treating matters on the footing of a new Society being formed. They held fast to the conception of continuity in the Society, whose existence could not be affected by a

rejected motion to dissolve; every member who had not spontaneously sent in his resignation was therefore considered still a member. They resolved that the Society should at once give signs of life, of renewed activity, and they set about communicating individually with personal acquaintances, within and without the Society, with the view of holding fast in the Society such present members as by the experiences of the preceding period might have become wavering in their allegiance, and of gaining new members, there having been no accessions in the earlier part of the year. In both respects the Committee have been fairly successful.

It being evident that under the then existing circumstances the usual semi-public meeting in June could not be held, and that it was desirable to speedily find some equivalent, a request was addressed to our Vice-President, Dr. Garnett, and to Mrs. Garnett, to arrange a drawing-room meeting at their official residence in the British Museum. That request was most kindly acceded to, and the meeting was a perfect success.

But circumstances, beyond the control of the Executive Committee, had delayed its being held till July 8th, and in the meanwhile a serious blow fell upon the Society, very gravely increasing the difficulty of the Committee's task. The governing body of the Weimar Society, acting on what to them seemed "authentic" information, issued a circular to our members, asking their individual and direct adhesion to that Society, on the mistaken assumption that the English Society was about to be dissolved.

The Executive Committee saw itself obliged to reply by a circular addressed to our members, in which the misapprehension of the Weimar authorities was made plain, and the members were assured that the publications of the German Society could be obtained through the English Society, as heretofore, by those of our members who desired them.

The Secretary, immediately on learning the existence of this Weimar circular, expostulated with the authorities of that Society on the step they had taken; and in subsequent correspondence our Society and the Weimar one returned to the former relations, in which indeed during the period and by the circumstances above referred to, some irregularity had taken place, but which had never been formally interrupted.

The Weimar circular had nevertheless an effect which, in several instances, was hurtful to our Society, and which only the utmost individual exertions on our part could prevent from becoming altogether disastrous.

More than anything else the Weimar circular shook confidence and spread the legend of our Society having come to an end. In many instances, down to the end of the year, we were confidently assured that we were "dead," "defunct," "dissolved." Some members who under these impressions left us, are finally lost, but we succeeded in bringing back a considerable number.

The Committee found that the convocation of an extraordinary business meeting in October was unlikely to lead to favourable results, partly for the same reasons for which such a meeting, proposed for the end of July, had to be put off. They considered that the interests of

the Society would be more furthered by a firm continuance in their efforts to consolidate the existing membership, to add to the members' roll, and to give further proof of life and vitality by holding meetings in autumn and winter, even beyond the number prescribed by the rules (so as in some degree to make up for what members lost in the earlier part of the year). They did not arrive at that conclusion without consulting with prominent members of the old Council who had remained faithful to the Society. The following well-attended meetings were held:—

1. Drawing Room Meeting, July 8th, at Dr. and Mrs. Garnett's, British Museum.

Dr. LANGE, on Goethe and Kosegarten, introducing original unpublished letters of Goethe. Mrs. COUPLAND, *née* Passow, on Goethe and Jena. Music, vocal and instrumental, by Miss CONSTANCER HILL and Mrs. OSWALD. Readings from Kosegarten by Dr. OSWALD.

2. Local Meeting of North London Branch, October 20th, at Mr. Weiss's, Hampstead.

Some of the Minor Poems of Goethe were read by various members, and commented upon by readers and others. The extension of the programme was marked by the reading of Geibel's 'Tod des Tiberius.'

3. Ordinary General Meeting, October 26th, at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

Mr. R. G. ALFORD, on English Criticism of Goethe. Dr. OSWALD read Geibel's 'Historische Studien,' a conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles. Miss CAREY and Dr. OSWALD read Goethe's 'Der neue Pausias,' with parts distributed.

4. Ordinary General Meeting, December 14th, at the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.

Dr. OSWALD, on Chamisso: Life; Poems; Faust; Peter Schlemihl.

5. Local Meeting of North London Branch, January 15th, 1892, at Mrs. Cash's, Hampstead.

Mr. F. E. WEISS, on Luise von Ploennies, with special reference to her 'Marie von Nymwegen' and the sources of that legend, offering points of comparison with the Faust tradition.

6. Additional General Meeting, January 22nd, at the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.

Dr. COUPLAND, on Recent Contributions to the Study of Faust. Communications from Messrs. AIKMAN and ROGERS with reference to 'Peter Schlemihl.'

7. Additional General Meeting, February 12th, at 28, Somerset Street, W.

Dr. FIEDLER, on Gustav Freytag.

To which may now be added:

8. First South-West London Branch Meeting to take place at Twickenham, on February 23rd.

Mr. R. G. ALFORD, on the Optimism of Goethe.

Notices of these meetings and of the activity of the Society generally were obtained in:—*The Academy* 3, *Athenæum* 2, *Literary World* 5, *World-Literature* 3, *Piccadilly* 2, *Illustrated London News*, *Manchester Examiner*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Globe*, *Princess*, *Echo*, *Star*, *Hampstead and Highgate Express*, *Courrier de Londres*, *Londoner Deutsche Zeitung* (*Hermann*). The Committee believe that these notices have been specially useful and necessary towards dispelling the hurtful legend above alluded to.

It is confidently expected that it will be possible to bring out another volume of the Transactions of the English Goethe Society in the early part of next summer.

Forty-three new members have been added to the roll.

The Committee have drawn up, on the ground of instructions received at the meeting of May 8th, the new Rules here appended. Though freely admitting further improvement of them to be possible, the Committee believe that the substitution of these Rules for the old ones will be conducive to greater efficiency. They venture to recommend the adoption of the same as a compromise between what so far appeared to be acceptable to the members, and a more radical change. Further improvement may fitly be reserved for further experience.

The financial statement shows a balance to the credit of the Society of £33.

The Executive Committee have held seventeen meetings, and all their resolutions have been unanimous. They acknowledge, with thanks, the valuable advice and co-operation they have at various moments received from Messrs. Nutt, Coupland, Alford, Meusch, Miller, and Macrosty.

The Edinburgh Branch reports through its Secretary, the Rev. A. B. Morris:—

“Owing to the prevalent influenza, our meetings for some time past have not been so well attended as formerly. There are now, however, signs of improvement. We have been occupied mainly with *West-Oestlicher Divan* and *Iphigenie auf Tauris*. While appreciating Goethe more highly than ever, our members manifest an inclination to select now and then short subjects of study from other German authors.”

There is no report from Manchester. A regrettable divergence of opinion having shown itself from that quarter, the Executive Committee must content themselves with expressing a hope that the Council about to be elected will arrive at an issue conducive to the prosperity of both parties to the controversy.

A South-West London Branch has just been formed and promises to develop great activity.

The formation of Branches at Birmingham and Cambridge is in preparation.

Though the Society has undoubtedly just passed through a critical period of its existence, the general favour with which the enlargement of its scope and its renewed activity have been received, coupled with the encouraging number of new adhesions to its ranks, lead the Executive Committee to look forward with confidence to a future for the Society of renewed activity, vigour and useful work.

RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for the YEAR ending 31st DECEMBER, 1891.

R. G. ALFORD
Treasurer.

London, 6th February, 1892.

Examined and found correct,

LEONARD TEMPLE THORNE.

(B.) FEBRUARY, 1893.

The English Goethe Society may be congratulated on having passed through another fairly successful year. Further satisfactory progress was made in overcoming the considerable difficulties by which, on its appointment, the Executive Committee saw itself surrounded, in consequence of the lassitude which had prevailed. To-day the Society has an increased Members' Roll, its meetings have been held regularly and successfully, its relations with Weimar have been regularised again (as acknowledged on pp. 5 and 6 of the Weimar *Jahresbericht*), and "*ein engeres, persönliches Verhältniss*" has been established there. Some old members who had withdrawn have been regained. Whilst the last annual report of the Executive Committee showed 43 new accessions, there have been enrolled since the last General Annual Business Meeting (February 29th, 1892) no less than 78 new members, which, with last year's gains, brings up to 121 the number of new friends who have joined the Society since, on May 8th, 1891, it had the courage to reject the proposal then made to dissolve.

There were then still 206 names on the list, but a number of these should have been taken off under the old management. This appeared on members being asked for their contributions, when it became evident that too many names were, as far as this Society is concerned, mere phantoms. The new resignations, however, were considerably fewer than the new accessions, and the Members' Roll now stands at 216.

At the Annual Business Meeting on February 29th, 1892, the Report of the Executive Meeting and the Financial Statement were approved. The new Rules were discussed, modified in some minor details, and adopted as now, in print, before the members. The new Council was elected.

In subsequent Council and Committee Meetings, the business of the Society was further extended. The former was called six times, the latter had, besides, eight meetings, in all of which every resolution was taken unanimously. On Mr. WEISS being called to enter on a professorship at Owen's College, Manchester, his place was filled by Mr. MACROSTY.

The Council elected Professor DOWDEN, of Dublin, as President, and were fortunate enough to secure his acceptance of the office.

A new Branch was established at Glasgow, and opened by Professor BLACKIE, who had come from Edinburgh, with an address on 'Goethe as the Wise Man,' on April 22nd,—Dr. ALEXANDER TILLE being appointed Local Secretary and Treasurer.

This extension of the Society must be considered as a great gain, and

This exhibition was repeated, and a similar lecture, with some modifications, was given by Dr. TILLE, to the Glasgow Branch.

To which list may here be added :—General Meeting, February 8th, at the Royal Society of British Artists,—Dr. CARL OHLY, on the ‘Golden Legend’ and Faust; and North London Branch Meeting, on February 22nd, at 10, Maitland Park Road,—Mrs. COUPLAND, on ‘Goethe and England.’

Notices of these Meetings and of the activity of the Society generally were obtained in—*The Academy* 4, *Literary World* 7, *World-Literature* 5, *Glasgow Herald* 3, *Athenæum*, *Glasgow Mail*, *Glasgow Evening News*, *Glasgow Times*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Richmond and Twickenham Times*, *Lady*, and *Dresdener Anzeiger*.

Our Edinburgh Branch reports: “During the past session our subjects of study have been—Iphigenie, Gespräche mit Goethe von J. P. Eckermann, and the second part of Faust. One of our members read an instructive paper in which he contrasted Goethe’s Iphigenie with the Iphigenias of other great writers.”

A new volume of the Society’s Transactions is in the Press. It contains, amongst others, an important contribution by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. The contents sheet is here added.

Professor Max Müller, now one of our Vice-Presidents, wrote on February 2nd to the Secretary: “I think I ought to let you and the members of the English Goethe Society know that their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar have done me the honour of conferring on me the Jubilee Medal in commemoration of their Golden Wedding. As I owe this distinction to the fact of my having been the First President of the English Goethe Society, I thought that the Society should be informed of it. . . .”

The letter was read, and the Gold Medal, a beautiful piece of workmanship, was shown to the members at the meeting of February 8th.

Miss Anna Swanwick having done the Society the honour of rejoining it, her name was replaced on the list of Vice-Presidents.

The following are proposed as Members of the Council for the years 1893-94 :—

- C. M. AIKMAN, M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S.E., Patrick Hill, Glasgow.
- R. G. ALFORD, Willoughby House, Twickenham, Surrey.
- DR. C. D’AMMAN, Blenheim House, Kew Gardens, S.W.
- MISS CAREY, Colosseum Terrace, Regent’s Park, N.W.
- DR. W. C. COUPLAND, 10, Maitland Park Road, N.W.
- DR. FIEDLER, Mason College of Science, Birmingham.
- MISS KAMP, 45, York Street, Portman Square, W.
- DR. FRANZ LANGE, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.
- HENRY W. MACROSTY, B.A., 24, Beaucherc Road, Hammersmith, W.
- REV. A. B. MORRIS, 18, Eildon Road, Edinburgh.
- ALFRED NUTT, 270, Strand, W.C.
- DR. EUGENE OSWALD, M.A., 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.
- DR. LEONARD T. THORNE, 8, Dynevor Road, Richmond, Surrey.
- PROFESSOR F. E. WEISS, B.Sc., F.L.S., Owen’s College, Manchester.
- DR. WENLEY, M.A., 8, St. Alban’s Terrace, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

And for Auditors—

DR. LEONARD T. THORNE.

R. A. MEUSCH.

The Treasurer's accounts, to be added separately, close with a balance of £34 8s. 2d. on December 31st, 1892, as against £33 17s. 2d. on December 31st, 1891.

Notice of motion :—

"That in Rule XII., line 2, for the words *seven members* there shall be substituted the words: *a majority of the London members.*"

It may be desirable for the General Business Meeting to consult on the question of increasing the income of the Society. There seem four ways towards that, viz. :—

- a. By raising the subscription **B** from half-a-guinea to 15/-, which for **A** would bring it up to 25/- instead of a guinea; this has been proposed, but the Executive Committee have, so far, not seen their way to recommend it.
- b. The half-guinea might be made a *minimum* subscription—a thing done at least in two other Societies—whereby members so disposed might materially aid the work of the Society and further its aims; it being understood that in the accounts of the Society only the number of higher contributions, and the total amount of the sums so obtained, be given, not the names of the persons so subscribing.
- c. By donations being invited or received.
- d. Without any alterations of the Rules, it may be recommended to members to practically augment their subscriptions, by introducing members of their household, or relatives, as members of the Society. The present Members' Roll shows that this has been in some instances; it may be sufficient to call the attention of the members to the desirability of benefiting the Society by imitating the example thus given.

February, 1893.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.

RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for the YEAR ending 31st DECEMBER, 1892.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
To Cash at Bankers 1st January, 1892,		By Printing and Stationery.....	16 16 4
as in last account	61 7 3	" Expenses of Meetings	19 13 0
Deduct Accounts owing at that date ...	27 10 1	" Honorarium to Secretary	20 0 0
		" Postage and Sundries.....	10 5 8
To Subscriptions :—		" Cash at Bankers 31st Dec., 1892 ...	45 17 2
Received for the year 1892, and		Deduct Account owing at this date	fr 9 0
Arrears.....	102 14 0		
Received in advance	1 1 0		34 8 2
Deduct proportion payable to Weimar .	103 15 0		
	37 10 0		
To Sale of Old Publications	66 5 0		
	1 1 0		
	<u>£101 3 2</u>		<u>£101 3 2</u>

R. G. ALFORD,
Treasurer.

LONDON, 20th February, 1893.

Examined and found correct,

ROBERT A. J. MEUSCH,
LEONARD TEMPLE THORNE, } *Auditors.*

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.
No. VIII.

G O E T H E
IN
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

EUGENE OSWALD, M. A., PH. D.
SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY.

REPRINTED FROM "DIE NEUEREN SPRACHEN", MARBURG.

Wir haben nun den guten Rath gesprochen
Und manchen unsrer Tage dran gewaudt;
Misstönt er etwa in des Menschen Ohr —
Nun, Botenpflicht ist sprechen. Damit gut.
Goethe.

L O N D O N.
PUBLISHED FOR THE SOCIETY BY DAVID NUTT, 270 STRAND.
1899.



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GOETHE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

by

Dr. Eug. Oswald, M. A. Goettingen,
Secretary to the English Goethe Society.

I consider that, for the last hundred years, by
far the notablist of all Literary Men is Goethe.
Carlyle, *Lectures on Heroes*, 1840.

Abbreviations: G. = Goethe. F. = Faust. L. = London. N.Y. = New York.
Ph. = Philadelphia. B. = Boston, Massachusetts. E. G. S. = English Goethe
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- Boyesen, Dr. Hjalmar.** Only 7 out the 20 translated, on pp. 100 to 104 of vol. I of *G.'s Life and Works*. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.
- Noa, L.** Goethe's Roman Elegies. Translated into English verse, in the original metre. B., Schoenhof & Moeller, without date. 39 pp. small 4°.

- Martin, Sir Theodore.** Elegies I, II and III, pp. 197-203 in the Song of the Bell, and other Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Uhland and Others. London, Blackwood, 1889.
 — The Complete Elegies, in Publications of the E. G. S. vol. VII. (1893), pp. 71-84.

The Sonnets.

- Bowring, Edgar Alfred.** All the Sonnets translated in his "Poems of Goethe." London, Parker, 1853. XXVIII and 433 pp. small 8°.
Tomlinson, Charles. On Goethe's Sonnets. Essay and Translation. In the Publications of the E. Goethe Society, vol. VII, 1893, pp. 225-245.
 — A Critical Examination of Goethe's Sonnets. L., Nutt, 1890. 16 pp. 8°.

Sprüche in Prosa.

- Anon.** Maxims and Reflections from G. In vol. 1 of New York Quarterly, 1852.
 — Maxims and Reflexions of G. In vol. 93 of Fraser. L. 1875.
Blind, Mathilde. Maxims and Reflections. In Publications of the E. Goethe Society, vol. IV, 1888, pp. 66-84.
Crosse, A. Maxims of G. In vol. 99 of Temple Bar. L. 1893.
Richardson, R. B. Ethical sayings in Prose. In vol. 42 of New Englander, 1883.
Words of Wisdom, from Goethe; in vol. 130 of Blackwood.
Rönnfeldt, W. B. Reflections and Maxims (*Sprüche in Prosa*) on pp. 137 to 261, of the vol. "Criticisms &c." London, Walter Scott, without date. 16°.
Saunders, T. Bailey. The Maxims and Reflections. Translated, — with a (lengthy) Preface. London, Macmillan, 1893. 223 pp. small 8°.
Anon. G.'s Aphorisms. In vol. 7 of American Monthly Mag. B.

West-östlicher Divan.

- Bowring, Edgar Alfred.** West-Eastern Divan. Translation of "upwards of 60 of the best poems untraced in the Divan, the number in the original exceeding 200." On pp. 385-415 of 2^d edition, revised and enlarged of E. A. Bowring's "Poems of Goethe." London, G. Bell, 1874. XVI and 440 pp. 8°.
Weiss, A. West-easterly Divan, with introd. and notes. Philadelphia, Roberts, 1876. sq. 18°.
Boyesen, Hjalmar. West-eastern Divan, in Goethe's Works, Philadelphia, 1885. large 4°. Vol. I, p. 189-220.
Rogers, A. Three Poems from the "West-östlicher Divan." In the Publications of the E. Goethe Society, vol. II (1886), pp. 109-111.
 — — with introduction and Notes, forming pp. 194-339 of a volume: Goethe's Reineke Fox, West-Eastern Divan and Achillëid. Translated in the original Metres. London, George Bell, 1890. 8°. 376 pp.
Anon. Article on West-Eastern Divan; in vol. 132 of Blackwood. Edinb. 1882.
 — G. and Suleika. Vol. I of Western Review. St. Louis.

Hermann and Dorothea.

Holcroft, Thomas. *Hermann and Dorothea.* A poem, from the German of Goethe. [The first Translation.] Introduction and Notes. L., Longman, 1801. XXII and 211. 12°. The translator sent a copy of his work to Goethe, and received a note of acknowledgement.

Anon. Review in the *British Critic* of Holcroft's Translation, December, 1801.

"Few persons are now ignorant of the name and character of Goethe, or are uninformed that he is infected with those principles of which we have consistently and constantly avowed our abhorrence, and which his writings have circulated to the serious and important injury of social order." ... "Nevertheless," adds the writer, "we are not reluctant to acknowledge his claims to great abilities."

Whewell, W. H. & D., translated from the hexameters of Göthe [*sic*]. — Privately printed; no date. 139 pp., oblong 8°.

Cochrane, James. H. & D., from the German [in hexameters]. Oxford, M'Pherson; without date. XI and 145 pp. 8°.

The translator reckons his work to date after two others,—they will be Holcroft's and Whewell's.

Anon. H. & D.: a Tale. Translated from the German of Goethe. L., Longman, 1805. XII and 142 pp. 12°. "In prose, (and) in a style and method different from the original,—without essentially deviating from Goethe's plan."

— Translation in Hexameters, on pp. 61-203 of "English Hexameter Translations from Schiller, Göthe [*sic*], Homer, Callinus and Meleager." London, Murray, 1847. VIII and 277 pp.; oblong 8°.

— H. & D., translated, in vol. 23 of *Democratic Review*. N.Y. 1848.

— Essay on H. & D., in vol. 41 of *Fraser*. L. 1849.

Winter, M. A Translation of the H. & D. of G., in the Old English measure of Chapman's Homer. Dublin, Kelly, 1850. IX and 82 pp. 8°.

Porter, Thomas Conrad. H. & D., from the German of Goethe. Translated [into Prose]. New York, Ricker & Co., 1854. 168 pp. 12°.

Dale, Rev. H. Goethe's H. & D., translated. Dresden, Gottschalk, 1859. VIII and 87 pp. 8°.

— With Illustrations by Kaulbach and L. Hofmann. Munich and Berlin, Bruckmann. *Édition de luxe*. Without date. 80 pp.; large 4°.

The Brit. Mus. stamp indicates 1874 as year of acquisition.

Bowring, Edgar Alfred. Translated into Hexameters, and first published in the second edition of Bowring's "Poems of Goethe," where it occupies pp. 302-384 of the vol. L., George Bell, 1874. XVI and 440 pp. 8°.

— with etchings by H. Faber. Philadelphia, 1888.

Anon. Notice of H. & D., illustrated by Faber, in *Dial* (Chicago), March 1889.

Hewett, W. T. G.'s H. & D. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes. Boston, Heath, 1891. L and 243 pp. 8°.

- Watkins, Frederick.** G.'s H. & D. With corresponding English Hexameters on opposite pages. L., Williams & Norgate. VII and 133 pp.; broad 8°.
- Whitty, John I.** Prologue and first Canto of G.'s H. & D. "Accurately translated" in Hexameters. With Schiller's Gods of Greece—and other Poems. London, Grocock & Condliff, 1892. 41 pp. 8°.
- Frothingham, Ellen.** G.'s H. & D., translated. Boston, Roberts, 1870.
— A later title-edition. 1887.
- Teesdale, Marmaduke.** H. & D., transl. into Hexameter verse. London, Norgate, 1874. X and 78 pp. 12°.
— Second edition. Ibid., 1875. X and 78 pp. 12°.
- Bell, E. and E. Wölfel.** H. & D. [German text], with introduction, arguments and notes. London, Whittaker, 1875. XI and 139 pp. 8°.
- Wagner, W. H. & D.** [Text], with an introduction and notes. Cambridge, University Press, 1876. XXIV and 207 pp. 8°.
- Sachs, H. H. & D.** [German text], with grammatical explanations etc. London, Kolkmann, 1884. 87 pp. 8°.
- Boyesen, Hjalmar.** In "Goethe's works." Ph., 1885. Vol. V, pp. 221-271.
- Charles Tomlinson, F. R. S. H. & D.,** translated into English Hexameters. With an Introductory Essay. A new edition, revised. Dedicated to the English Goethe Society. London, Nutt, 1887. 109 pp. 8°.

Achilleis.

- Rogers, Alexander.** The Achilleid, forming part (pp. 341-76) of a volume "Goethe's Reineke Fox, West-Eastern Divan, and Achilleid." London, Geo. Hall, 1890. 8°. 576 pp.

Reinecke Fuchs.

- Boyesen, Dr. Hjalmar.** Transl., on pp. 249 to 337 of vol. 3 of Goethe's Works, in 5 vols. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.
- Ainslie, A. Douglas.** Reynard the Fox. After the German version of Goethe. London, Macmillan, 1886.
- Arnold, S. J.** Reynard the Fox. After the German version of Goethe. With 60 illustrations from the designs of Kaulbach, and 12 india proof engravings by J. Wolff. London, Nimmo, 1886.
— American edition, Roberts brothers 1887.
- Rogers, A.** Translated in hexameters. With an introduction. L., Bell & Sons, 1888. 8°. pp. 208. — American edition. N.Y., Scribner & Welford. 1888. — Also, forming with West-Eastern Divan and Achilleid, a vol. of 376 octavo pages. L., Bell and Sons, 1890.

Palaeophron and Neoterpe.

- A masque** for the Festival of the 24th of October 1800. From the German of Goethe, by the translator of Goethe's Herrmann [*sic*] and Dorothea and Schiller's Mary Stuart. [Who can that be? The oldest *dated*

translation of H. and D. is Holcroft's of 1801; there are two early undated ones, Whewell's and Cochrane's. The Brit. Mus. Catalogue suggests J. C. Mellish.] Weimar, Gädicke & brothers, 1801. 18 pp. 4°.

Minor Plays.

Bowring, Edgar. The Wayward Lover and the Fellow-Culprits, forming pp. 1-96 of "The Dramatic Works of Goethe." London, Bell & Sons, 1879. 8°. 543 pp.

Goetz von Berlichingen.

Mackenzie, H., reviews, in an "Account of the German Theatre," Goetz rather favourably, together with Clavigo and Stella. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. II, Lit. Class, p. 154-192. 1790.

Anon. Monthly Review, notice of Goetz. Vol. 39, pp. 222-26. L. 1799. 8°. — On Goetz von Berlichingen. Essay in vol. 16 of Blackwood Mag., 1824.

Laurence, Miss Rose. Goetz [*sic*] of B. Translation, with a preface by J. Currie. Liverpool, 1799. IX and 128 pp. 8°.

Scott, Sir Walter. Goetz von Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand. Transl. from the German of Goethe [*sic*], author of the Sorrows of Werter [*sic*]. L., J. Bell, 1799. XVI and 202 pp. 8°. — Goethe, in the preface, is referred to as "the elegant author of the Sorrows of Werther."

— New edition "carefully revised," with Sir Walter Scott's introduction. On pp. 401 to 504 as an Appendix to "Dramatic Works of Goethe," translated by Anna Swanwick. London, Bohn, 1850. 504 pp. 8°.

His translation republished, "unaltered, save for the correction of a few obvious errors," and occupying pp. 97-208 of "Dramatic Works of Goethe." London, Bell and Sons, 1879. 543 pp. 8°.

Buchheim, A. Aus "Goetz von Berlichingen," pp. 182-191 in "Goethe's Prosa." London, Sampson & Co., 1876. 8°. XV and 292 pp.

Bull, H. A. G. v. B., edition, with introd. and notes. London, Macmillan, 1883. 16°.

Boyesen, H. Tr. on pp. 3 to 67 of vol. 3 of Goethe's Works in 5 vols. Ph., 1885. 4°.

Alford, R. G. Shakespeare in Two Versions of "Götz von Berlichingen." In Publications of Goethe Society, pp. 98-109.

Ulrich, Anton J. G. v. B. Edited with English Notes and Vocabulary. London, Williams & Norgate; no date. 104 and 16 pp.

Egmont.

Taylor, Wm., of Norwich. Estimate of play, and translation of a fragment on pp. 317-321 of vol. III (1836) of Historic Survey of German Poetry. London, Treuttel & Würtz. III vols. 1828-30.

Anon. Egmont, translated. Boston, Munroe, 1841. IV and 150 pp. 8°.

— [by another Writer to whom the preceding one was unknown.] Translated. London, Saunders & Otley, 1848. IV and 170 pp. 8°.

- Swanwick, Anna.** First published as part of "Dramatic Works of Goethe," and occupying pp. 317-398. London, Bohn, 1850. 8°. XVI and 504 pp.
— Republished, "very carefully revised by their accomplished translator," and occupying pp. 209-346 of "Dramatic Works of Goethe." London, Bell and Sons, 1879. 543 pp. 8°.
- Lewes, George Henry.** Egmont and the German Actors. Article in the "Leader," June 1852. Reprinted in Wm. Archer and Robert Lowe's "Dramatic Essays" by John Forster and George Henry Lewes. London, Walter Scott, 1896. XLIV and 284 pp.
- Schütz-Wilson, H.** Count Egmont, as depicted in Painting, Poetry and History, by Gallait, Goethe and Schiller. London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1853. 35 pp. 8°.
- Tickens, Charles, jun.** Egmont, arranged for Translation into English, with Notes and Vocabulary. Leipzig, Voigt & Günther, 1855. 164 pp. 8°.
- Weguern, Oskar von.** Egmont, a tragedy. With English Notes. London, Thimm, 1864. 164 pp. 8°.
- Dickens, Charles, jun.** Egmont, — zum Übersetzen aus dem Deutschen in das Englische bearbeitet. 2. Aufl. Dresden, Ehlermann, 1875. 108 pp. 8°.
- Coleridge, Arthur Duke.** Trslt., — with entr'actes and songs by Beethoven, newly arranged from the full score, and Schubert's song "Freudvoll und leidvoll," and an illustration by Millais. London, Chapman & Hall, 1868. II and 114 pp. 8°.
- Apel, H.** Egmont [Text]. With Notes and Vocabulary. London, Williams and Norgate, 1868. 137 pp. 8°.
- Noyes, D. P.** G.'s Egmont. In vol. 1 of American Whig Review, N.Y.
- Oppen, E. A.** Egmont. Text and Notes. London, Longmann, 1868. XXX and 119 pp. small 8°.
- Buchheim, Dr. C. A.** Egmont. Introduction, text and notes. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1878. 8°. XXXVIII and 199 pp.
— 1869. 8°. XLVIII and 233 pp.
— 1889. 8°. XLVIII and 204 pp.
- Boyesen, H.** On pp. 189 to 240, of vol. II of Goethe's Works. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.
- Primer, S.** [Text.] With introduction and Notes. New-York, Macmillan, 1898. LI and 174 pp. 8°.
- Ward, Dr. A. W.** On some Aspects of Goethe's "Egmont." In the Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society, 1894, pp. 164-66.
- Winkler, Max.** Egmont, together with Schiller's Essays on "Egmont's Leben und Tod" and "Über Egmont." Edited, with Introduction and Notes. Boston, Ginn, 1898. LI and 276 pp. 8°.

Clavigo.

- Mackenzie, H.,** refers with moderate praise to Clavigo in on "Account of the German Theatre" in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. II Lit. class, pp. 154-192. 1797. 4°.

Anon. Translation, 1798. Noticed, together with "Stella," in the Monthly Review of 1798.

Bowring, Edgar. The translation forms pp. 209-256 of Dramatic Works of Goethe. L., Geo. Bell & Sons, 1879. 543 pp. 8°.

Clavigo, a Tragedy. Translated .. by Members of the Manchester Goethe Society. Dedicated to the Memory of Herman Hager. London, Nutt, 1897. 136 pp. 8°.

Boyesen, H. Tr. on pp. 155 to 182 of vol. 3 of Goethe's Works. Philadelphia, Barrie, in 5 vols, 1885. 4°.

Die Geschwister.

Anon. The Sister, a drama, by Goethe, Author of the Sorrows of Werter (*sic*), on pp. 1 to 46, of "Dramatic pieces from the German." Edinburgh, Creech, 1792. I and 218 pp.—The other pieces are not by Goethe, and there is no indication that Wm. Taylor of Norwich had anything to do with the matter.

Boyesen, H. The Brother and Sister. Tr. on pp. 211 to 221 of vol. 3 of Goethe's Works, in 5 vol. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.

Stella.

Anonymous. Stella. London, Hookham and Carpenter, 1798. IV and 113 pp. 8°.

The preface says: "It had been thought advisable to translate the play as literally as possible, and from the original rather than the French &c."—This is the original Stella,—so little known in the Germany of to-day,—before Schiller introduced the catastrophe, as against the revolutionary "mariage à trois." This translation as well as that of "Clavigo" noticed in the Monthly Review of 1798.

Thompson, Benjamin. Stella, a drama in 5 acts. Translated from the German of J. W. von Göthe. On 50 pp. of vol. VI and last of "The German Theatre." London, Vernon and Hood, 1801. [Each drama having a new pagination.] No Introduction. The version precedes the modification of the close, by Schiller's advice.

Carlyle and Wm. Taylor. Controversy about the first and second Stella. Taylor referred to the first, which was, and apparently remained, unknown to Carlyle. Hence some of the latter's animadversions against a supposed misconception by Taylor. Carlyle's Essays, vol. III pp. 217-251.

Boyesen, H. "A Tragedy." Tr. on pp. 183 to 210 of vol. 3 of Goethe's Works, in 5 vols. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.—This is not the original version, but gives the modification of the close, counselled by Schiller.

Mackenzie, H., reviews, in an account of the German Theatre, Stella, of course in the original version, severely, in Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. II, Literary Class 1790, pp. 154-192. 4°.

Faust.

Analysis, Translation, Editions, Illustration.

Chronologically.

1. **Soan, George.** Extracts from Goethe's Tragedy of Faustus, explanatory of the plates by Retsch [*sic*], intended to illustrate that work, translated by G. S.,—Author of "the Innkeeper's Daughter,"—"Falls of Clyde,"—"The Bohemian" &c. London, J. H. Bohte, 1820.

This is the early germ of several subsequent publications. It seems referred to, in Heinemann's list, 1886 B. German. No. 2, [as erroneously: it ought really to be 1, in order of time]. And Heinemann adds [in his A. English] that the book is rare, and that his No. 1 is indeed not in the British Museum, though in the Bodleian. However, it is to be found in the former,—Catalogue 2644; 1—3. G.—in the Large Room, bound together with two other things. This volume, then, contains:

a) Umriss to Goethe's Faust, gezeichnet von Retsch [*sic*]. Stuttgart, Cotta, 1816, with text 12 pp. 4°.

b) Extracts, as above. Only 8 pp., of which one is blank, of very brief explanations, 3 to 7 lines to each of the 26 plates,—corresponding to the lines chosen in the German a). A page of introduction from which gradually the text of the 1821 edition seems evolved.

c) A set of outlines, componirt von C. F. Schultze to Fouqué's Undine, published at Nürnberg, Campe.

Heinemann [1886, B. German] says as to his Numbers 1 and 2, that he could not see the "Extracts." It was to him "leider unmöglich, das vorliegende [his 2, my 1] mit dem vorhergehenden Werke zu vergleichen. Beide sind von grosser Seltenheit." But the extracts are, as stated above, in the British Museum, 2644, 2.

- Bohte, the publisher, died; the following editions are published by Boosey. Boileau,—*vide* further on, Br. Mus. T 1485 (13), says that Soans undertook a fuller analysis of Faust, and—but of the fact immediately following one would like to see direct evidence—"the first sheets were sent to Goethe, who greatly praised them. But, when Soans had scarcely finished a third of his translation, Bohte died. This circumstance, combined with family affairs, caused Soans to give up his enterprise." "Als besonders gelungen" Boileau remembers a passage, which he quotes: "Down with it..." &c. It does not occur in the next edition of the Retsch outlines; the Analysis there given is consequently probably not by Soans.

Boosey now takes the place of the publisher, and an Anonymus that of Soan, and we have—Heinemann's No. 1, but really No. 2 of these early attempts—Brit. Mus. 1892 a 4:

2. **Anonymous.** Retsch's [*sic*] Series of 26 outlines, illustrative of Goethe's Faust. Engraved from the Originals by Henry Moses; and an Analysis of the tragedy. London, Boosey, 1820. Text 60 pp. large 4°.

The text begins: "The Faust of Goethe is perhaps the most original work of German poesy" &c. It says nothing about the former short notes, analysis or extracts being exhausted. That however occurs in the introduction to another edition [our 3, Heinemann's 4]. A book-seller's slip is affixed—type and printer's ink pointing to a later period—to the effect that "an Analysis of the Tragedy of Faust, in illustration of these outlines, and printed uniform with them, may be had separately, price 3/each part;—Large paper 4." N.B. the plates appeared in two parts, as appears from the covers bound up at the end.

This, then, seems the work which Mr. Heinemann, introduces as his number 1, saying: "This is not in the British Museum; the only copy I know of is in the Bodleian Library." He gives, however, the title thus:

"A series of (27) Designs to illustrate Goethe's Faustus. By Mr.

Retzsch; copied and engraved in outline by Henry Moses. 4°. London." and mentions nothing of the Text. Was there then, perhaps, an edition made of the plates alone? What we said above about a slip affixed seems to prove it.

As to the difference in the number of plates—26 or 27—the latter number seems rather to point to the next—1821—edition.

3. [Heinemann's 4, his 3 being the *Horae Germanicae* which we mention further on:]

Faustus: from the German of Goethe. London, Boosey, 1821. 4°. The introduction says: "The slight analysis drawn up as an accompaniment to Retsch's Outlines being out of print, the publishers felt desirous to supply its place with a more careful abstract of "Faust" which, while it served as a book of reference and explanation for the use of the purchasers of the plates, might also possess some claims to interest the general reader as an independent publication." The analysis is "interspersed with extracts of considerable length, and feeble bits of translation" [Carlyle]. The title, simpler than that of the 1820 edition, says nothing about the number of the engravings. *De facto* they are 27, i.e. one more than in the 1st and 2d editions. Mr. Heinemann, however, is in error in saying this frontispiece [zum Vorspiel] is "von Moses selbst gezeichnet." It is really copied from Cornelius.

For later Editions of Retzsch *vide* pp. 26, 28, 29, 30 and 34.

4. Carlyle, Thomas. Faustus. Essay in the New Edinburgh Review, April 1822. 8°. With Reference to the work just mentioned. Carlyle's first word on Goethe. Not reprinted by the Author in his complete works. But reproduced with introduction by Dr. Garnett, in the Publications of the E. G. S., vol. IV, 1885, pp. 85-109. Full of high praise for Goethe; unfavourable to the analyst and translator.
5. Anonymous. The Faustus of Goethe, on pp. 235-38,—being "Horae Germanicae" No. V,—of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, vol. VII, June

1820. Analysis of the whole of the first part, with translations interspersed; independent, so it appears, of Boosey's publications of 1820 and 1821. The Editor of Blackwood adds this note: "We think it proper to mention that the translations in this number of the "*Horae Germanicae*" are not executed by Mr. Gillies, but by another friend, whose contributions in verse and prose, serious and comic, have already frequently adorned our pages."

As to this Mr. Gillies [Robert Pearse], b. 1788, d. 1858, he was a frequent contributor to Blackwood, an important literary mediator between Germany and England, translated from Müller [Guilt], Hoffmann, Fouqué, Grillparzer, Pichler, Kruse, founded the *Foreign Quarterly Review* in 1827; a friend of Scott, lived for some time in Germany, and met Goethe. *National Biography*, vol. 21. 1890.

6. **Shelley, Percy Bysshe.** Translation of the "May-day Night Scene" in the tragedy of *Faust*; pp. 120-137 of vol. I of the "*Liberal*," a half-yearly publication [by Leigh Hunt, Lord Byron, Shelley and others]. London, John Hunt, 1822.

"We find a translation of a witch scene from Goethe's *Faust*; it contains energy, though the keeping is coarse." p. 16 of a Critique on the "*Liberal*." London, Day, 1822. 16 pp. 8°.

- Translation of the Prologue in Heaven. First published on pp. 392-398 of Shelley's *Posthumous Works*, edited by his Widow. London, 1824. VIII and 415 pp. 8°.

The same book contains also the "May Day Night," but that had already been published in the *Liberal*, 1822. *Vide* above. Both these pieces are now in the frequent editions of Shelley's works. Rossetti's, 1878, and Forman's, 1876-86, contain also some brief prose attempts of a *Faust* translation by Shelley.

- Translation of fragments of *Faust*; vig.: Prologue in Heaven, — May-Day Night. Published in the *Quarterly Review* of 1826, then taken over by Lockhart.

7. **Gower, Lord Francis Leveson.** *Faust*, a drama, and Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. London, Murray, 1823. IV and 304 pp. 8°.

This translation was known to Goethe, not very favourably. *Vide* Granville in "General Appreciation." The translator's knowledge of the language was very insufficient, e.g.:

Keines der viere	None of the four
Steckt in dem tiere.	Stands before the door.

Reviewed in *Quarterly Review* in 1826, with high praise of Goethe.

8. **Taylor, Wm., of Norwich.** *Scenes from Faustus of Goethe*. 1) May-day Night; 2) Cathedral Scene; on pp. 324-35 of his *Historic Survey of German Poetry* vol. III. Treuttel & Würtz, 1830.

The awful translation: "Neighbour, your dram bottle," quoted by Carlyle in such a way as to render it possible to ascribe it to some other, unnamed, translator, is really Taylor's.

Anonymous. *Faustus*. From the German of Goethe. Embellished with Retsch's [*sic*] series of 27 outlines. *New* edition, with Portrait of the Author, and an Appendix, containing the May-day Night Scene, tr. by Percy Bysshe Shelley. London, Edward Lumley, 1832.

No notice is taken in the Preface of Carlyle's criticism. It gives only a laudatory notice, not of the translation, but of the outlines, from "a weekly paper" (not named) "a considerable portion of which is usually devoted to the fine arts."

— Art. on Gower's translation of *Faust*, in vol. 16 of *London Magazine*.

9. **Anonymous.** *Faust* as a drama was first produced in 1826 at Drury Lane, in a musical spectacle, which adhered neither to the words nor story of the original. . . .

It was next presented at the Princess's Theatre in 1852 in the "*Faust et Marguerite*" of Michel Carré, — a "Drame fantastique."

A few years later, at the hands of Gounod it made its appearance at the Italian Opera. The first attempt to treat the subject with dignity and fulness was made 1866 by Chatterton's management.

10. **Carlyle, Th.** *Faust's* Curse; with this motto:—"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," said the Corporal, "but it was nothing to this." *Athenæum*, Jan. 1832. No. 219, p. 5.

Justly called, by Heinemann, "eine vortreffliche Übersetzung."

11. — *Essays*, vol. I, p. 126-171, *Goethe's Helena*. Written in 1828 and first published with excellent translations of many passages in the "*Foreign Review*." Carlyle, however, failed to recognize Lord Byron in *Euphoriön*.

12. **Hayward, A.** Translated into English Prose, with Remarks on former Translations, and Notes. London, Moxon, 1833. LXXXVII a. 291 pp. 8°.

This first edition of this celebrated translation does not yet give the translator's name, but merely points him out as being the translator of Savigny's "*On the vocation of our age for legislation and jurisprudence*," and introduces gives the initials in a preface.

— Second edition. With "an Abstract of the Continuation" &c. London, Moxon, 1834. CVIII and 350 pp.

— 6th edition, 1855.

Anon. Art. on Hayward's translation in vol. 7 of *Fraser*, and 59 of *Edinburgh Review*.

Athenæum. Review of a *Faust* translation into English Prose [Hayward's] in *Athenæum*, 1833, p. 261.

Horn, F. A very approving article on Hayward's second edition, by F. Horn, in a "*Sammlung von Aufsätzen über Goethe*," vol. III. 1887.

Boileau, D. Remarks on Mr. Hayward's Prose Translation of Goethe's *Faust*, &c. London, Treuttel, 1834. 83 pp. 8°.

Hayward, Abraham. *Vide* also Buchheim.

13. **Anonymous.** Faustus, a Tragedy. Part I. The Prologues omitted. London, 1834. Blank verse.
14. **Sime, J.** Translation. Edinburgh, 1834. 12°.
15. **Blackie, John S.** Faust, a Tragedy. Translated into English Verse, with Notes and preliminary remarks. Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1834. LIII and 288 pp. small 8°.
 A dedication in German verse, by the Scotch Translator. The Prologue in Heaven omitted in its right place, and given in an expurgated form, in the Appendix.
 — Faust, a Tragedy [1th part]. Second edition, carefully revised and largely re-written. London, Macmillan, 1880. LXXVIII a. 296 pp. 8°.
- Anon.** Article on Blackie's Translation. In vol. 48 of St. James's Magazine. London.
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Karl Breal. Iph. auf T. Introduction, Text and Notes. Cambridge, 1899. LXXXIV and 248 pp.

C. B. Cotterill. Iphigenie auf Tauris. Introduction, Text, Notes and Appendices. London, Macmillan, 1899. XVIII and 176 pp. 8°.

Anon. On Iphigenia, transl.; in vol. 23 of Dublin Univ. Rev.; vol. 24 and 25 of Democratic Rev., N.Y.

Sherer, J. W. Iphig. Art. in Gentleman's Mag., new series 54. L., 1894.

Tasso.

Translations, Editions, Criticism.

Des Vœux, Charles. Tr., with other German Poetry. London, Longman, 1827. VI and 307 pp. 8°.

— Second edition, revised and corrected, with additions. Weimar, 1833. VIII and 298 pp.

Dedicated to Goethe, and by him favourable characterised; *vide* Granville (in General Appreciation).

Swanwick, Anna. Torquato Tasso. (Incomplete.) Only Act I and Sc. 1 of Act II on pp. 95-158 of Selections from the Dramas of Goethe and Schiller. London, Murray, 1843. XVI and 289 pp. 8°.

— Republished and completed in "Dramatic Works of G.," and occupying pp. 218-316 of that work. L., Bohn, 1850. XVI and 504 pp. 8°.

— Republished, and very carefully revised by the accomplished Translator, occupying pp. 346-463 of "Dramatic Works of G." L., Bell, 1879.

Gillies, R. P. On G.'s Tasso, with translation of passages, in vol. III pp. 19-25 of Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, 3 vols. L., Bentley, 1851. 8°.

Nominis umbra. Passages from Tasso: the opening and others; in the appendix to the drama "The Roman Martyr." London, Williams and Norgate, 1859. 111 p. 8°.

Boyesen, Hjalmar. Trsl. on pp. 103 to 153 of vol. 3 of Goethe's Works. Philadelphia, Barrie, in 5 vols., 1885.

Schütz-Wilson, H. Goethe's Tasso. In Fortnightly Review, March 1886.

Thomas, Calvin. T. T., edited for the use of Students. B., Haatle & Co., 1880. — Reviewed in Modern Language Notes, Jan. and Febr. 1889.

Anon. Review of Thomas's edition of G.'s T. In Dial (Chicago), March 89.

Ossoli, Margaret Fuller. Translation of Goethe's Tasso, in pp. 353-449 of "Art, Literature and the Drama." Boston, 1889.

Tomlinson, Charles. A Critical Examination of Goethe's Tasso. In E. Goethe Society's Publications, vol. 6, pp. 68-93, 1890.

Cornish, Rev. F. F. "Torquato Tasso" in its relation to Goethe's Early Life at Weimar and his Italian journey. In the Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society, 1894, pp. 169-171.

Anon. Articles on Tasso in vol. 16 of Chambers Journ.; 13 of Fraser; 58 Blackwood; 114 Monthly Rev.

— Scenes and Passages from G.'s Tasso; in vol. 40 of Colburn's Mag.

Eugenia.

Boyesen, Hjalmar. The Natural Daughter. On pp. 241 to 288 of vol. II of Goethe's Works. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.

Elpenor.

Wood, H. Elpenor. Art. in American Journal of Philosophy, vol. 12. Baltimore, 1891.

Werther.

Anon. The Sorrows of Werter [*sic*]; a German story founded on fact. Motto: "Taedet caeli connexa tueri." London, 1779. 8°.

— The Sorrows of Werter; a German story, translated into English. ... Second edition. 2 vols. London 1780. 8°.

The first edition apparently not obtainable, at any rate not in the Brit. Mus.

Alford says: "In the year 1780 a translation of Werther first introduced Goethe to the notice of Englishmen." If he gives the date correctly, the book must have had *two* editions in the first year of its introduction.

Alford, quoting from the preface, says that the translator based his work on a *French* version.

The Br. Mus. catalogue mentions French as the intermediary only with reference to a later publication; viz. 1789.

— Third edition. 2 vols. London, Dodsley, 1782. 16°.

— New edition, 1784. II vols. 16°.

— — 1785. 16°. — 1789. 16°. — London 1815. 12°. — London 1844. 12°.

Are *all* these, mentioned by M. Koch, mere reprints of the first, or at any rate, as this is not in Br. Mus., of the second edition which is there?

— Werter and Charlotte, a German Story. A new translation from the last Leipzig edition. Illustrated with Notes. London, 1786. 8°.

— Eleanore: from the Sorrows of Werter. A Tale. London, 1785. Comp. lower down 91 and 22.

Taylor, Edward. Werter to Charlotte. A poem. London, 1784. 4°. In Monthly Review, 1785, p. 468. Camp. No. 92.

Anon. The letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter. London, 1786.

— The same. New York, 1797. II. 12°.

— — London, 1813. 8°.

— — Fifth edition. 1815.

Translated into German (from Koch):

Reinwald, W. Fr. H. Lottens Briefe an eine Freundin, während ihrer Bekanntschaft mit Werthern. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt. Berlin und Stettin, 1788.
and (wahrscheinlich dasselbe):

Gall, L. Lottens Geständnisse in Briefen an eine vertraute Freundin, vor und nach Werthers Tode geschrieben. Aus dem Englischen nach der 5ten amerikanischen Ausgabe. Trier, 1825. XIV, 241 pp. 16°.

Arkwright, M. Lettres de Charlotte à Caroline son amie, pendant sa liaison avec Werther. Traduites de l'Anglais par M. Arkwright. Paris, 1786.

Reynolds, Fr. Werther; a Tragedy in 3 acts. London, 1786, — 1796, — 1802. 8°.

- Anon.** Lettres de Charlotte, pendant sa liaison avec Werther. Traduites de l'Anglais. Avec un extrait d'Eléonore, autre ouvrage anglais. Londres, 1787. II and 8. — *Vide* above: Anonymous, Eleanore.
- Wallace, Lady E.** Letter to a friend, with a poem called "The Ghost of Werther." London, 1787. 4°.
- Francis, Anne.** Charlotte to Werter. L. 1787. 4°. — Also L. 1790. 8°.
- Pickering, Amelia.** The Sorrows of Werter. A poem. London, 1788. 4°.
- Gifford, J.** The Sorrows of Werter. A German Story. Translated from the French edition of M. Aubry [or rather the Count F. W. K. Schmettau?]. 2 vols. London, 1789. 8°.
- Kender, W.** Transl. Litchfield, 1789. II vols.
- Mackenzie, Henry.** In an Account of the German Theatre (and Literature in general), refers with high praise, to Werter [*sic*]. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. vol. II, Lit. class, pp. 154-192; 1790. 4°.
- Albert** [John Armstrong from Leith]. Confidential letters, from the Sorrows of Werter. London, 1790. 12°.
- Della Crusia** [pseudonym?]. Elegy, witten after having read the Sorrows of Werter. 3d edition. London, 1792.
- Farrer, Mrs.** Charlotte, or the Sequel to the Sorrows of Werter. London, 1792. 4°.
- Thomson, A.** Six Sonnets from Werter. Edinburgh, 1793. 4°.
- Smith, Charlotte.** Five Sonnets, supposed to be written by Werter. 8th edition. London, 1797.
- Anon.** The Letters of Werter. Ludlow, 1799. 18°.
- Werter and Charlotte, a German story, containing many wonderful and pathetic incidents. London, 1800. 8°.
- Kender, W.** [again]. London, 1801. 12°. — The appendix contains an account of a conversation which the Translator [reports to have] had with Werther, a few days preceding his death.
- Translated from the German of Goethe. (Appendix, containing an account of a conversation, which the Translator had with Werter, a few days previous to his death). London, 1801. 12°.
- Gotzberg, Fr.**, assisted by an English literary Gentleman. Translated from the German of Baron Goethe. London, 1802. 8°.
- This is the translation which was reprinted in 1886 in Cassel's National Library, vol. 36, London, 8°.
- Pratt, Dr.** The S. of W. Translated from the German. London? Without date.
- Second edition. London, without date [1809?].
- Third [or second] edition. "Revised and compared with all the former editions." London, 1813. 8°.
- Chiswick, 1823. 16°.
- London, 1833. 16°. — London, 1842. 16°. — London, 1851. 4°. Illustr.
- London, 1852. 8°. Cabinet Edition of Classic Tales.

Anon. Werter to Charlotte. A little before his Death. A Poem. Without date. (*Vide* below 1812).

— — London, 1815. 12°.

— Werter to Charlotte. A poem. London, 1812.

— The Sorrows of W. A Story: from the German of Goethe. Edinburgh, 1810. 8°.

Robinson, H. Crabb. Diary II, 432. Conv. with Goethe. 1869.

.... Something led him to speak of Ossian with contempt. I remarked, "The taste for Ossian is to be ascribed to you in a great measure. It was Werther that set the fashion." He smiled and said, "That's partly true; but it was never perceived by the critics that Werther praised Homer while he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad. But reviewers do not notice such things." I reminded Goethe that Napoleon loved Ossian. "It was the contrast with his own nature," Goethe replied. "He loved soft and melancholy music. "Werther" was among his books at St. Helena."

Robinson, like Carlyle, spells Werter.

Anon. French criticism on Werther. Essay in vol. 1 of London Mag., 1820.

Boylan, B. D. The Sorrows of Young Werter. The translation occupies pp. 247 to 356, in Novels and Tales by Goethe. London, Bohn, 1854. VI and 504 pp. 8°.

Thackeray, W. M. Sorrows of Werter. [Comical ballad.] On p. 64 of Miscellanies, 4 vols. L. 1855. 8°.

Meetkerke, C. E. The Originals of the Sorrows of Werther. Essay in vol. 47 of Temple Bar; London, 1875.

Anon. The Sorrows of Werther, translated. In the Western; St. Louis, 1879.

Boyesen, Dr. Hjalmar [?]. On pp. 289 to 352 of vol. II of Goethe's works. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. V vols. 4°.

Noa, L. G.'s Sorrows of Werther, and other Tales. New holiday edition. Boston, Bradle and Whidden, 1886.

Cassells, G.'s Sorrows of Werther. In National Library. London and New York, Cassell & Co., 1886.

Bateson, Miss Margaret. Die Leiden des jungen Werther. (In English.) In Publications of the English Goethe Society, vol. II, 1886, p. 29-31.

Report of a lecture by Prof. **C. Tomlinson** to the North London branch of E. G. S. The Werther Poems. Article, pp. 179-186, in the Publications of the Engl. Goethe Society, vol. V, 1889.

Anon. Sorrows of Werther. Illustr. by Gambard and Marold. B., Knight, 1893. — G. and Werther. In vol. 43 of the Living Age, Boston.

Quenzer, Rev. Ph. Goethe's Werther. Abstract of lecture. In the Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society, 1894, p. 134-139.

Wilhelm Meister.

Carlyle, Thomas. Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels. First edition. 1824. In the People's edition of Carlyle's works. Chapman and Hall. In three volumes (undated).

Carlyle closes with the verses at the end of chapter IX, which seemed to him to form some conclusion. The additions which Goethe made in Chaps. X to XVIII, without himself arriving at a conclusion, Carlyle has not translated. A preface by the translator introduces the first edition, of 1824. A preface to the second edition, of 1839, is found in the successive re-impressions of that edition; also in *Essays*, vol. I, pp. 285-286.

Anon. Mention of W. M. in review of *Stella and Clavigo*. *Monthly Review* of 1798.

— *Monthly Review*. December 1798. On W. Meister. Essentially favourable. "First serious attempt in this country to estimate a work of Goethe."

De Quincey. In the *London Magazine*, August 1824, pp. 189-197, and September, pp. 291-307, a "violent onslaught on Goethe, on the occasion of the appearance of Carlyle's translation of Wilhelm Meister. In the reprint in De Quincey's works, 1859, shortly before his death, he suppressed the more violent expressions against Goethe, and the personal allusions to Carlyle."—He was himself sharply blamed, for his attack on Goethe and on other grounds by Leslie Stephen in *Hours in a Library*. L., Smith, Elder & Co., 1874.

Wilson, John,—with the literary pseudonym of Christopher North,—in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*,—a long continued series of *Essays*—, refers blamingly to De Quincey's article.

Jeffrey, Francis [Lord J.], in the *Edinburgh Review*, Aug. 1825, unfriendly, but not so bitter as De Quincey.—Reprinted on pp. 257-297 of vol. 1 of *Contributions to the Edinb. Rev.* L., Longman, 1844. 4 vols. 8°.

Boylan, R. Dillon. Translation in one volume. London, Bohn, 1855. 8°. V and 590 pp. Publisher's note: Mr. Carlyle's admirable version of the *Lehrjahre*, so altogether satisfactory, that had Mr. Bohn been at liberty to introduce it into his *Standard Library*, there would have been no occasion for any other labourer in the same field.

Bell, Edward. W. M.'s Travels. Translated from the later and enlarged edition of the German. London, Bell & Sons, 1882. 8°. V and 438.

Boyesen, Dr. Hjalmar. W. M.'s Apprenticeship, on pp. 67 to 380 of vol. 4 of *Goethe's Works*. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.

— Travels, on pp. 3 to 228 of vol. 5 of *Goethe's Works*, in 5 vols. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 5 vols. 4°.

Ends with close of chapt. 18 "Now was the bank gliding" to "they might re-instate him in the most becoming condition for Society."

Grove, Eleanor. Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. Translated. 2 vols. Leipzig, Tauchnitz, 1873 (L., Sampson & Low); N.Y., Stokes, 1888. 322 and 390 pp.

- Carlyle's** translation of *W. M., Ap. and Travels*. Posthumous edition 90. With critical Introduction by Edward Dowden; also Notes by C. K. S. London, David Scott, 1890. 8°. XXIII and 420 and 469 pp.
- translation; introduction by E. Dowden, notes by C. K. Shorter. Chicago, M'Clary, 1890.
- Meusch, R.** *The Ethical Development of Wilhelm Meister*. In *Publications of the English Goethe Society*, vol. 5, 1890, pp. 83-97.
- Preisinger, H.** *Faust and Wilhelm Meister considered as works typical of Goethe's Development*. Abstract of a paper. In the *Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society*. Warrington, 1894. pp. 132-3.
- Sidgwick, Mrs.** *Wilhelm Meister and the Romantic Novelists*. Abstract of an essay. In the *Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society*. Warrington, 1894. pp. 128-29.
- Dowden, Edward.** *Wilhelm Meister*, Essay in "New Studies in Literature." London, Kegan Paul & Co., 1895. pp. 142-180.
- James, H. junr.** Art. on *W. Meister*, in vol. 101 of *North American Rev.*
- Jeffrey, F.** Do. in vol. 42 of *Edinb. Rev.*, 1875.
- Anon.** Articles on do.; in vol. 15 of *Blackwood*; 3 of *Southern Rev.*, 10 of *London Mag.*; 17 of *Southern Lit. Messenger*.
- Wasson, D. A.** Art. on do.; in vol. 16 of *Atlantic Rev.*

Wahlverwandschaften.

- Anon.** Article in *Monthly Review*, 1812, finds it superior to *Meister*, but inferior to *Werther*.
- *American Review*, 1812, very favourable.
- Translation "executed by a gentleman well known in the literary world, who does not wish his name to appear." Occupying pp. 1 to 245, in *Novels and Tales by Goethe*. London, Bohn, 1854. VI a. 504 pp. 8°.
- *Goethe's Elective Affinities*. Art. in vol. 3 of *Walsh's American Rev.* Philadelphia.
- Boyesen, Dr. Hjalmar.** Tr. on pp. 229 to 369 of vol. 5 of *Goethe's Works* in 5 vols. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4°.

German Emigrants.

- Boylan, R. D.** *The Recreations of the German Emigrants*. The translation occupies pp. 357-430 of *Novels and Tales by Goethe*. London, Bohn, 1854. VI and 504 pp. 8°.— Followed on pp. 431-60 by "A Fairy Tale."
- Boyesen, H.** The same, including *The Fairy Tale*. On pp. 5 to 66 of vol. III of *Goethe's Works*. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. V vols. 4°.

The Fairy Tale.

- Carlyle's** Translation, and Preface signed O. Y.,—now in *Essays*, IV, p. 251-52; written in 1832, and first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. 33. An elegant pocket-edition. B., Osgood, 1877. 86 pp. 16°.

Boylan, R. D. A Fairy Tale, occupying pp. 431-61 of *Novels and Tales* by Goethe. London, Bohn, 1854. VI and 504 pp. 8°.

Garrigues, G. On G.'s Märchen, in *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, vol. 17, N.Y., 1883.

The Good Women.

Boylan, R. D. The translation occupies pp. 461-82 of *Novels and Tales* by Goethe. London, Bohn, 1854. VI and 504 pp. 8°.

Boyesen, H. Transl. on pp. 236 to 247 of vol. 3 of *Goethe's Works* in 5 vols. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 5 vols. 4°.

Novelle.

Carlyle's translation, in *Essays IV*, pp. 253-68. Written in 1832, and first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. 34.

Anon. Goethe's *Novel*. Translated from the German. L., Moxon, 1837. XIII and 63 pp.

Boylan, R. D. A Tale, occupying pp. 483-504 of *Novels and Tales* by Goethe. London, Bohn 1854. VI and 504 pp. 8°.

Boyesen, H. Transl. on p. 223 to 235 of vol. 3 of *Goethe's Works* in 5 vols. Philadelphia, Barrie, 1885. 4.

Education.

Oppler, Dr. Ad. *Lectures on Education*. L, Longmans, 1875. XXIII & 148 pp. small 8°. The last lecture, pp. 132-148 treats of Goethe's views.

Cornish, Rev. F. F. *Some of Goethe's Views on Education*. Two essays. In the *Transactions of the M. G. S.* Warrington, 1894. pp. 90-121.

Art.

Noehden, G. H. *Observations on Leonardo da Vinci's Celebrated Picture of the Last Supper*; by J. W. de Goethe, Minister of State, &c., &c.; translated from the German, and accompanied with an introduction, and notes. London, Booth, 1821. 4°. XXXVII and 45 pp.

Symonds, J. A. *The life of Benvenuto Cellini*, newly translated into English. In 2 vols. London, Nimmo, 1888.

Vol. I, LXXXVIII and 321 pp. References to Goethe, p. XI: "A book which the great Goethe thought worthy of translating into German with the pen of Faust and Wilhelm Meister, a book which Auguste Comte placed upon his very limited list for the perusal of reformed humanity is one with which we have the right to be occupied, not once or twice, but over and over again. It cannot lose its freshness. What attracted the encyclopaedic minds of men so different as Comte and Goethe to its pages still remains there. This attraction or compulsive quality, to put the matter briefly, is the flesh and blood reality of Cellini's self-delineation." And p. LXXIX: "The German version, I need hardly say, is an excellent piece of pure and solid style; and for the most part, I have found it reproduce the meaning of the original with fidelity. The French, which appeared subsequently

to a version of Vasari by the same translator, displays a more intimate familiarity with 16th century Italian than Goethe's; but it is sometimes careless, especially toward the conclusion."

Ward, Samuel Gray. Essays on Art, by Goethe. Boston, Munroe, 1845. VI and 263 pp. 8°. Chiefly from the Propylæum, &c.—also comprising: Upon Dilettantism, &c.

Theory of Colours.

Eastlake, Ch. L. Goethe's Theory of Colours. Translated, with Notes. London, Murray, 1840. 8°. XLVIII and 423.

Athenæum. Long article on the above book, — 1840, pp. 941-42.

"We regret that G. should have placed himself in antagonism to physical writers &c. . . . Nevertheless, as a systematised collection of many interesting phenomena, the work is not without value."

Anon. Goethe's Explanation of the Colours of Sunrise and Sunset, the Blue of the Sky, and allied Phenomena. Reprinted from Eastlake's Translation of Goethe's "Theory of Colours." Bristol, Fawn, 1893. 8°. 16 pp. [Reprint anonymously, but by Mr. Cann-Lippincott.]

Schuster, Prof. A. Goethe's Farbenlehre; — in Publications of the E. G. S., vol. V., pp. 141-151. L., Nutt. Also in Transactions of M. G. S., 1894, p. 137.

Tyndall, J. Art. on G.'s Theory of Colours, in vol. 33 of Fortnightly Review. L. 1879.

Anon. Articles on the same in vol. 72 Edinb. Rev.; 10 Quarterly Rev.; 17 Popular Science Monthly.

Goethe as Naturalist.

Anon. G. as a Man of Science. In vol. 58 of Westminster Rev. L.

Brewster, Sir D. Essay on Faine's Scientific biography of G. In vol. 38 of North British Review; Edinb. 1862.

Hæckel, E. G. on Evolution. In vol. 4 of Open Court. Chicago 1890.

Huxley, Prof. Thomas. "Aphorisms in Nature." Translation of "Die Natur (aphoristisch). Um das Jahr 1780." Original published in 1833 only(?). In the Periodical "Nature," Nov. 4. 1869. Notes on this translation, by R. G. [Richard Garnett] in the Publications of the E. Goethe Society, vol. II. (1886), p. 120.

— An earlier translation occurs in the Notes, p. 414-417, to John S. Dwight's Select Minor Poems, translated from the German of Goethe and Schiller. Boston (Mass.), Hilliard, Gray & Co., 1839.

McBride, T. H. Goethe on Vegetable Morphologie. In vol. 6 of Science, N.Y. 1885.

Weiss, Prof. Ernest. Goethe as Naturalist. In Publications of the E. G. S., vol. 5, 1890, pp. 43 to 66.

Williamson, Prof. W. C. On Goethe as Botanist and Osteologist; in Publications of the E. G. S., vol. 5, pp. 127-140. An abstract of this essay also in the Transactions of the M. G. S. Warrington, 1894. p. 129-31.

Thomas, C. G. and the development hypothesis. In vol. 2 of *Open Court*. Chicago 1888.

Bailey, Dr. G. H. Goethe as a Student of Chemistry. In the *Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society*, 1894, p. 142-44.

Miscellaneous.

Aikman, Dr. D. M. Light, more Light. Poem, in the *Publications of the E. Goethe Society*, vol. VII., 1893, p. 7.

Alford, R. G. Englishmen at Weimar, with letter by C. Ruland; English books in Goethe's Library. In *Publications of the E. Goethe Society*, vol. 5, pp. 189-92. Additions in vol. 6, pp. 132-34.

Anon. Faust. A weird Story based on Goethe's Play. N.Y., Munro, 1886.

— Relations of G. to Christianity. In vol. 1 of *National*. N.Y. 1852.

— E. Scherer on G. Essay in vol. 145 of *Quarterly Review*. L. 1877.

— Words of Wisdom from Goethe; a poem, in vol. 130 of *Blackwood*.

— Art. on Weimar Manuscripts. Art. in vol. 68 of *Saturday Rev.*

— Female Characters of G.; in vol. 8 of *North British Review*, Edinb.

— Fragments by G. In vol. 6 of *Fraser*.

— Goethe and his Contemporaries. Vol. 24 *Westminster Rev.*, L.

— The same. Vol. 8 *Dublin University Review*.

— G. and his critics. Vol. 36 *Fraser's Review*.

— G. and F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Vol. 49 *Bentley's Mag.*, L.

— G. and J. S. Mill, contrasted. Vol. 102 *Westminster Review*, L.

— Gossip in Frankfort about G. In *Living Age*, vol. 143, Boston. Also in *Eclectic Mag.* 94, N.Y.

— G.'s Story of the Snake. Art. in vol. 5 of *Journ. of Specul. Philosophy*.

— A Visit to Weimar, in vol. 1 of *Hours at Home*.

— A Visit to the Home of G. Art. in vol. 104 *Colburn's Mag.*, L.

— G. and Germans. Vol. 45 *Blackwood's Mag.*, Edinb.

Arnold, Matthew. A French critic on Goethe; on pp. 274-314 of *Mixed Essays*. L., Smith, Elder & Co., 1879. X and 347 pp. 8°.

Asher, David. Lord Tennyson and Goethe. In *Publications of the E. Goethe Society*, vol. IV, pp. 114-117, Asher clearly refers to Goethe the allusion in the first stanza of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" (1850):

I held it truth, *with him who sings*
To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

Attwell, Prof. Henry. Gleams from Goethe. Passages from his Writings and Conversations. Chosen, translated and arranged. L., G. Allen, 1898.

Athenæum. An English letter by Goethe, addressed Weimar, 18. Oct. 1829, to Mr. Reid, an engraver; in praise of his work. 1831. No. 197, p. 507.

— "Goethe represented from an intimate and personal intercourse." An extensive Review of Johannes Falk's book. 1832. pp. 513-14.

— Review of Austin's "Characteristics of Goethe." 1833. pp. 322-23.

- Athen.** Notice and Review of Goethe's Posthumous Works. 1833. p. 249 and again 585.
- Goethe in his official capacity. [With reference to Dr. C. Vogel's book.] 1836. p. 153.
- Goethe's work complete. 1841. p. 306.
- Bell, Edward,** refers in Publications of the E. Goethe Society, vol. IV, pp. 117-18, to Erich Schmidts "Characteristiken." 1886.
- Bernhardt, W.** Selections from Goethe's poetical and prose work; with notes, introd. and life. Boston, Heath.
- Betham-Edwardes, Mrs.** "The Goethes at Weimar,"—a visit to Ottilie von Goethe and her sons, on pp. 290-301 of "Reminiscences." London, Redway, 1898. VI and 354 pp. 8°.
- Buchheim, Dr. C. A.** Goethe's Prosa. Selections, with Introductions and English Notes. London, Sampson & Co., 1876. XV and 292 pp.
- Caird, Edward.** Goethe and Philosophy;—originally an Essay in the Contemporary Review; now on pp. 54-104 of Essays on Literature and Philosophy, vol. I. Glasgow, Maclehose. vols I a. II, XXI a. 553 pp.
- Carlyle, Thomas.** Letters, 1826—36. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London, Macmillan, 1888. 2 vols, 393 and 418 pp. Frequent reference to Goethe and to correspondance with him: I, 64. 216. 220, II, 29. 39. 53, &c. Not to be confounded with the Goethe-Carlyle-Correspondence, q. v.
- Carlyle and Goethe.** Letters by E. Oswald, J. A. Froude and Goethe. In Academy, 20/11 80.
- Carr, Miss Mary.** Goethe in his connection with English Literature. In Publications of the E. Goethe Society, vol. IV, 50-58.
- Concord lectures** on G. In vol. 17 of Literary World, B. 1886.
- Cook, C. Adelaide.** Many colored Threads. Selections from the Writings of Goethe. Lothrop & Co., Boston, 1885.
- Cornish, Rev. F. F.** Goethe and Addison. In the Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society, 1894, pp. 175-76.
- Goethe and the "Frankfurter gelehrte Anzeigen." In Publications of the E. G. S., vol. 5, pp. 152-178. Also in the Transactions of the M. G. S., 1894, pp. 149-51.
- Goethe and K. P. Moritz. Ibid. 186-89. Also in Transactions of Manchester Goethe Society, 1894, p. 145.
- Dowden, E.** Rod against G. Art. in Sat. Rev., vol. 81. L. 1895.
- Dunbar, Newell.** J. W. von Goethe, his Wit, Wisdom, Poetry. Preceded by the biographical sketch of Thomas de Quincey. With Illustrations. Boston, Cuppler & Co., 1892. 8°. LI and 181 pp.
- NB. The portrait facing the title page is Schiller's, not Goethe's.
- Edinburgh Review,** October 1813.
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A Curiosum.

In the British Museum. No Publication title, nor outer cover. Thirteen pp. print. With this interior title: "Zur Hausandacht für die stille Gemeinde, am 28. August 1871." Apparently for Private Circulation among friends only.

Contains: 1. Distichen von Goethe and Schiller. Brief von Henry Crabb Robinson an Heinrich Hirzel, London, June 1862, with "Stammbuch-inschriften von Goethe and Schiller, written in the year 1804 at Weimar and copied out of the Stammbuch of the younger

Goethe, the only son the great man." Follow the Distichs. Then an anecdote: Goethe's dedication of his Winkelmann, to the Duchess Dowager Amalia. Also an anecdote of Miss Mylius of Frankfort, — her brother a drawing master at Weimar, — and a drawing sketched by Goethe, and executed from the latter's design. It was entitled "German literature in 1775," a skit on the Stolbergs and Klopstocks. Then follow 4 letters of G.: 1 to the Duke; 2 to Corona Schroeder, characteristic and touching; without date; 3 and 4 to Lavater.

Another Curiosum.

Goethe (supposed). A Tribute to the Memory of Ulric of Hutten, ... translated from the German of Goethe, the celebrated author of the Sorrows of Werther: by Anthony Aufrere. With an Appendix, etc. London, Dodsley, 1789. XVI and 135. 8°.

The original is, in reality, by *Herder*, and appeared first in the "Teutsche Merkur" of 1776. Herzfeld (Wm. Taylor) s. 11 who refers to Goedecke (42, 290; No. 44).

A Falsum.

Anon. Heliadora, or the Grecian Minstrel, in 3 vols. Translated from the German of Baron Goethe. London, Dutton 1804. Small 8°. No preface. 235 and 187 and 211.

The Br. Mrs. catalogue says it is by W. A. Lindau.

The End.

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
English Goethe Society.

No. IX.

GOETHE COMMEMORATION,
1899.

Vigil: vivit.

EDITED BY EUGENE OSWALD, M.A., PH.D.,
SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE SOCIETY BY DAVID NUTT,
LONG ACRE.

—
1900.



I.

GENERAL MEETING OF THE ENGLISH
GOETHE SOCIETY,

AT THE

GALLERIES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,

SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL,

On NOVEMBER 4th, 1899,

Dr. LEONARD T. THORNE in the Chair,

When the Secretary addressed the Members as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

When we last met, in these pretty rooms, in April, most or all of us probably were aware that the 150th birthday of Goethe was approaching. And it must have appeared desirable that our next meeting should be more especially devoted to a simple and rapid commemoration in honour of him who indeed does not claim our sole and exclusive attention, but who, while all fields of German literature, art and science, are open to the consideration by our members in our meetings, still is and will remain the central figure in our pre-occupations. For he still is what Carlyle called him, in 1849, "for the last hundred years by far the notablest of all literary men,"—in fact, again in Carlyle's words, on the occasion of his death, "Our greatest."

But the 28th August is a time most unfavourable for any Society meetings in London, whatever it be in this respect elsewhere. And so we had to delay our modest commemoration and homage to the first evening of our new winter session;

and it is not so much the day, but the year of Goethe's birth that we do now commemorate.

Let me here not forget to say that a fuller and more public and solemn meeting is being thought of in a more extended circle, to which our Society is not a stranger. But the preparations in this direction are not yet completed, and though your Council have been much occupied in this matter, it seems yet a little too early to enter here on details.*

Be that as it may, it has fallen to me to say on this occasion a few words on Goethe and his birth and life,—“a time to continue in remembrance many centuries.” And we will then listen to what my friend Professor Fiedler will relate to us about the festivities at Frankfort to which we were courteously invited, and whither we deputed him as our worthy representative. Let it be for me only to touch on one or two aspects of a life so rich in many directions, so many-sided, and so full.

If Goethe says that he who will rightly understand the poet, must go into the home of the poet—“*in des Dichter's Lande*,”—the same is to be said of the poet's time. Only so we find him in his *milieu*. Only then we shall fairly understand him, give him full meed of praise on the one hand, accounting for the absence of some features that otherwise would be missed, perhaps with some pain.

1749 was the year of his birth. Klopstock's *Messias*,—the first three cantos, at any rate, had just appeared; forgotten now, they exercised a great influence then, as, among others, we see from Goethe's Memoirs, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. The star of Lessing had not yet risen; he was born in 1729. Literary interest was still greatly under the influence of France. Public interest was nearly dead; the wounds of the thirty years' war were yet far from being healed; no refreshing element came from that quarter into Goethe's young life; yet he kindled to some extent, in his “*Goetz*,” a spirit that was to rise above the soul-killing pedantry of his time. A new vigour was, in some respects, represented by the rise of Frederick the Great, but the mighty warrior had no under-

* *Vide* now, p. 17.

standing for German literature. As to Germany on the whole, Goethe in his very first sketch of *Faust* could say :

*Das liebe heilige röm'sche Reich
Wie hält's nur noch zusammen.*

And indeed he was destined to see it crumpled up. While there was little to kindle in him a spirit of patriotism, with the absence of which he later on was reproached, and while he has been taxed with a want of political historical insight, it is noteworthy that such insight appears clearly enough in his *Eymont*,—in his unfinished plays, "*die Aufgeregten*" and *Eugenia*,—and important contributions to the political history of his time in the essays "*Campagne in Frankreich*" and "*die Belagerung von Mainz*."

While Lessing's birth preceded by twenty years that of Goethe, ten years more saw that of two more poets. Schiller and Robert Burns were born in 1759, both, there and here, pouring fresh life into that of the nation,—both highly appreciated, the German by Carlyle in his brilliant biography of him, of which Goethe published a translation,—the Scotchman by Goethe, who reckoned him "*zu den ersten Dichtergeistern des Jahrhunderts*."

Ten years more bring the great warriors on the stage. 1769 is the year of the birth of Wellington, and—unless there is really an intentional error in the record—also that of Napoleon the Great, for whom Goethe had a real admiration which was reciprocated.

Whilst in the interval, there arose the United States of America, the year 1789 saw the beginning of the French Revolution, warmly saluted by most elevated spirits in Europe and leading to much disappointment—remember in both respects the last Canto of "*Hermann und Dorothea*," 1799 ushered in the dictatorship of Bonaparte; 1809 brought about the downfall of Austria; and 1819 the killing of Kotzebue, so much despised by Goethe, and the fatal Karlsbad Conferences intended in return for the nation's sacrifices in 1812 to stifle the German spirit in the bonds of a sour and soulless reaction. Goethe was now seventy.

What a series of salient points have I had to place before you! And if it were true that Goethe deserves blame for want of enthusiasm in the political affairs of his nation, was it wonderful? Was it not excusable or explicable by the impressions conceived in his youth, and by what passed around him during his long career?

Notwithstanding all this, and in full view of the great changes that have brought about the present more active condition of affairs, we can still, without any reproach, gratefully greet the rise of that star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of letters; of that singer whose "melody of life," to use Carlyle's words, "took captive ear and heart"; of that wise man whose utterance has not only enriched his own nation, which justly reckons him among her chief glories, but has, for ever, laid down, in his conception of a "world-literature," the groundwork of a life lived in perfect unison, or rather harmony, with the voices of all civilized humanity; the writer honoured of Shelley, admired by and admiring Byron, and of whom one acquainted with him intimately has said that "his heart which few knew was as great as his intellect which was known to all." Do we say that he whom his admirers place on a line with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, was a faultless man, poet, philosopher? Far from it. In his eighty-third year he died, having fully tested existence in very various aspects, and, in Walter Savage Landor's words :

"Warmed both hands before the fire of life."

Probably of no other great writer—unless it be Voltaire—have we so full a biographical record as of Goethe. In his "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," in his "Annals," his diaries, his immense correspondence, the testimony of his contemporaries, the self-portraiture contained in many of his pieces, we can follow him from the beginnings of his manhood to the end—age by age, year by year, month by month, almost day by day and hour by hour. Should there not be discoverable a flaw, here and there, where so much introspection is permitted? Compare this biographical wealth with the sparseness of our record of the man Shakespeare. And yet how few are the flaws, how little

apparently has been discovered by friend or foe to cast a passing shadow on so great and permanent a light as Goethe?

We are led back, in memory, to his last birthday. It was on 28th August, 1831, when he completed his eighty-second year. German and foreign friends did honour to the day: France, by the sculptor David, sent the colossal marble bust which stands in the Weimar Library; the eighteen "English admirers" sent that symbolic seal designed by Mrs. Carlyle, the accomplished lady to whom Goethe had addressed such graceful presents and verses. He went out, for the last time, beyond the confines of his garden, ascended that hill where in his younger days he liked to rest and dream in a little hermitage built in the woods. And there he could read on the boards of the wall the words he had pencilled there, many years before, for one very dear to him, and who too now had gone before—that pearl of lyrics, crux for all translators:

*" Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh;
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch."*

He repeated to himself,

*" Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch,"*

with tears in his eyes. For he had loved life, and there was but little of the pessimist in his nature, so rich in many other elements. Nor did he look forward to Nirvana.

The moment of rest came to him seven months later. With Landor again he might say when the flame sank:

"I am ready to depart."

He had sealed up the manuscript of the second *Faust*, to which no further additions were to be made. On 22nd March, 1832, he closed his eyes, sitting in his armchair, his hands lying in those of Otilie, his devoted daughter-in-law: his last letter

dictated to Wilhelm von Humboldt; his last scientific interest manifested in the contribution furnished to the theory of evolution by Geoffrey St.-Hilaire, a forerunner of Darwin like himself; his last act the procuring a travelling scholarship for a young painter-artist; his last half-conscious thought of Schiller, whose letters his dimming eyes fancied lying about on the floor, whence the ever-orderly man wanted them to be picked up; his last audible words, "Light, more light!"

The first century after Goethe's birth passed by nearly unobserved. Germany was then in the early and depressing time of a long-enduring reaction. The high hopes which the meeting of the first German Parliament called forth had proved, so far, but Wills-o'-the-Wisp; the volleys of the soldiers, carrying out the death-sentences of courts-martial in connection with the great Baden revolt, would have been a grim accompaniment to any chimes of joy or thanks-offering. Times are better, in some aspects, though much remains to be desired. And so the old Imperial town of Frankfort contemplates putting herself into high gala to celebrate the memory of her greatest son. The Goethe House, the house where he was born, is now the home of a Literary Society, called the Hochstift, and a sort of National Goethe Museum; it was destined to be the centre of the festivities, which lasted for a week or longer, and to which we were very courteously invited to send a representative. We formally appointed our member Professor Fiedler, who will presently report to us. I place on the table the book and picture the Frankfort Committee have presented us with. Weimar's yearly Goethe celebration is over already. In London, New York, and Birmingham manifestations are talked of. Strasburg and Vienna are in the field with the preparations for a new statue. That of Vienna is sufficiently advanced to be inaugurated on the anniversary of Goethe's death, on March 22nd next.

The monuments already existing at Weimar, Frankfort, and Berlin, all represent the nation's chief poet in advanced manhood. The Strasburg monument, with which our Society has connected itself as you know, is to show us young Goethe, the undergraduate, with his enthusiasm for Gothic architecture

kindled in him by the Minster—turning for influence to Herder and Shakespeare—with the germs of “*Goetz*” and even of “*Faust*” already fermenting in his mind, with his heart full of the music of “*The Vicar of Wakefield*,” and with that charming Frederike playing the idyll of Sesenheim, whence there arose for him so many reproaches, not, perhaps, altogether deserved. When, in his old age, he related the episode, frankly enough, he seemed to say *Meâ culpâ*. *Maximâ, maximâ*, added the public in chorus, partly pharisaical.

It is a new, and one is inclined to think a happy, idea, this representation of the stirring youth, so full of shining promise, much of which was destined to ripen into golden fruit.

It would seem right on the present occasion not to overlook the many men and women who have essentially contributed to make Goethe known to the English men and women. In our most recent Publication*—which is our contribution to the Goethe festival of the 150th year of his birth—they are gratefully marshalled up. Here and now, the three most important shall be mentioned. They are Thomas Carlyle, George Henry Lewes, and our excellent President, Edward Dowden.

To conclude. At the present moment when a revival, so far insufficiently checked, of a disposition of minds which may perhaps be called fatal, threatens to stir up a misunderstanding, a mutually unfriendly feeling between the English and the Germans, it may not be out of place to say that, throughout his long life, Goethe, the many-sided, offers us the spectacle of constant friendliness towards England, her literature, her institutions, her great men. In his youth he studied and was favourably influenced by the then contemporary English literature, Goldsmith among others; throughout his life he was in contact with the great mind of Shakespeare; with warm enthusiasm he greeted the rise of the luminary Byron and glorified his death; with Sir Walter Scott, whom he greatly admired, he was in friendly relations; towards the young Carlyle he acted by sympathetic encouragement, which that great writer then badly wanted, and was among the first to

* “Goethe in England and America.” Publications of the English Goethe Society, No. VIII.

fully appreciate his worth—he was warmly repaid for that; and in the second half of his life his steps were almost always accompanied by young Englishmen, whose visits he received at Weimar. May our English Goethe Society when disharmony threatens again, approve itself, though in modest form and measure, yet, in the long run, stronger than the dangerous changes, twists and turns which spring from or occur in the occupations of politics and commerce. May we continually strive to be a lasting bond of union, or at any rate of friendly relations.*

II.

THE FRANKFORT COMMEMORATION.

REPORT READ TO THE MEETING

BY

*H. G. FIEDLER, Ph.D., Professor of German Language
and Literature in the University of Birmingham.*

“*Er lebt.*”

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

At the outset I wish to say how sincerely grateful I feel to your Council for having deputed me to represent you at the Goethe Celebration held at Frankfort-on-the-Main last summer, and with what pleasure I accepted their invitation and fulfilled the duties thereby imposed upon me. It gave me an opportunity of taking part under the most favourable conditions in a festival of a truly unique character, and of enjoying a long series of intellectual treats which I shall never forget as long as I live.

I am sorry that there is no better way of giving you an idea of what that festival was like, no better way of arousing in you some of the emotions through which all who took part in it must have passed, than the inadequate account which I am able to give.

I wish I could show you pictures of some of the scenes I was

* Some passages of the above appeared in an article, by the speaker, in the *Saturday Review* of August 5th, 1899, and are by the courteous consent of the Editor here reproduced.

privileged to witness, or make you catch an echo of the soul-stirring music and poetry, the eloquent speeches to which we listened, or at least of the enthusiastic applause and ringing cheers with which they were received.

I wish there were some means of creating in this room to-night something akin to the reverence and worship, to the ethical feeling and intellectual atmosphere which in that memorable week seemed to fill the whole of Frankfort Town and took hold, irresistibly, of everyone, whether foreigner or native, who set foot on Goethe's native soil. A spirit which, for the time being, seemed to do away with all distinctions of class, merging them all—preachers and politicians, soldiers and scholars, merchants and working-men—into one large community of hero-worshippers, one large congregation of Goethe-enthusiasts, all striving to give expression to their gratitude and rejoicing that Goethe's genius had been granted to the world, that he has lived and enriched us by a wealth of beauty, thought and poetry, giving us light, ever more light. A sort of fellow-feeling seemed to run through those thousands thronging the streets of the old free city, and in passing even strangers you felt half inclined to exchange a joyful greeting, as if it were to congratulate each other that you too shared the great inheritance Goethe left to mankind, and that he was ours too, yes ours.

On arriving in Frankfort you could see at once that the whole town was *en fête*, that all ordinary business was at a standstill, and that the inhabitants, one and all, had given themselves up to doing honour to their town's greatest son. Flags and flowers, busts and bunting, everywhere. There was no lane so narrow, no house so poor but had donned a festal dress. Some of the main streets had been converted into regular *viae triumphales*.

Quotations from Goethe's works met the eye everywhere, such as *Faust's* words:

" Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdetagen
Nicht in Aeonen untergehn ";

or what Goethe wrote on Schiller's death:

" Wer Grosses schuf, der lebt für ew'ge Stunden ";

or from Tasso :

“ Die Stätte, die ein guter Mensch betrat,
Ist eingeweiht; nach hundert Jahren klingt
Sein Wort und seine That dem Enkel wieder ”;

or Goethe's dying words :

“ Mehr Licht ! mehr Licht ! ”

There was also a good deal of original poetry, good and bad, serious and comic. Before a candle-maker's shop I noticed the following : *

“ Herr Goethe war ein grosses Licht,
Sein Ruhm strahlt allerorten.
So grosse Lichte führ' ich nicht,
Doch andre gute Sorten.
Und weil ich andre Sorten führ',
Wird niemand sich beschweren,
Lass ich sie leuchten vor der Thür
Um Goethe hoch zu ehren.”

A joiner had given vent to his enthusiasm in the following lines : †

“ Ein Dichter bin ich keiner,
Bin nur ein armer Schreiner,
Drum gehn auch meine Reime
Gewöhnlich aus dem Leime.
Ganz anders wars bei Goethe :
Was der in Schrift und Rede
Besungen und gereimt,
Für immer war's geleimt.”

Among the flags the German colours naturally predominated, but there was also a good sprinkling of Bavarian blue, Saxon green, and the sombre Prussian black and white, and with all these a goodly number of Austrian, Swiss, and Italian flags were mingling merrily.

But with special joy I noticed the Stars and Stripes, and the Union Jack floating from many a window, showing that the kindred races across the water heartily joined in the celebration.

The tramcars were gaily decked, and even Cabby did homage

* It is necessary to explain that “ *Licht* ” in German means both *light* and *candle*.

† For joiner they use, in some parts of Germany, the word *Schreiner*—i.e., maker of shrines.

to genius by putting a button-hole in his coat and gay ribbons on his steed.

From the many church towers the bells were ringing merrily, as if to bring some glad tidings; the various sects forgetting their differences, all only anxious to join in honouring the memory of the great *Weltkind*. Of course we have all seen a similar display, similar popular rejoicing, say on the occasion of a royal visit or a royal jubilee, to celebrate a great victory, or to welcome a victorious general and his troops, but never before, I believe, has such honour been done to the memory of a poet.

In almost every shop-window there was a Goethe-bust or Goethe-portrait, surrounded by plants and flowers; the windows of bookshops had been turned into regular Goethe-libraries, and those of curio-shops into Goethe-museums.

In the streets, boys were shouting lustily, offering for sale special Goethe-numbers, official programmes, Goethe-medals, Goethe-busts, mementoes of all kinds, and last but not least, Goethe-postcards.

As we pass along, we notice in the crowd, though it is well before noon, not a few gentlemen in top-hat and evening-dress—a useful reminder that we shall have to attend the various state-functions in—*Frack und weisser Binde*. So we hurry to our hotel to change. Luckily we had ordered rooms weeks before through the "*Wohnungs-Comité*," or we could not have got in anywhere. According to official returns, there were in the Goethe-week 60,000 visitors within the walls of Frankfort, and in consequence every available spare-room was occupied. Bath-rooms were turned into bedrooms, and even they were at a premium.

In our hotel we found, among other distinguished visitors, the King of Greece with his eldest son and daughter-in-law, who, together with the Empress Frederic, graced many of the meetings with their presence.

At noon on Sunday, August 27th, the official part of the Festival commenced with an open air meeting at the Goethe-monument in the *Goetheplatz*. There was an immense and enthusiastic crowd. Deputations attended from Universities

and Colleges, from learned Societies, from Parliament, the Weimar Goethe-House, from Students' and Working Men's Clubs, and from the Town Councils of Leipzig, Strassburg, Wetzlar, and Weimar, the towns for ever associated with Goethe's life. Speeches were delivered, and hundreds of wreaths deposited at the foot of the Goethe-statue.

In the afternoon followed a Musical Festival in the "Hippodrome," a huge building seating over 4,000 people, and it was crowded to overflowing. There was a chorus of about 400 singers, and an orchestra of nearly 200 performers.

The programme began with Wagner's wonderful *Faust-Overture*, which was followed by Schubert's setting of Goethe's "*Schwager Kronos*." Other items were Beethoven's *Egmont-Overture*, Brahms' *Harzreise im Winter*, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*-music. But the crown of all was the concluding scene from Goethe's *Faust* with Schumann's music, ending in the marvellous Chorus *Mysticus* :

Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereigniss;
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist's gethan:
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

When the last sound had died away there was, in that vast hall, a moment's profound silence, reverent, almost religious—an even more eloquent tribute to the power of poetry and music than the enthusiastic applause which then burst forth.

The soloists were the leading singers of the Bayreuth Festival: Frau Schumann-Heink, Burgstaller and Van Rooy.

In the evening the proceedings closed with a general illumination of the city, and a torchlight procession through the streets to the Goethe-House and Goethe-monument.

You remember with what pride and pleasure Goethe describes in "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*" the illumination of his native town on the day when Joseph II. was crowned. He calls it "*feenhaft, prächtig*"—what would he have said if he could have seen the illumination in his honour on the eve of his 150th

birthday? His monument alone was illuminated by 7,000 electric and 18,000 gas lamps, probably more in number than all the oil lamps and candles taken together which Goethe saw in the whole of Frankfort on the occasion he describes. The monument, moreover, was surrounded by a circle of high pillars, each bearing a flaming tripod; the statue itself was surmounted by a cupola crowned by a vase, from which a blazing torch-like flame—about ten feet high and four feet thick—was shooting up to heaven.

Add to this the flood of light from the thousands and thousands of coloured lamps all around the *Goetheplatz*, and the search light directed on the statue from one of the neighbouring towers, and you may well think of the "Palace of Light" in the "Arabian Nights" floating in a sea of Light.

I watched the torch-light procession from the windows of our hotel. I will not attempt to sketch the wonderful scene—I should require the brush of a Turner. Like a long fiery snake the procession wound its way through the streets, across the *Goetheplatz* to the Goethe-monument, where the torches were heaped up in a huge pile and left to burn out in a blazing mass of flame and light.

On Monday, the 28th, the actual anniversary, and almost at the very hour of Goethe's birth, we assembled in the large hall of the *Saalbau* for a solemn "Academic Celebration" (*Akademische Feier*). It opened with Schubert's exquisite setting of Goethe's *Gesang der Geister über den Wassern*:

"Des Menschen Seele
Gleicht dem Wasser:
Vom Himmel kommt es,
Zum Himmel steigt es."

No better choice could have been made for putting us into the right mood for celebrating the hour in which Goethe's genius was sent into the world as a precious gift from Heaven.

You remember the opening sentence of Goethe's autobiography: "On the 28th of August, at noon, at the stroke of twelve I was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1749."

And almost to the minute, as the clocks of Frankfort sounded the hour of noon 1899, Professor Erich Schmidt, of Berlin

University, ascended the platform to deliver his *Festrede* in honour of "Goethe and his Native Town."

He took us back to the little room in the *Hirschgraben* where, exactly 150 years ago, an infant almost lifeless was watched with agonising anxiety—an anxiety dissolving into tears of joy, as the aged grandmother exclaimed to the pale mother: "*Räthin, er lebt!*"—he lives! 150 years have rolled by, but still we may exclaim with joy and gratitude, "he lives," yea, and will live for all times!

After Professor Erich Schmidt's address came another by Dr. Veit Valentin, the well-known Goethe scholar. He spoke on "Nature and Art in Goethe's works."

In the afternoon, at three o'clock, a banquet was given in the large hall of the *Palmengarten*. It was a brilliant gathering. The hall and the tables were profusely decorated with flowers, excellent music heightened the *Feststimmung*, telegrams arrived from all parts of the world, toast followed toast. We learned that Dr. Veit Valentin had received from the Duke of Saxe-Weimar the Order of the White Falcon, and that the Emperor had conferred the title of Professor on Dr. Heuer, the able and energetic Curator of the Goethe-House.

In the evening we met again in the same hall at a *Commers*, which began with the singing of Goethe's "*Ergo bibamus.*" There must have been about 2000 people present on the floor of the hall, not counting the ladies who filled the galleries.

This evening had been appointed for the speeches of the representatives of the Universities and various Societies. Professor Onken, the famous historian of Giessen University, spoke first; he was followed by Dr. Martin, Professor of German in Strassburg University, who appealed for contributions to a fund for the erection of a Goethe-monument in Strassburg. The Danish poet Gjellerup brought greetings from Copenhagen extolling Goethe's influence on Scandinavian literature. Then I spoke as your Representative.

I expressed the belief that probably in no other country were the Goethe-Celebrations at Frankfort followed with greater interest than in England, and that of the many ties uniting the intellectual and ethical life of the two great branches of the

Germanic race, there were probably few stronger or more important than those tied by Goethe's work and influence. I briefly traced what Goethe owed to English literature, and how he paid back his debt when the genius of Walter Scott was kindled by his *Goetz*. Then I reviewed what English scholars have done for the interpretation of Goethe's works and spirit—such men as Carlyle, Professors Blackie, Seeley, Caird and Dowden. And finally I came to speak of our own Society, of the work we have accomplished and the work we are still endeavouring to do, pointing out the difficulties with which we have to contend, and that our work must not only be judged by the number of volumes of our Transactions, but that we have to perform an even higher task than that of original research—the spreading in this country of a true understanding of Goethe's spirit, which must lead to a better understanding between the two great nations which have given to mankind two of the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen—Shakespeare and Goethe.

The enthusiastic applause with which the speech was received I took as an indication of the friendly feelings existing in Germany towards our Society. I was soon surrounded by a group of men who inquired as to the state and progress of our work, urging an even closer co-operation with the German and Austrian Goethe-Societies, and exhibiting the greatest interest in our doings and success.

The President then proposed a vote of thanks to the English Goethe Society for the interest shown in the Goethe-Festival by sending a representative, and charged me with a message of greeting to the President and members of our Society, and I have now the greatest pleasure in delivering it to you.

Next morning I went to the Goethe-Museum and Goethe-House. There was a constant stream of visitors ever coming and going, but all conversation was hushed, and only in reverent whispers did the eager interest of the crowd find expression, the whole scene reminding one of pilgrims approaching some sacred shrine.

“Thus, O Genius, are thy footsteps hallowed,
And the star shines for ever over the place of thy nativity.”

With Professor Heuer I went to the little room where Goethe was born to place there a wreath, which, according to their annual custom, had been sent by the Trustees of the Shakespeare-House in Stratford-on-Avon. The wreath was accompanied by a short message, a quotation from Shakspeare's *Tempest*, I. 2:

"To give him annual tribute, do him homage."

I have only mentioned the principal events, only a few which I could attend myself, but there were besides almost innumerable lectures and meetings going on. One word, however, I must say of the fine performances of Goethe's plays at the Frankfort theatres. In all, seven of Goethe's dramas were performed: *Iphigenie*, *Clavigo*, *Prometheus*, *Tasso*, *Egmont*, and later in the week *Faust*; and at the conclusion of the Festival a free performance of *Goetz von Berlichingen* was given for school-children and working men.

I left Frankfort more than ever convinced that Goethe is still a living force, that he has lived not for one time or one country only, but for all ages and all lands; that age cannot wither his works, nor custom stale their infinite variety; that far from having done with Goethe, we are only just beginning to understand him; that there is still ample work, and indeed need, for Goethe-Societies, and that his influence will increase and spread with every succeeding generation.

"Und wenn wieder auch von Erden
Dich der Allverwandler nahm,
Muss zum Brot die Frucht doch werden,
Die aus Deinem Samen kam;
Denn so wahr Dein Geist bewundert
Drang in tausend Seelen ein,
Wird das nahende Jahrhundert,
Ein Jahrhundert GOETHE's sein."*

* From the poem which was written for the Frankfort Goethe Commemoration by an unknown author, and received the prize offered by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.
H. G. F.

The poem was indeed anonymous at the time of that Celebration; Herr MAX BEWER, in a brochure, *Ein Goethepreis*, has recently avowed his authorship.
ED.

III.

LONDON MEETING OF DECEMBER 3rd, 1899.

The Goethe Celebration in London, initial proceedings towards which have been mentioned in our Thirteenth Annual Report, and in the Secretary's speech on November 4th (*supra*, page 7), came off very successfully on Sunday, December 3rd, at Her Majesty's Theatre, which Mr. Beerbohm Tree had, graciously and cordially, put at the disposal of the combined Executive Committee, in which our English Goethe Society was represented by our Secretary and Mr. Hermann Meyer. Circumstances prevented the English speech to be delivered by our President, Professor Dowden, or by Professor Bryce or John Morley, all of whom, in consequence of other engagements, were obliged to confine themselves to expressions of sympathy. In so far, and in so far only, the festival was marred. But the oration by Professor Bulthaupt of Bremen was a splendid success, in his analysis of Goethe's life and work, nationally and internationally considered, in his references to Shakspeare and Marlow, in fine in every respect. The rest of the program, which is here appended, was musical, the orchestral part under the admirable leadership of Mr. Henry J. Wood, with the co-operation of excellent vocal artists. The expenses occasioned were covered by the income from seats, and there was no need of calling on the guarantors. Appreciative notices of this Celebration appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Nationalzeitung* (Berlin), the *Goethe-Chronik* (Vienna), the *Zeitschrift des Sprach vereins*, the *Commercio do Porto*, &c.

FEST-PROGRAMM
GOETHE'S

am Sonntag, den 31

IN HERMANN
gütigst von Herrn BEERE

ORCHESTER ... Eine Faust-Ouverture ...
vorgetragen von
Robert Newman's QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTER
[erste Violine, Mr. A. W. PAYNE.]
unter Leitung des Herrn HENRY J. WOOD.

FEST-VORTRAG.
gehalten von Herrn Prof. Dr. H. A. BULTHAUP

CHÖRE ... a. "Ueber allen Gipfeln" ...
b. "Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn" ...
vorgetragen von dem *Liederkrantz* und dem *Sängerkreis*
unter Leitung des Herrn MAX LAISTNER.

LIEDER ... { "Ballade des Harfners"
"Talismane" } ... &
gesungen von Herrn HUGO HEINZ.

GRAND FEIER VON

GEBOURTSTAG,

1899, Abends 6 Uhr,

THEATRE, HAYMARKET,

ALLE zur Verfügung gestellt.

ORCHESTER, "Gretchen" aus der Faust-Symphonie ... *Liszt.*
vorgetragen von dem QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTER.

SOLO ... { "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" } ... *Schubert.*
 { "Geheimer" }
 gesungen von Miss ADA CROSSLEY.

SOLO ... "Setze mir nicht, du Grobian" ... *Mendelssohn.*
vorgetragen von dem *Liederkrantz* und dem *Sängerbund*.

SOLO ... { "Kennst du das Land" ... *Beethoven.*
 { "Heisst mich nicht reden" ... *Schumann.*
 { "So lasst mich scheinen" ... *Schubert.*
 { "Der Erlkönig" ... *Schubert.*
 gesungen von Frau BLANCHE MARCHESI.

ORCHESTER ... Egmont-Ouverture ... *Beethoven.*
vorgetragen vom QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTER.

BECHSTEIN'S GRAND PIANOFORTE.

Am Flügel Herr HENRY BIRD.

IV.

BIRMINGHAM CELEBRATION.

In Birmingham too the admirers of Goethe's genius paid their tribute to the poet's memory. A Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of Goethe's birth was held on Friday evening, November 24th, 1899, in the large Examination Hall of the Mason University College (now the Birmingham University), under the auspices of the College German Society, which consists of past and present students, members of the German colony, and others interested in German literature.

The Hall had been beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and on a raised platform in the midst of a group of palms there was Rauch's fine bust of the poet.

Beethoven's Egmont-overture, played by a full orchestra, opened the programme, and was followed by a prologue (the Frankfort Prize Poem) spoken by Miss Elise Fiedler. A number of Goethe's poems, set to music by Mozart, Robert Franz, Max Bruch, and Franz Liszt, were sung by Miss Violet Myers and Mr. C. Copeley Harding. The President, Professor Fiedler, then delivered an address, in which he sketched Goethe's influence on English literature. Several of Goethe's ballads were recited, and the proceedings closed with a representation of the "Prologue on the Stage" (Faust I.), in which Professor Fiedler, Dr. Karl Wichmann, and Herr J. Katz took part.

The CARLYLE SOCIETY in London held a Goethe Meeting on October 11th, 1899, in which the President, Dr. E. Oswald, spoke "In Memory of Goethe," and a great part of Thomas Carlyle's brilliant essay, "The Death of Goethe," was read.

GOETHE SOCIETY.

AIMS OF THE SOCIETY.

The ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY was founded on February 26th, 1886, for the purpose of promoting the study of Goethe's work and thought; and in 1891 its scope was extended, so that, while always keeping Goethe as the central figure, the attention of the members might also be directed to other fields of German literature, art, and science. The Society pursues its aims by means of meetings, discussions, the publication of transactions, and in any other mode which may from time to time seem advisable to the governing body.

RULES.

1898.

I. The Society shall consist of two classes of Members—

- (a) Those subscribing one guinea per annum, thereby obtaining Membership in the Weimar *Goethe-Gesellschaft* and receiving its publications; and
- (b) Those subscribing half a guinea per annum, and obtaining all the privileges of membership except those of enrolment in the German Society and receipt of its publications.

All subscriptions are payable in advance on the 1st of January in each year.

II. The General Business Meeting of the Society in February shall elect a Council composed of fifteen Members, of whom at least two-thirds must be resident in London or its vicinity; who shall appoint a Treasurer, a Secretary or Secretaries, and an Executive Committee. This Committee shall consist of not more than three Members besides the Treasurer and Secretary.

III. The Council shall meet quarterly to receive the Report of the Executive Committee, and to discuss matters affecting the welfare of the Society. The Executive Committee shall carry on the administration of the current business of the Society in the intervals. Extraordinary Meetings of the Council shall be called by the Secretary whenever the Executive Committee think it necessary, or on the requisition of five Members of the Council. Any Member appointed to serve on the Executive Committee without being already on the Council, to become *ex-officio* a Member thereof.

IV. The Council shall elect a President and Vice-Presidents; the Vice-Presidents shall be permanent; the President shall be elected for a term of three years.

V. The President and Vice-Presidents shall be *ex-officio* Members of Council.

VI. The affairs of the Society shall be transacted, and its Meetings held, in London; but the Council is authorised to form Branches, and confirm or appoint Local Secretaries.

VII. The Meetings of the Society shall be held, as nearly as possible, in February, April, June, October, and December.

VIII. The Meeting in June may be reserved for the President's Address, and shall, in that case, be open to the public on such conditions as the Council may determine.

IX. The February Meeting shall be the Annual Business Meeting—(1) To receive the Report and Financial Statement of the Council; (2) to elect the Council and two Auditors for the ensuing year; and (3) to discuss any matter connected with the conduct or constitution of the Society, of which a fortnight's previous notice has been given in writing to the Secretary.

X. Nominations of candidates for election on the Council, or as Auditor, signed by two Members, shall be sent to the Secretary a fortnight before the Business Meeting.

XI. One week previous to the Business Meeting notice shall be sent to each Member of the business to be transacted thereat. Elections (in the event of a contest) shall be by means of ballot papers distributed at such Meeting.

XII. For General Meetings of the Society, ten Members; for Meetings of the Council, a majority of the London Members; and for those of Committees, three Members, shall form a quorum.

XIII. At all Meetings the Chairman has a vote; and, if the votes be equal, also a casting vote.

XIV. Every Member (whose subscription shall not be in arrear) shall be entitled to a copy of the Society's publications, either gratuitously or at privileged rates.

XV. At all ordinary Meetings of the Society, Members may introduce friends.

XVI. The Council is empowered to fill up all vacancies that may occur during their tenure of office.

It may be recommended to Members to practically augment their subscriptions by introducing members of their household, or relatives, as members of the Society. The present Members' Roll shows that this has been done in some instances; it may be sufficient to call the attention of the Members to the desirability of benefiting the Society by imitating the example thus given.

Donations, in addition to the annual subscription, as a means of increasing the efficiency of the Society, will be welcome.

English Goethe Society.

1900.



President: PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., D.C.L., Dublin.

Treasurer: ALFRED C. THORNE, F.I.A., 18 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

Secretary: DR. EUGENE OSWALD, M.A., 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.

Assistant Secretary: ALFRED NUTT, 57 and 59, Long Acre, W.C.

Bankers:—MESSRS. COUTTS & Co.

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LIST OF MEMBERS.

An asterisk marks the names of those members who are also members of the Weimar Society.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Acht, Miss Lina, 18, Eastbourne Terrace, W.

*Addison, Rev. W., The Manse, Warendorf, Chathill, Northumberland.

Adriani-Hahn, Mrs. H., 3, Earl's Court Gardens, S.W.

Ahrens, W. H., 3, Clareville Grove, South Kensington, S.W.

Aikman, C. M., M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., 14, Glebe Crescent, Stirling, N.B.

*Alford, R. G., 60, Barkston Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

Altmann, Victor, 14, Mount Ararat Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Antweiler, Gustav, 24, Old Jewry, E.C.

Arnstein, Ph., Ph.D., 33, Grosvenor Place, Bath.

Atkins, H. G., Suffolk House, Lloyd's Place, Blackheath, S.E.

Baltzer, A., Ph.D., 10, Brockley Lane, Crofton Park, S.E.

Bartels, Hugo, Panthurst, Sevenoaks Weald, Kent.

Batalha-Reis, J., Consul-General for Portugal, 68, Cromwell Avenue, Highgate, N.

Beheim-Schwarzbach, B., M.D., 67, Grosvenor Street, W.

*Bellars, W. B., Briars Cross, Limpsfield Common, Surrey.

Beresford-Webb, H. G., Norbryght, Godstone, Redhill.

Bibliothek, Königliche, Berlin.

Blumenthal, Miss Clara, 21, St. James' Mansions, West End Lane, N.W.

*Boulton, Mrs., Tew Park, Enstone.

Bradley, Andrew C., M.A., Professor of English Literature, The University, Glasgow.

Breuer, A., M.D., 10, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

Breul, K., M.A., Ph.D., Englemere, 19, Chesterton Road, Cambridge.

*Browning, Oscar, M.A., King's College, Cambridge.

Buchholz, Emil, Mottingham House, Eltham, Kent.

*Bury, J. B., M.A., F.T.C.D., 10, North Great George's Street, Dublin.

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*Chevelay, Miss H. M., Ladies' College, Huddersfield.

*Cooper, Miss L. M., 9, Queen's Gate Place, S.W.

*Counmoundouros, Miss, Batheaston, Bath.

Cox, J. Jeavons, 16, Marlborough Road, Bedford Park, W.

*Crowther, A., Mount Pleasant, Lockwood, Huddersfield.

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Dabis, Miss Anna, 13, Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W.

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Delfs, Otto, 2, Danube Street, Edinburgh.

Dey, W. T., 145, Adelaide Road, Hampstead, N.W.

*Dittel, Professor Theodore H., Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill.

Dobie, Dr. William, Townfield House, Keighley.

*Dowden, Prof. E., LL.D., D.C.L., Highfield House, Highfield Road, Rathgar, Dublin.

Eberty, Miss, 65, Brecknock Road, Camden Road, N.W.

Eggeling, Professor Julius, M.A., Ph.D., 15, Hatton Place, Edinburgh.

Ehrmann, Dr. Eug., Carlsruhe, Germany.

Engel, C., The College, Epsom.

Ernst, A., Schneidemühl, Prussia, Germany.

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*Feis, Jacob, 69, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

*Ferguson, Miss Phémie, 7, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.

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Firnberg, B.

Fischer, Dr. E. L., Abbey Street, Armagh, Ireland.

Focke, E., Moss Grange, Sydenham Hill, S.E.

Frentzen, Miss Lucy, Villa Hoesch, Godesberg, Germany.

*Garnett, R., LL.D., C.B., 27, Tanza Road, Parliament Hill, Hampstead, N.W.

Gaskin, Walter J., 96, Faulder Road, Stoke Newington, N.

Gerhard, Dr. Ferdinand, 28, Canonbury Square, Highbury, N.

*Girtton College, Cambridge (Miss F. B. Ward).

Glünicke, Captain G. J. R., Borussia House, Bedford.

*Gordon, R. Wolf, 65, Milson Street, Addison Road, W.

Gottschalk, Gustav, Holzmarkt-Strasse, 78, I. O. Berlin.

Greening, Edward Owen, Oak Lawn, Belmont Grove, Lee, S.E.

Gridley, C. Oscar, 5, Elm Park Gardens, South Kensington.

*Hale, C. D. B., 8, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, W.

Happold, Henry, 25, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

*Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg, Count, 9, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

Headlam, Professor J. W., M.A., Queen's College, Harley Street, W.

Hecht, Max, 35, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.

Hein, Geo. S., 71, Lombard Street, E.C.

*Heinemann, W., Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Heinzen, Carl A., 50, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.

Heinzen, Mrs.,

Henschel, G., 45, Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill, W.

*Herkomer, Sir H., M.A., R.A., Dyreham, Bushey, Herts.

*Hertz, Miss, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

Hertz, Heinrich, 14, Harley Road, South Hampstead, N.W.

Hill, Miss A., 1, Thurloe Houses, Thurloe Square, S.W.

Hirsch, Felix, 6, Thistlewaite Road, Clapton, E.

*Hofmann, O., Devonshire House, Buxton.

Hohnbaum, Miss, 62, Pont Street, S.W.

Hug, Miss L., 3, Colville Houses, Talbot Road, W.
 Hughes, Miss E. Gladys, 24, Victoria Grove, Kensington, W.

Irvine, William, B.C.S., Holliscroft, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.
 Irvine, Miss M. L., " " " " "
 Irving, Sir Henry, The Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, W.C.

*Joachim, Mrs., 13, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.
 *Jones, Richard, Ph.D., Board of Regents of the State of New York, U.S.A.
 Junge, Chr., 21, Barcombe Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.
 Junge, Mrs. Chr., " " "
 Just, H. W., 4, Cathcart Road, S.W.

Karlsruhe, C., 30, Finchley Road, N.W.
 *Kirby, W. F., F.L.S., F.E.S., Hilden, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick.
 Koettgen, Gustav Ad., 1a, Merton Road, South Hampstead, N.W.
 Krause, Dr. G., 6, Grenville Street, Russell Square, W.C.

*Laffan, Rev. R. S. de Courcy, Cheltenham College.
 *Lawson, Mrs. H., 37, Grosvenor Square, W.
 Lewenz, Mrs. L., 77, Canfield Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Lewes, Professor Vivian B., Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E.
 *Leycester, Rafe, 6, Cheyne Walk, S.W.
 *Library, National, Dublin (care of Messrs. Hodges, Foster, and Figgis).
 *Library, Trinity College, Dublin (Dr. J. K. Abbot, *Librarian*).
 Library, Ladies' College, Cheltenham (Miss Stubbings).
 Lindenfels, Baron G. Von, German Consul-General, 49, Finsbury Square, E.C.
 Lipscomb, William G., Rochester Cottage, St. Paul's Road, N.W.
 Lorimer, Miss Louise, Kellie Castle, Pittenweem, Fife, N.B.
 *Lyster, T. W., M.A., 10, Harcourt Terrace, Dublin.

*Macgowan, Rev. W. S., M.A., L.L.D., Cambr. Univ., The College, Cheltenham.
 Macrosty, Henry W., B.A., 81, St. John's Park, Blackheath, S.E.
 *Mahaffy, Rev. Prof., J.P., M.A., D.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
 Manning, Miss E. A., 5, Pembroke Crescent, Bayswater, W.
 Marchant, Francis Petherick, 51, Medora Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.
 Marriage, Miss Caroline, 18, Endsleigh Street, W.C.
 *Martin, Sir Theodore, K.C.B., 31, Onslow Square, S.W.
 Mathieu, Miss Marie T., 4, Nevern Road, Earl's Court, S.W.
 Matthaei, Mrs. L. H., A.R.C.M., 113, Clifton Hill, N.W.
 *McCallum, Miss, High School for Girls, Burrage Road, Plumstead, Kent.
 McCormick, Professor W. S., University, St. Andrew's, N.B.
 Mead, Joseph Willoughby, 16, Crescent Grove, Clapham Common, S.W.
 Messel, Dr. Rudolph, 53, Ebury Street, S.W.
 *Meyer, Hermann, Ailsa House, 2, Lambolle Road, Hampstead, N.W.
 Meyer, Kuno, Ph.D., 57, Hope Street, Liverpool.
 Michels, Dr. Ernst, 6, West Street, Finsbury Circus, E.C.
 Miller, Rev. G., 97, St. George's Square, S.W.
 *Moenich, Oscar, Billiter House, Billiter Street, E.C.
 *Momerie, Rev. Prof. A. W., M.A., D.Sc., St. Ermin's Mansions, S.W.
 *Mond, L., Ph.D., F.R.S., The Poplars, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.
 *Mond, Mrs. L., " " "
 *Montefiore, C. J., 18, Portman Square, W.
 *Moon, Robert O., 32, Egerton Gardens, S.W.
 Moore, Miss M., 5, Loudoun Road, N.W.
 *Morgan, Miss, Clunbury Lodge, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
 Morris, Mrs. F., 41, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.
 *Morris, Rev. A. B., F.L.S., 18, Eildon Street, Edinburgh.
 Mozley, H. N., M.A., East View, Murray Road, Northwood, Middlesex.
 *Muirhead, J. F., M.A., 29, Canfield Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.

- *Müller, Professor F. Max, M.A., P.C., 7, Norham Gardens, Oxford.
 *Mullins, W. E., M.A., 18, Lyndhurst Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.
 Nicholson, F. C., Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E.
 Niecks, Professor, 22, Dick Place, Edinburgh.
 Nutt, Alfred, 57 and 59, Long Acre, W.C.
 Nutt, Mrs. Alfred, Broceliande, Gayton Road, Harrow.
 Ohly, Dr. C. H., 149, Belleville Avenue, Newark, N.J.
 *Orsbach, Rev. E. von, Mottingham House, Eltham, Kent.
 Osterrieth, Dr. Albert, Wilhelmstrasse, 57 and 58, Berlin.
 *Oswald, Dr. Eugene, M.A., 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.
 Oswald, Miss, " " "
 Ott, Dr. Karl, 97, Finchley Road, N.W. " " "
 Palit, Lokendranath, 4, Tavistock Road, W.
 *Peschel, Mrs. E., née Kamp, Kaiserstr., 18, II. Frankfort-a-M.
 Petherbridge, Miss, 9, Strand, W.C.
 Pinner, Berthold, 120, Manor Road, Stoke Newington, N.
 Pinner, Mrs. " " " " "
 *Plattner, R., 46, " Museum Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.
 Pratt, Hodgson, 12, Avenue du Pavillon de Sully, Le Pecq, Seine et Oise, France.
 *Prentice, Mrs. Esther Ridley, 57 and 58, Chancery Lane.
 Prentice, Hugh, " " "
 Priebisch, Professor R., University College, London. " " "
 Ransom, Arthur, St. Loys, Bedford.
 Raven, Miss Annie M., Cherry Cottage, Kew, S.W.
 Rees, Mrs. E., Stafford House, 84, Finchley Road, N.W.
 *Reform Club, 104, Pall Mall, S.W. (C. W. Vincent, *Librarian*).
 Rippmann, Professor Walter, M.A., Queen's College, Harley Street, W.
 *Robertson, Dr. John G. M.A., B.Sc., Kaiser Wilhelm Universität, Strassburg.
 Rogers, A., 38, Clanricarde Gardens, W.
 Routledge, Mrs. J., 4, Edith Road, West Kensington, W.
 Ruben, Dr. Paul, 2, Warrington Crescent, Maida Hill, W.
 Ruhemann, Dr. S., Gonville and Caius Colleges, Cambridge.
 Schlenker, Miss Minna H., 50, Burlington Road, Westbourne Park, W.
 Schlieper, Gustav, 14, Mount Araret Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 Schreiber, Mrs. Richard, 16, Douglas Mansions, West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Schwann, Miss Marion, Park House, Wimbledon Common, Surrey.
 Scott, Dr. James, 3, Parkhurst Road, Holloway, N.
 *Shields, Cuthbert, C.C.C., Oxford.
 Sleigh, Herbert, The Hedges, St. Albans.
 Sieper, Dr. Ernest, 16, Lancaster Road, West Norwood, S.E.
 Siefert, Otto, Clifton College, Bristol.
 Smith, Mrs. Machell, Granley Mansion, Gloucester Road, S.W.
 Smith, Mrs. Travers, Killiney, Co. Dublin.
 Smith, Miss H. M., B.A., The Polytechnic Institute, 103, Borough Road, S.E.
 *Spong, Miss M., 39, Doughty Street, W.C.
 Steele, Robert, Chemical Society, Piccadilly, W.
 *Stirling, Stewart, F.R.C.S.E., 6, Clifton Terrace, Edinburgh.
 *Strauss-Collin, A., Bush Lane House, Cannon Street, E.C.
 *Tatton, R. G., M.A., Warden of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, W.C.
 Tebb, Mrs. Henry, 4, Dynevor Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 *Thorne, L. T., Ph.D., 8, Dynevor Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 Thorne, Mrs. L. T., " " " " "
 Thorne, Alfred C., F.I.A., 17, Bramshill Gardens, Dartmouth Park, N.W.
 *Treichmann, E. J., B.A., Ph.D., The University, Sydney, N. S. Wales.
 Tuch, Dr. Ernst, 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.
 Unwin, T. Fisher, 11, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

Vollmöller, Dr. Karl, Wienerstrasse, 25, Dresden.

*Wallhouse, M. J., Villa Kyana, 28, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.
 Wallis, Miss Annie S., High School for Girls, 48 Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey.
 *Ward, Prof. A. W., Litt.D., LL.D., 7, Ladybarn Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
 Walton, Miss E., 29, Brunswick Square, Camberwell, S.E.
 Watson, Walter, 21, Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W.
 *His Honour, Judge Webb, LL.D., 5, Mount Street Crescent, Dublin.
 Weber, F., German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, S.W.
 Weiss, Professor F. E., B.Sc., F.L.S., Owen's College, Manchester.
 Weiss, Dr. Aloys, Detmold House, 22 Wellington Road, Charlton, S.E.
 Wenley, Prof. R. M., M.A., D.Sc., East Madison Street, Ann Arbor, Mich., U.S.A.
 Werner, Moritz, Ph.D., 29, Montague Place, Russell Square, W.C.
 Werner, Rinaldo, 10, Fulham Park Gardens, S.W.
 Werner, Mrs. R.,
 Wessberge, H., 6, Mayfield Avenue, Chiswick.
 White, Miss, 4, Garden Studios, Manresa Road, Chelsea, S.W.
 Wichmann, Dr. Karl, Mason University College, Birmingham.
 Wiener Goethe-Verein, 9, Eschenbacher Gasse, Vienna, O.
 Wigglesworth, Alfred, Junr., 157, Fenchurch Street, E.C.
 Witt, Mrs., 5, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.
 Wright, Arthur, 34, Grange Road, Ealing, W.

The Society has to record the loss, by death, of the following members
The Rt. Hon. Sir R. B. D. Morier, Professor Althaus, Mr. Beuzemaker,
Professor Blackie, Miss Frances Buss, Mrs. F. Crowe, Dr. D'Amman,
Dr. H. W. Ehrlich, Mrs. Ferdinand Freiligrath, Mr. Kolkmann,
Miss Jane Lee, Professor Morley, the Rev. J. Owen, the Cavaliere Tito
Pagliardini, Miss Anna Swanwick, Mr. Sidney Williams, and
Professors Tomlinson and Williamson.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the names of intending Members.

Communications respecting Publications should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary.

It may be recommended to members to practically augment their subscriptions, by introducing members of their household, or relatives, as members of the Society. The present Members' Roll shows that this has been done in some instances; it may be sufficient to call the attention of the members to the desirability of benefiting the Society by imitating the example thus given.

Donations, in addition to the annual subscription, as a means of increasing the efficiency of the Society, will be welcome.

THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.

AIMS OF THE SOCIETY.

The ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY was founded on February 26th, 1886, for the purpose of promoting the study of Goethe's work and thought; and in 1891 its scope was extended, so that, while always keeping Goethe as the central figure, the attention of the members might also be directed to other fields of German Literature, art, and science. The Society pursues its aims by means of meetings, discussions, the publication of transactions, and in any other mode which may from time to time seem advisable to the governing body.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

1898-99.

The present Report, like that for the preceding year, reaches our members somewhat late in the season, only just before the beginning of the winter session. Among the reasons for that unavoidable delay is the necessity the Secretary was under of finishing for a positive date the bibliographical work, destined to appear in time for the 150th Anniversary of Goethe's Birthday, in the German periodical "Die Neueren Sprachen." A reprint of this bibliography, under the title "*Goethe in England and America*," is herewith placed in the hands of our members as No. VIII. of the Publications of the English Goethe Society.

An attempt in this direction, as to then recent publications, had been made in earlier volumes, 1886 *et seq.*, of the *Weimar Goethe Jahrbuch*, by Professor Horatio S. White, of the Cornell University, U.S.A., but to the regret of the Editor (and assuredly of many readers) it was not continued. The present *opusculum* necessarily covers much new ground. Completeness was aimed at in its fifty octavo pages; if it is not entirely achieved, the compiler will be thankful for any communications members or other readers may be good enough to make him, with a view to a possible future edition.

The participation of our Society in the Strassburg movement for the erection of a monument there to Goethe, representing him as a student of the University, took place in the mode resolved on at the last Annual General Meeting. The collection among members and Goethe-friends yielded £24 5s. The Secretary received in this matter the valuable aid of the German Consul-General here, Baron LINDENFELS, and of Dr. KARL BREUL, of Cambridge, both members of our Society, and the Executive Committee at Strassburg expressed to us their warm and cordial thanks.

Friendly relations were thus established with Strassburg, and have been maintained with Weimar and Frankfort.

The Deutsche Hochstift, which has its seat in the house where Goethe was born, being made the principal centre of the celebration of the 150th Anniversary of his birth, and the Weimar Society, whose seat is in the house where he died, having joined the Hochstift, we were courteously invited to participate, and to be formally represented at the week's festivities in the Old Free Town. We deputed Professor FIEDLER, member of our Council, to undertake the honourable task of representing the English Goethe Society, and he will report to the approaching General Meeting of our Society. A copy of the beautiful festival volume, issued by the Society, and of a special portrait—after the picture by B. May—were presented to us.

There has been question also of a Goethe Celebration in London, in honour of the 150th anniversary. Our Council was approached on the subject by the London Branch of the *Deutsche Sprachverein*, and requested to join them in inviting the co-operation of the *German Athenæum* in London. The latter was found very willing, and several sittings of a combined Committee, to which each society deputed three members, have taken place. It was, on all hands, agreed that any celebration on the birthday, August 28th, was, by the habits of London life, impossible, and the contemplated festival would consequently not commemorate the day, but the year of the birth. The international, literary, and scientific character of such commemoration was to be accentuated, and the representatives of the principal literary and scientific corporations were to be invited. No precise date could so far be fixed.

The following lecture meetings took place:—

The winter session was opened at the Galleries of the British Artists, on October 31st., 1898, Mr. WILLIAM IRVINE, B.C.S., in the Chair, by a most interesting paper of our member, Professor RIPPMMANN, who appeared before the Society for the first time, on the poet GRILLPARZER.

On February 24th, 1899, Mr. H. N. MOZLEY, M.A., in the chair, a guest, Professor KELLNER, of the University of Vienna, gave us a striking lecture on GOETHE and WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Norwich, which led to a very animated discussion.

On April 21st, Dr. LEONARD T. THORNE in the chair, Mr. HERMANN MEYER discoursed in English on *DEUTSCHE FRAUENLYRIK*, interspersing numerous quotations in German.

At a meeting held on January the 20th, the Council, in accordance

with Rule IV., requested our outgoing President, Professor DOWDEN, of Dublin, to accept a further term of office, which by letter of the 25th he consented to fill. This presidentship will terminate on April 2, 1901.

Notices of the activity of the Society appeared in the *Literary World* and the *Queen*.

We think it our duty to mention, with much regret, the demise of Mrs. FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, the widow of the poet and a member of our Society.

We have the pleasure in recording fifteen new accessions, since our last annual report, which closed with 27. But withdrawals have also not been wanting, and the Report of our Treasurer reveals the unsatisfactory fact that there are now only 132 paying members. We may therefore earnestly recommend to the consideration of our members this passage from last year's Report:—" . . . it is evident that there is a tendency among old members to fall off, and not only has this to be counteracted, as far as possible, but a much larger increase is required to enable the Society to extend its operations and to come nearer to the fulfilment of its ideal mission. . . . A further and considerable increase in our numbers depends chiefly on the friendly agency of actual members bringing the Society under the notice of their friends and introducing them into our ranks. Special thanks are due to such of our members as have thus beneficially acted."

Nevertheless, the balance-sheet shows that, with great economy, it has been possible to effect a further small improvement in our financial position.

The following are proposed as Members of the Council for 1897-98:—

DR. C. M. AIKMAN, M.A., F.R.S.E., Maviston Glebe, Stirling, N.B.
 J. BATALHA-REIS, 68, Cromwell Avenue, Highgate, N.
 MISS CLARA BLUMENTHAL, 21, St. James' Mansions, West End Lane, N.W.
 DR. G. FIEDLER, Mason College, Birmingham.
 WILLIAM IRVINE, B.C.S., Holliscroft, Barnes, S.W.
 W. F. KIRBY, F.L.S., F.E.S., Hilden, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick.
 HENRY W. MACROSTY, B.A., 46, Craigerue Road, Westcombe Park, S.E.
 HERMANN MEYER, 38, Lombard Street, E.C.
 REV. A. B. MORRIS, F.L.S., 18, Eildon Road, Edinburgh.
 W. E. MULLINS, M.A., 18, Lyndhurst Gardens, N.W.
 ALFRED NUTT, 270, Strand, W.C.
 DR. EUGENE OSWALD, M.A., 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.
 PROFESSOR RIPPMMANN, M.A., Queen's College, Harley Street, W.
 A. STRAUSS-COLLIN, Bush Lane House, Cannon Street, E.C.
 DR. LEONARD T. THORNE, F.I.C., 8, Dynevor Road, Richmond, Surrey.

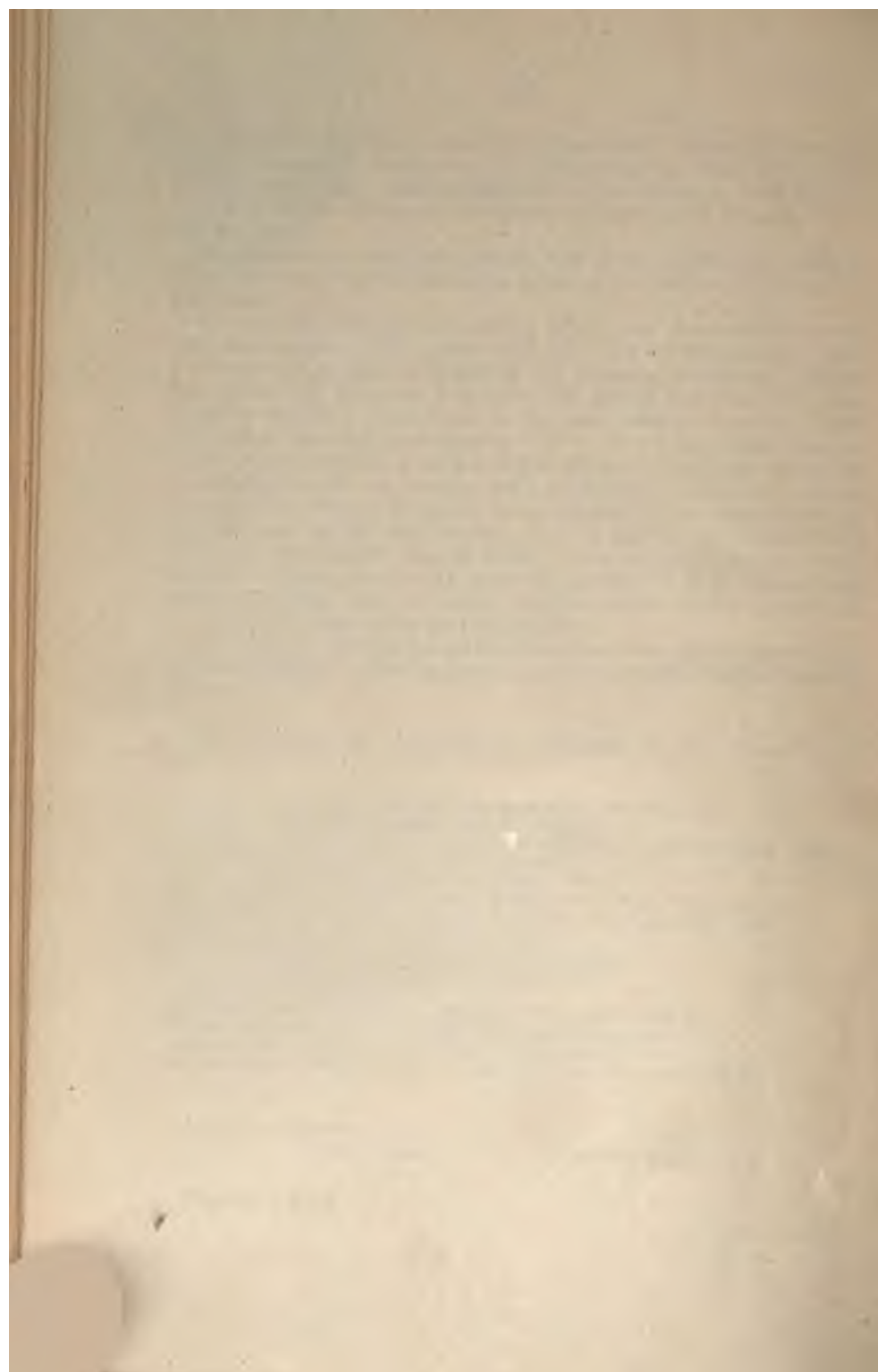
And as Auditors:—

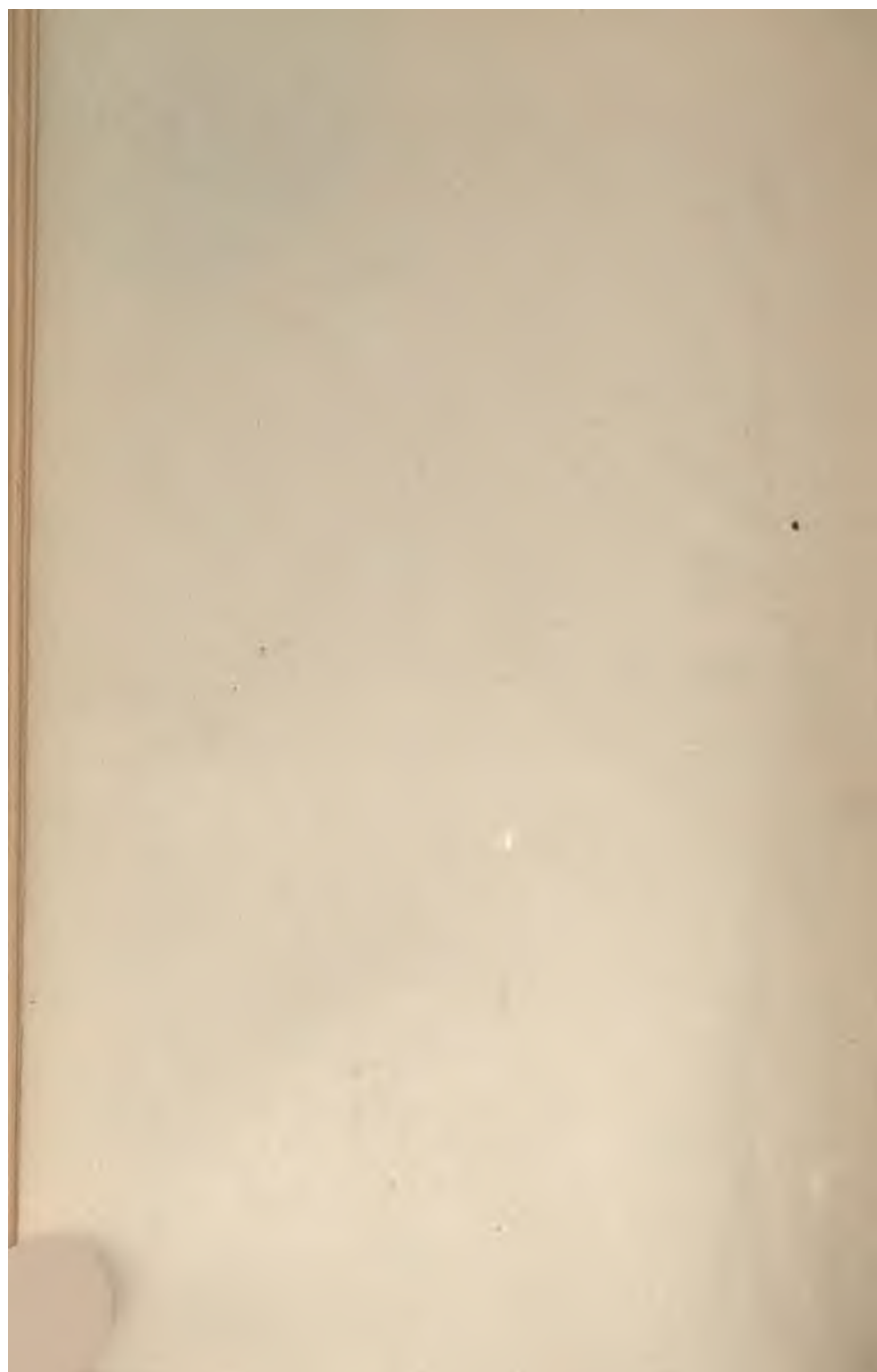
R. G. ALFORD

HERMANN MEYER.

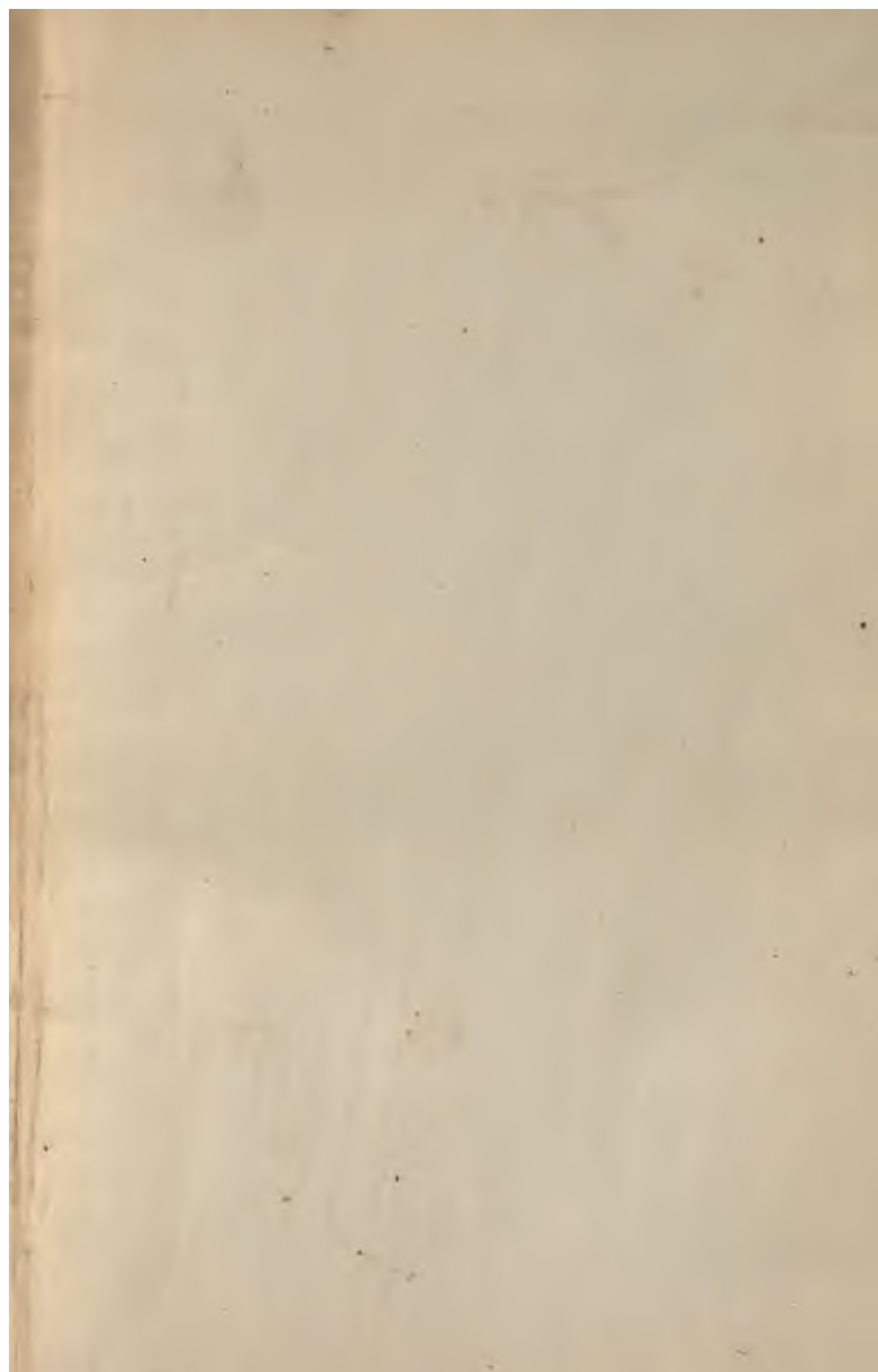
September, 1899.

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